

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1983 • \$3.00

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BELLWOOD**
GOES NATIVE
IN AN EXOTIC,
EXCLUSIVE
PICTORIAL

**NORMAN
MAILER'S**
WILD NEW
NOVEL OF
ANCIENT EGYPT
PART ONE:
A SOLDIER IN
THE HAREM

**PAUL
NEWMAN**
AT HIS
FUNNIEST
AND SADDEST:
A VERY FRANK
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

**20 QUESTIONS
WITH
BASKETBALL'S
STREET-SMART
ORACLE:
AL MCGUIRE**

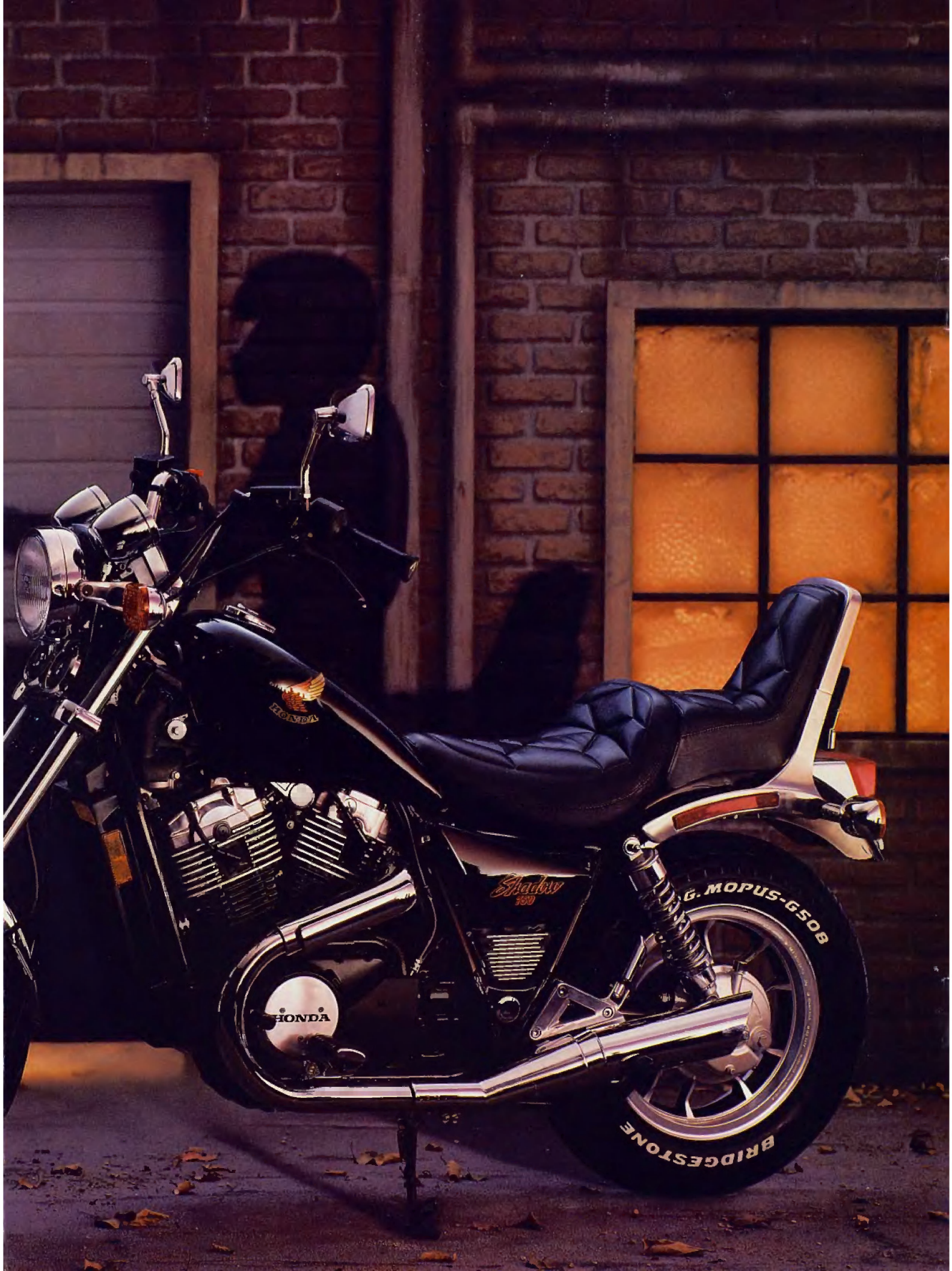
**LADIES
OF SPAIN**
TEN PAGES
OF SPICY
SEÑORITAS

**SEX, DOPE AND
MURDER—THE
LIFE AND
BAD TIMES OF
PORN STAR
JOHN HOLMES**





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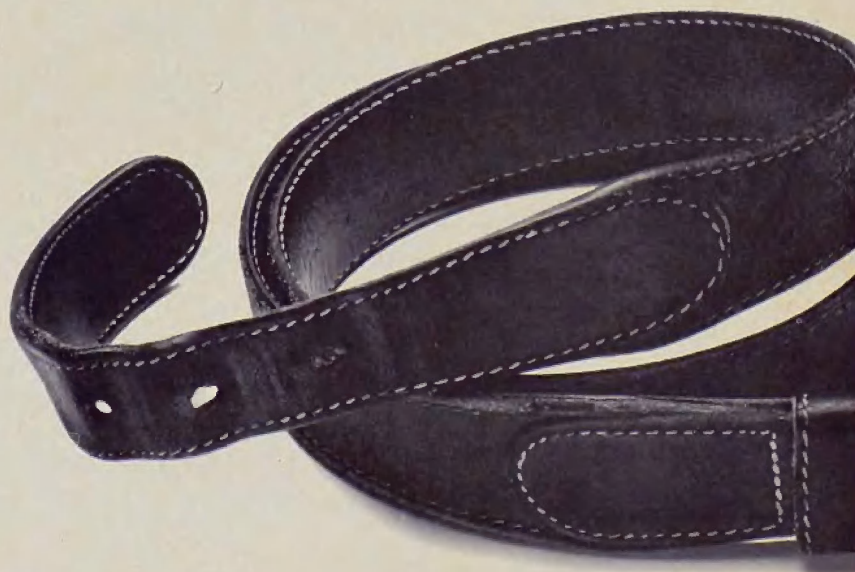
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PLAYBILL

WE CAN THINK of no better month than April, when the earth renews itself, to introduce **Norman Mailer's** earthy new novel, *Ancient Evenings* (to be published by Little, Brown). Mailer, who merits the royal title "major American writer," takes his unique perception and intelligence from the 20th Century, where he has paid his dues, to the intrigues and the pleasures of ancient Egypt. In our first of two installments (illustrated by **Ivan Punchatz**), Mailer introduces us to Menenhetet, a soldier assigned to the nerve-racking job of guarding a 100-woman harem.

A guy who no doubt *could* have a 100-woman harem but has spurned the fast life for the quiet pleasures of marriage and hard work is **Paul Newman**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, by **Peter Greenberg**. Not that Newman has avoided the fast track, you understand; he discusses his love for auto racing and for his wife, actress Joanne Woodward. He also speaks frankly about his son's death by drug-and-liquor overdose, his early career (director Josh Logan told him he wasn't enough of a "sexual threat" to play the lead in *Picnic*) and his prankster relationship with Robert Redford.

Another sex symbol, of a different sort, is **John "Johnny Wadd" Holmes**, the porn star whose outstanding performances had been below the waist until he was arrested in 1981 on charges of involvement in the murders of four people in Laurel Canyon, California. In *The Harder They Fall*, **Al Goldstein**, the iconoclastic editor and publisher of *Screw* magazine, chronicles the bizarre events surrounding the case and the ultimate release of a man whose "manly proportions" Goldstein had admittedly envied for years. The piece is illustrated by **Tom James**.

Of course, a tape is no measure of a man—unless, perhaps, you're talking about the tapes used to measure performances in track-and-field sports. These days, to be champion performers in almost any sport, men (and women) have to push their hearts and bodies to the absolute limit of pain and endurance—and then go beyond. **Mark Kram**, in *The Ultimate Athlete* (illustrated by **Will Nelson**), confronts the question, What are the ultimate limits of the human body? While the limits of the body may fascinate many, the limits of the psyche have been a major preoccupation of **Jules Feiffer's**. His inimitable drawings have, for decades, illuminated our national neuroses in *PLAYBOY's* pages and elsewhere. As Feiffer has grown, so have his characters. Two of his most memorable, Bernard and Huey, resume their pointed and poignant dialog for us this month.

We call your attention as well to the three fabulous pictorials in this issue. One, of course, reveals our Playmate of the Month, **Christina Ferguson**. We also take a provocative look at the *Ladies of Spain* (photographed by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**, with help from Associate Photography Editor **Janice Moses** and make-up artist **Barbara Camp**), who, since the end of the Franco era of repression, have joined the sexual revolution with a vengeance. And, finally, you'll love our intimate peek at actress **Pamela Bellwood**, who was one of the better reasons to watch the prime-time television hit *Dynasty*. Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** brings out several sides of Pam that you won't see on the tube as she plays a jungle princess among the Masai of Kenya.

Speaking of tubes, that's what the economy seems headed down. **John Tierney** has a batch of tongue-in-check solutions to the current recession (which some already call a depression) in *A WPA for the Eighties*. To round out the issue, **Bill Zehme** slam dunks *20 Questions* on former college basketball coach and street-smart TV commentator **Al McGuire**, and Fashion Director **David Platt** flaunts some sporty looks in his annual *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*. Last, but not least, we bring you *Playboy Music '83*, our survey of the best and the worst during 1982, featuring a behind-the-scenes look, by **Vic Garbarini**, at the notorious Who band members on their last tour. If the month of April itself doesn't bring you out of the winter doldrums, this issue is the perfect antidote. Read on.



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GOLDSTEIN



JAMES



KRAM



NELSON



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MOSES, POSAR, CAMP



FEGLEY



TIERNEY



ZEHME



PLATT

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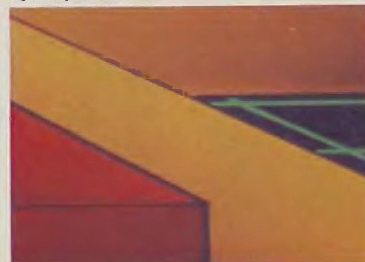
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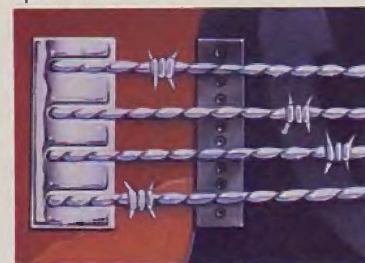
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Fresh from a phenomenal case called *The Verdict*, one of the world's favorite actors finds himself winning more often than Perry Mason ever did. His hands are cool as ever, whether wrapped around a can of Bud or the wheel of a racing machine. He speaks frankly about wife Joanne (Woodward—you've heard of her, too), his son's death by drug overdose and the stings he stages with that other good-lookin' idol—the one with the sandy hair.

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In this excerpt from his long-awaited "Egyptian novel," our most controversial major novelist begins his speculations on life, death and reincarnation in a land full of sand and mysterious gods. Menenhetet, a soldier in the Egyptian army, gets the tempting and terrifying job of guarding Pharaoh's harem. In the process, he finds himself involved with a little queen of the Nile.

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Pamela Bellwood is *Dynasty's* Claudia Blaisdel, but you'll never see her this way on TV. At least, not unless the network liberalizes its standards and lands an affiliate in Kenya.

THE HARDER THEY FALL—article AL GOLDSTEIN 94

Editor and publisher of *Screw* and ubiquitous gremlin of the sexual scene, the author always envied the equipment of John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes. Then porn's biggest stud went on trial in a murder case, and Goldstein found that more than Holmes's feet was made of clay.

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COVER STORY

It didn't take a Congressional committee to uncover this month's cover story. We caught model Carry Lee in our lingerie department and found that Art Director Tom Stoebler was behind both the plot and the camera. Have you ferreted out the hidden Rabbit Head yet? Maybe there isn't one. It could be an April Fools' joke. On the other hand...

ROAD WARRIORS—modern living 97

These days, turbo is the prefix that puts the charge in motor sports. A fast look at some bikes that go from 40 to 100 before you can say, "Holy shit!"

CHRISTINA'S WORLD—playboy's playmate of the month 102

Miss Ferguson is no painting by Wyeth. She's art of a more kinetic kind, and anyone who wants to keep up will find that—like lightning—she never seems to light up the same place twice.

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It's no sweat for our heavyweight of haute couture to make the picks to keep you slick when the hot months roll around.

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With Bob Beamon's "impossible" long-jump record in danger of falling, will we soon see records that are made never to be broken? Here's a Kram course on the final frontiers of athletic achievement: Tomorrow's stars may kick 80-yard field goals, toss 150-mph fastballs and run two-hour marathons. But they may not be human.

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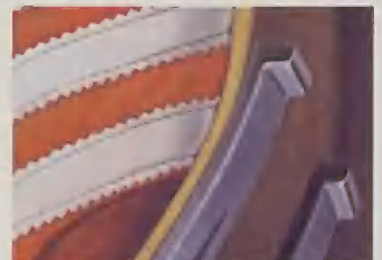
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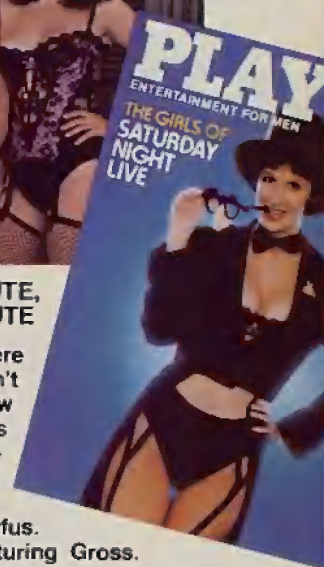
QUEEN OF THE SILVER SILK SCREEN

We'd always thought that actress Joan Collins was an Immortal, but PLAYBOY illustrator Pat Nagel made it official with *Collins*, a limited-edition serigraph. Below right: Collins with her co-stars from *Dynasty*, Linda Evans and John Forsythe, at the portrait's recent unveiling.



SORRY, CHAN. YOU'RE CUTE, BUT NOT THAT CUTE

The Girls of "Saturday Night Live" were great. You don't recall that one? Don't worry; you didn't see it here. The show had its own fun in a recent skit. That's PLAYBOY's intrepid Girls of . . . photographer David Chan giving some pointers to the cast's Mary Gross, Robin Duke and Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Chan shot the cover at right, featuring Gross.



WHAT KIND OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

At right, sociologist Rosanna Hertz and Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen discuss their work on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* with Phil Donahue. The audience was dynamite: Some had responded to our questionnaire and couldn't wait to talk about it on the air.



SHA NA NA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT?

Left: When Sha Na Na shuffled off to Buffalo, the doo-woppers knew just where to stop: the Buffalo Playboy Club, where they gave an impromptu performance with support from the Bunnies. Our peripatetic photographer Chan (see top photo) was in the audience and got this shot.

UP AGAINST THE WALL, CANDY

Candy Collins has more pinup posters—six—to her credit than any other Playmate ever. Above: This one's for you and the world-wide auto-parts manufacturer Nippondenso. Look for dandy Candy, Miss December 1979, again in Geffen Film Productions' *Risky Business*, due at Easter.

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SEPARATE BUT EQUAL

Congratulations to Asa Baber for his *Men* column "Equal Rights for Men, 1983" (*PLAYBOY*, January). Having been drafted in 1968 and sent to Vietnam, I always find it irritating to hear feminists whining about how good men have it. I didn't see any women getting drafted. It's true that women seem to want it both ways. To some of them, equal opportunity means special privileges.

Thomas Melloy
Missoula, Montana

I have continued to subscribe to *PLAYBOY* for many years despite its liberal bias (to reverse a saying, I no longer read the articles; I merely enjoy the pictures). However, Baber's *Men* column restores my faith in the soundness of some of your editorial values. As with the emperor's clothes, mass deception and paradox are more often the rule than the exception. One paradox is that feminism is most vociferous in the country in which women enjoy the most nearly equal (dare I say pampered?) position; namely, the U.S. There is little feminism in, say, Iran and Saudi Arabia. Equally paradoxical is the fact that people who, like Baber, have the courage to note the obvious are invariably maligned and vilified. It is generally the prophet, the messenger or the victim who is blamed—rarely the aggressor. The most universal paradox is that feminism, like most other isms, causes as much harm as the illness it claims to cure.

Dr. Thomas M. Kando
Professor of Sociology and
Criminal Justice
California State University
Sacramento, California

Baber's "Equal Rights for Men, 1983" points out how *men* discriminate against men. It is judges, who are mostly male, who decide child-custody issues and have made women exempt from the draft. Indeed, on the draft issue, NOW hurt its

E.R.A. position by coming out so strongly in favor of drafting women. So it may not be so much the case "that women are trying to have it both ways." It is more that the good ol' boys are keeping things the old way. I, for one, suspect that women will be drafted and will lose more custody cases before they ever get equal pay for equal work.

Margaret G. Waterstreet
Chicago, Illinois

I am incensed by Baber's "Equal Rights for Men, 1983." He attempts to relate two subjects that are separate and distinct. There can be no reasonable quarrel with equal rights for men in divorce court, but Baber's position that women should be subject to the draft and, presumably, serve in combat is sadly off base. I wonder if he seriously believes that a troop of *PLAYBOY* centerfolds should be sent into battle to be ripped to shreds by machine-gun bullets. Such a move would be on the order of using the *Mona Lisa* to line a cat box. The beauty of women is a delight to both sexes, and one does not wantonly destroy beauty in any form.

Frederick D. Schulkind
Cockeysville, Maryland

Baber replies:

Sending a troop of PLAYBOY centerfolds into battle might make a good movie scene, and—who knows?—it might end the arms race. But what I had in mind was equal risk and equal rights for men and women.

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSES

Let me be the first reader to raise my chalice and toast your success in *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* (January). With such mind-stimulating research undertaken by your staff, we readers can finally turn the other cheek to those individuals who always sarcastically tell the clerk at the local convenience store, after we start for the door with the new issue of *PLAYBOY* under our arms, "I'll bet he buys it

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the hot new punk jewelry fad.



b) an exotic dancer from Philadelphia who has a special way with "Jingle Bells."



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

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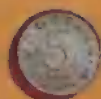
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The coinage of Austria consists of 8 different coins, with the 5 schilling piece showing a Lippizaner stallion of the renowned Spanish Riding School in Vienna. The coins of Indonesia depict the exotic birds of that land, and the coins of Fiji ceremonial objects unique to the culture of this island people. By contrast, the coinage of Sweden is very formal: the 1 Krona bearing a classic portrait of King Carl Gustaf and the 50 Ore featuring the royal monogram and the Swedish Crown.

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for the articles!" With such startling conclusions revealed in your survey about sexual behavior in the Eighties, I can't wait to pick up my January 2001 issue. Here's to our separate futures—together.

Kirk R. Clovis
Austin, Texas

Is faithfulness extinct? *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* gives that impression. Concerning the number of sex partners for nonvirgins, the questionnaire choices begin at 1-5. There is absolutely no indication of how many, like myself, have had one mate and been sexually true to her or him. We're definitely a minority, but we do exist. How about some credit?

Steve Thompson
La Crescenta, California

DUDLEY DONE RIGHT

Thanks for January's very open-minded *Playboy Interview* with Dudley Moore. I must say that this is the first time I have ever read an interview and laughed the whole way through. Nancy Collins deserves a lot of credit for bringing a very funny and great actor to PLAYBOY.

Thomas Nay
Osan, Korea

I've just finished your interview with Dudley Moore, and I have to say that it is the most difficult interview I've read. I couldn't stop laughing! Moore is one of the most enjoyable personalities PLAYBOY has talked with in years.

John Osborne
Lebanon, Oregon

I sincerely hope that there is a side to Dudley Moore that is not presented in the *Playboy Interview*. "Wanking" hardly describes the debacle—an 11-page circle jerk would be more descriptive. In the future, I think it would be wise to let Moore do the acting and leave the *Interview* to people who have something to say.

Jeff Malmin
Aptos, California

Thank you for the most candid and humorous interview I have ever read. If Dudley Moore had been any more honest, he would probably be arrested.

Billy Eastin
Orlando, Florida

PROTRUDING CHIN

The beauty of your January Playmate, Lonny Chin, leaves me quietly dazed. She's the best thing to come out of Liverpool since the Beatles. Actually, I got your issue in December—but too late to change my order for Christmas. Next year, I think I'll send my wish list to PLAYBOY.

Bruce McCullin
Longview, Texas

I have been reading PLAYBOY for the past four years and have noticed that January Playmates are exceptionally beautiful

women with warm personalities. So I was really eager to receive this year's issue. I anticipated a Playmate with the same qualities as Candy Loving, Gig Gangel, Karen Price and Kimberly McArthur. Lonny Chin certainly belongs in the same class as past January Playmates. Congratulations on a dynamic pictorial that starts the new year off with a bang. I can't wait till next year.

Edward Crawley
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Generally, I'm not the type of person who makes his opinions public—especially in an international magazine. However, after seeing Lonny Chin, I feel compelled to write to you. Lonny is the most beautiful and captivating woman I've ever seen. The adjoining article claims that "Lonny wants to be liked." As far as I'm concerned, that's one ambition she'll never have trouble with. Pleeceeeze let us have another peek at your January gem!

John P. Reagan
Sunnyvale, California

There are Playmates and then there are Playmates. But Lonny Chin's dazzling eyes put me in a trance for 30 minutes. By the time I managed to view her entire body, I had missed the second half of a Lakers basketball game.

Freddie Jones
Alta Loma, California

Lonny appreciates the kind words, but she's sorry she made Freddie miss half the game. She wants us to let him know the Lakers won



124-122 on an Abdul-Jabbar sky hook. And here's a set shot from the star of the first Playboy video cassette and disc. She's helped us put our power forward in the video game.

SUBTLE DIPLOMACY

Paul Erdman's *Living on the Default Line* (PLAYBOY, January) is most frightening. The industrial nations—the U.S., West Germany and Japan—could be on the verge of total economic collapse, which would drag the entire world into a depression worse than that of the Thirties. The answer is simple. The industrial nations could declare war on the oil-producing

nations; they would win easily. The oil nations' assets would be declared war prizes and we could go on about our business. That may sound facetious, but don't you think something like that will happen—perhaps in some other guise?

Marvin Portwoo
Atlanta, Georgia

STARLET FEVER

Congratulations! Every time I think you've found my ultimate fantasy girl, you surprise me with a better one. Now you've really done it. January's *Blonde Ambitions* pictorial literally doubles my pleasure. Utterly astonishing! I'm sure my fellow students at Arizona State would agree that we may be ranked number three, but those Landers sisters are definitely number one.

Cliff Matican
Tempe, Arizona

What a masterpiece of skin and romanticism! Judy and Audrey Landers make my heart ring. Thank you, PLAYBOY!

Clyde Page
Contrecoeur, Quebec

Granted, the Landers sisters want to protect their professional image by not totally exposing themselves to PLAYBOY readers, but the picture on pages 104 and 105 is just too much. The other photographs are tastefully composed, but the picture with feathers "randomly" covering their bodies is downright tacky. You have thus vitiated an otherwise acceptable pictorial on two beautiful women.

Karl Sweitzer
Potsdam, New York

Well, now you've done it. I've just seen the pictorial you did on the Landers sisters, and I simply can't believe how beautiful they are. Your magazine does them justice. Keep up the good work.

Wesley Andruess
Fullerton, California

Those photos of Audrey and Judy Landers are more suitable for *People* or *Time* than for PLAYBOY. If I'd wanted to see feathers, I'd have called Colonel Sanders.

Joe Henry
Sterling Heights, Michigan

I'd like to congratulate Marilyn Grabowski and Arny Freytag for an excellent article and a beautiful pictorial. Thanks for a more adult look at the nicest and loveliest actress around—Judy Landers—than I've ever seen before.

Richard Dube
Wesson, Mississippi

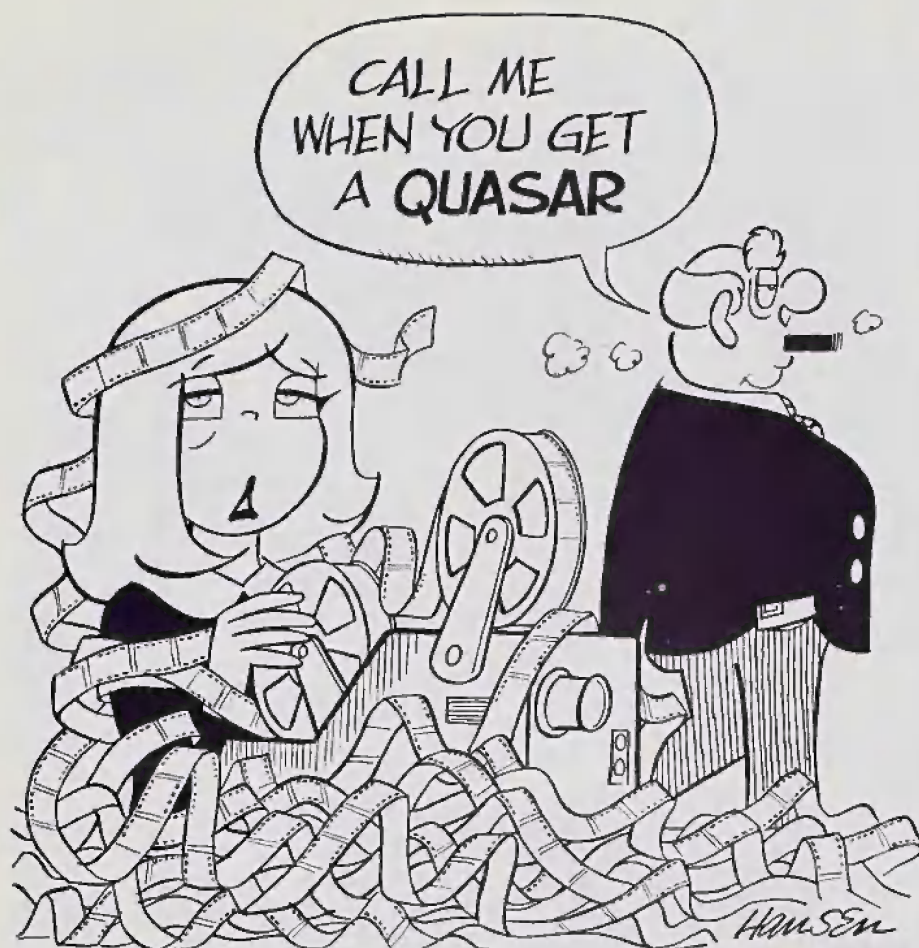
As faithful subscribers to PLAYBOY, we feel compelled to comment on your January pictorial on Judy and Audrey Landers, "TV's sexiest sister act." What is banned as Entertainment for Men is, in this case, nothing more than a lengthy underwear advertisement out of *Seventeen*

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magazine. To make matters worse, the uncredited text to this pictorial labels Madame of the comedy team Wayland and Madame "a horny-old-bag marionette." Incredible!

The Boys of the Homestead
Fairfield, Pennsylvania

Madame is a horny-old-bag marionette.
Just ask Charlie McCarthy or Yoda.

CHAD'S GOOD, TOO

The audio cassette Jeremy is referred to in *The Year in Sex* (PLAYBOY, February). We at Misty Bear Productions feel that a small caption hardly does justice to a unique erotic product so tastefully executed that it has been favorably reviewed by dozens of newspapers, magazines and doctors of clinical psychology.

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Hillary Arrow, Associate Director
Misty Bear Productions
Beverly Hills, California

SHANNON, BY GEORGE

Photos by Hurrell (PLAYBOY, January) is excellent. In a time when most photos in "adult" magazines are blatantly suggestive, you have tried to maintain art in the shooting of your nudes. The photos by Hurrell are done with the eye of a true artist.

W. D. Starr
Salem, Virginia

George Hurrell has not lost his touch over the years in photographing beautiful women—from Jean Harlow to Jane Russell and now Shannon Tweed. Shannon's hair-raising curves show up even more in black and white than in color.

Mark Jackson
Searcy, Arkansas

If in the past your competitors have claimed equality, the photos of Shannon Tweed by George Hurrell surely end the debate. I cannot recall ever being more taken by a series of photographs.

Dr. Edward Lloyd
Iuka, Illinois

BUT HOW WAS IT FOR DAMIENS?

It is with great pleasure that I review a pictorial in the January PLAYBOY titled *Provocative Period Pieces*, featuring that notorious blackguard and libertine Casanova. Having read all 12 volumes of the celebrated rake's memoirs, I feel I must expand on the information in the captions. According to Casanova's memoirs, on

March 28, 1757, Robert Damiens, who had attempted to assassinate Louis XV, was to be taken to a public square, flayed alive and drawn and quartered for his crime. To impress some ladyfriends, Casanova let a room above the square in conjunction with a friend of his, Count Tiretta of Trevisa, also known as Count Six Times. As the engraving in *PLAYBOY* shows, they invited three women to share their vantage point. The women bent over the balustrade while Casanova and the Count Six Times, gentlemen that they were, took the rear view. Although Damiens' skin had been torn off by pincers and half his limbs had been removed, he remained alive and shrieking. In disgust, Casanova turned away only to see that the Count Six Times had raised the skirts of the woman in front of him and had entered her anally. Casanova reports he heard the rustling of the woman's skirts for two hours, a fact for which he admired the count's appetite and boldness. Thus, the gentleman slipping it to the "otherwise sensible woman" is the Count Six Times and *not* Casanova, who merely recorded the event. As *PLAYBOY*'s status is normally impeccable from a literary standpoint, I'm certain your readers will appreciate this historical uplift.

Robert J. Hilton
Houston, Texas

KING OF DARKNESS

There is only one living author whose name on a book compels me to buy the book. I don't subscribe to *PLAYBOY*, but I bought the January issue: Stephen King contributed *The Word Processor*. That, regardless of any other articles, fiction or regular features, is reason enough.

Mick Zachry
(Address withheld by request)

I read it once and immediately turned back to read it again. King's *The Word Processor* is a masterful work—the best short story I've read in ages.

James K. Henderson
Stone Mountain, Georgia

I am happy to see that some of the pages devoted to fiction in your gala Anniversary Issue are graced by the handiwork of one of Bangor's prominent citizens—that gent who writes for a living but hasn't written a book since, uh, yesterday, I guess. Is *The Word Processor* Stephen King's first work to appear in *PLAYBOY*, or have there been others? At any rate, I hope to see more in the future.

Earl Flaherty
Bangor, Maine

"*The Word Processor*" is our first King fiction, but *PLAYBOY* articles by him appeared in January 1981 and January 1982. The funny thing about it is that his work doesn't come in the mail. This big guy in a cape brings it. The cape is new, but the guy looks a little long in the tooth.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, GO

First there were kids who went into the bathroom to smoke. Next there were smoke detectors. Then there were kids who went into the bathroom to go to the bathroom. And now, in Florida, even those squatters are under scrutiny.

The Sunshine State has earmarked \$45,000 in taxes to put monitors with stop watches in school rest rooms. Their job: to determine which toilets are used most often and to chart toilet-flushing frequency and duration. If it turns out that not enough toilets are flushing for long enough, the state wants to cut the crap out of the school budget. Which may mean that swampland in Florida may be available again, soon.

Here comes the judge: A 30-year-old woman in Athens, Greece, was sentenced to 18 months in prison for committing adultery with the judge who had acquitted her on the same charge in an earlier trial.

Let's just say the story isn't as interesting as the headline. The *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* tantalized its readers with this: "COBRA BITES ITS KEEPER IN BEAVER."

THANKS FOR THE GRUB

The Cincinnati Zoo threw a Catch the Bugs party recently to acquaint people with insect life. In addition to lectures and discussions, visitors were invited to help themselves at the buffet table: Chocolate chirpies (cricket brownies); *chenilles frites* (deep-fried, honey-fed caterpillars); and moth balls and crackers (cream cheese, scallions, pressed beef and wax-moth caterpillars squished into cheese balls) were a few of the delectables. No one, it seems, complained about flies in his soup.

When Ann Landers was taken to task for referring to gay guys as "sidesaddle tenors," she readily admitted her error. In

publishing the complaining letter and her apology, she may have compounded the *faux pas* with the headline "JUDGMENT LAPSE BLAMED FOR EMBARRASSING BONER."

Las Vegas parents were required to sign a form to admit their children into a high school sex-education class. The form asked them to comply with chapter 455 of the Nevada Revised Statute. School administrators were chagrined to learn that chapter 455 actually deals with "erection offenses and safeguards around shafts and excavations."

PERFECT POOCH

Kirk Nurock, 34, trained at Juilliard. His musical arrangements have been commissioned by Bette Midler, Judy Collins and Barry Manilow—and clients have been literally howling for an audition.

Sonata for Piano and Dog, Nurock's latest, is a 35-minute, four-movement piece featuring a choir of dogs. To get the

right blend of woofers and tweeters, he's been interviewing owners and working a *cappella* with a couple of mutts a day. "This is not a showbiz novelty," he insists, but an outgrowth of his 14-year involvement with Natural Sound—a premise that any sound can be musical. Last year, in fact, Nurock performed at the Bronx Zoo with a chorus of owls, wolves and birds—then again at Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo with orangutans and guinea pigs.

If Nurock moves on to longer works for his pet protégés, he may have to find a way to curb their other forms of expression.

Flags and Flagpoles, a full-service company that wears its patriotism on its balance sheet, placed an ad that read: "From toothpick to battleship size, We Get It Up for You." Wave if you have one.

A memo making the rounds of the British civil service seeks to advise on cost-cutting measures by means of secretary sharing. The memo encourages sharing "either horizontally between officers of equal rank, or vertically between an officer and a senior."

Historical update: Eleven years ago this year, several San Francisco restaurants were serving a French wine, La Clape, shipped by Paul Herpe, because, as one restaurant spokesman put it, "La Clape—Herpe is something so many of our customers can identify with." Some wine becomes more complex with time.

Radio station WTCO in Arlington Heights, Illinois, wants to change its call letters to WSEX, to which the FCC says NIX. Station lawyers, who are appealing the decision, have turned up a bunch of interesting call letters that have been approved by the commission. Among them are KOKE in Austin, Texas (which really gets you moving in the A.M.); WGAY in Silver Spring, Maryland (which plays I



Left My Heart in San Francisco with some frequency); WSUX in Seaford, Delaware (a mouthful); KINK in Portland, Oregon (obviously into heavy metal); and KOME in San Jose, California (which wants you to start your day with a bang). And what does WSEX intend to broadcast? It wants to make beautiful music, of course.

GRATEFUL REDS

"How to Distinguish Decadent Songs," a recent treatise from the People's Music Publishing House of Peking, is a comrade's guidebook through the corrupting world of musical *bourgeoisie*. According to the pamphlet, the best way to spot a decadent song is by the way it's sung. "Quivering rhythm, extra notes or an unclear, loose, drunken pronunciation . . . do not express working-class sentiments." Mentioned among those songs that present "a distorted reflection of life" are Chinese-language pop songs produced in Hong Kong and almost all Western popular music. Well, 'scuse us while we kiss the sky.

We read in the Dubuque, Iowa, *Telegraph-Herald* that Idaho State quarterback Paul Peterson "pissed for 356 yards" and guided his team to a 41-21 victory over Drake. Clearly, Drake was affected by severe field conditions that day.

The *Spokane Chronicle*, commenting on the poor hunting in Walla Walla County, said that wildlife agents "checked 52 hunters with only six cocks."

The Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press* ran the following classified ad: "Room divid-er—slightly scratched by hooker."

Denver's *Rocky Mountain News* reported on the search for Ted Turner's pet bruin in an article headlined "BEAR HUNT CONTINUES FOR THE ELUSIVE BOOBY." It's all in a day's work for us.

DON'T KNOCK THE LOCK

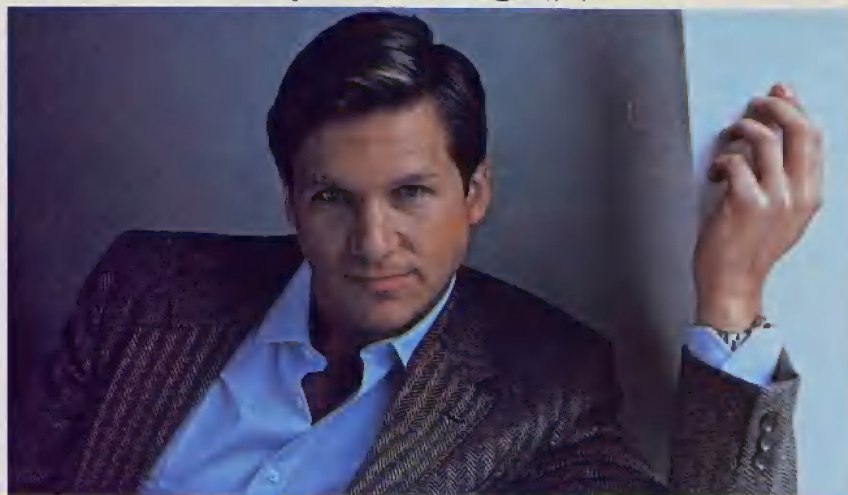
When New York City sanitation commissioner Norman Steisel accidentally locked himself out of his car in front of city hall, he looked for help.

Said Steisel: "The cops told me they had the best lock-and-pick man in the traffic division. So I went to my meeting while the best lock-and-pick man and three uniformed cops and a plainclothesman slaved over this thing."

The experts were still at it when Steisel emerged from city hall an hour and a half later. "Then several elected officials—who shall go nameless—and their executive assistants all had a go at it. They didn't have any luck, either."

At that point, somebody decided to fetch Robert Harrington, a janitor at city hall for ten years. Within minutes, he opened the door—using a wire coat hanger. Both Mr. Wizard and Joan Crawford would have been proud.

CHECKING IN



In Hollywood, Jeff Bridges, son of Lloyd, brother of Beau, is known as one fine actor. We've seen him in 19 movies over the years, some of them underground classics—"Cutter's Way," "The Last Picture Show," "The Last American Hero," "Fat City." This winter he switched to comedy, playing Sally Field's dullard fiancé in "Kiss Me Goodbye." Claudia Dreifus caught up with him at his Santa Monica home and filed this report: "With Jeff Bridges, what you see is what you get. He's a friendly guy, with a sunny blond smile. He may be Lloyd Bridges' son, but his swimming pool is really no bigger than an overgrown hot tub."

PLAYBOY: Do you have childhood memories of seeing your father in weird roles?

BRIDGES: One time, when I was four or five, I watched him make a Western. He was filming a close-up in which he was supposed to be riding a horse. But my dad wasn't up on a horse—he was sitting on a ladder. When I saw that, I broke up. There was my father, a grown man, playing "let's pretend." I was laughing so hard they had to remove me from the set.

PLAYBOY: Your father was cast as the villain in some great Westerns. Was it shocking to you, as a kid, to see him as the smarmy deputy in *High Noon*?

BRIDGES: My father was one terrific bad guy. Playing the heavy was natural to him—it was the challenge of playing the opposite type. In *High Noon*, I saw him as a selfish guy who betrays his best friend because he wants the sheriff's job for himself. Every time I saw *High Noon*, something in my mind would say, "Come on, Dad, do the right thing. Help your friend out."

PLAYBOY: In the early Fifties, did your father suffer from the Hollywood black list?

BRIDGES: Well, he certainly didn't suffer as much as others. The McCarthyites went after actors who were big stars. In the late Forties and early Fifties, when all of that was happening, my father hadn't really hit it big yet. He wasn't a card-carrying Communist or anything like that. He was just a guy who'd been to a couple of meetings that his friends at the Actors Lab had suggested he check out. Once the black list hit, he had to go over to Ward Bond and John Wayne and explain that he wasn't a Communist, that he didn't know anybody

who was. He says it was awful. The experience has always haunted my family. My dad has always said, "Be careful what papers you sign, because you never know what the Government might do with them."

PLAYBOY: How did your acting career begin?

BRIDGES: Breaking in was no sweat. My father simply called up an agent and said, "You will represent my son." For quite a few years, I went around feeling guilty that it all had come so easily for me. I wondered if maybe I shouldn't try something else—music, painting. But the acting always came naturally and the response to my work was, from early on, pretty good.

PLAYBOY: When did you start feeling that acting was your own profession and not a union card your father had handed down to you?

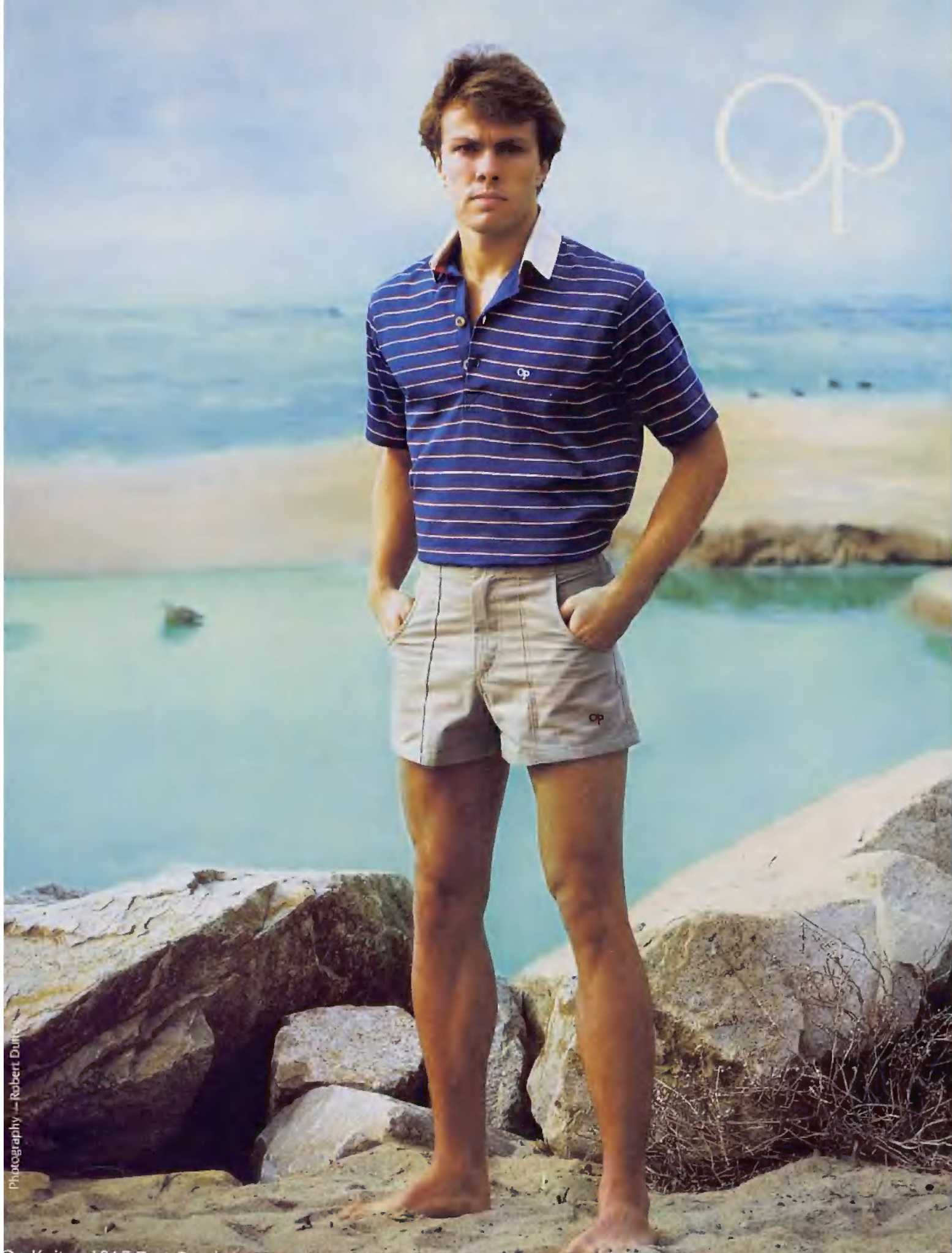
BRIDGES: When I got an Oscar nomination for *The Last Picture Show*. There was no campaign for me to get that; it happened because people genuinely liked my work.

PLAYBOY: Was it fun to jog around in *TRON* in that electric leotard that was your costume?

BRIDGES: It was awkward for a while. I felt real exposed and uncomfortable. Besides, the dance belt nearly killed me. Do you know what a dance belt is? It's a jockstrap with an important difference. The strap runs up your ass. You can't imagine what sitting down in it is like.

PLAYBOY: You've been married for six years to Susan Geston, a photographer. How did you two meet?

BRIDGES: Sue was working on a dude ranch in Montana where we were shooting *Rancho Deluxe* and it was like they say in



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the movies, love at first sight. At least on my part. She was this real pretty girl and she had two tremendous black-and-blue blotches around her eyes. I couldn't stop looking at her. I had these fantasies that her boyfriend had beaten her up and that I was going to save her from this terrible situation. The truth was that she'd been in an automobile accident. When I first asked her out, she turned me down. She thought I was this big-shot actor from Hollywood who was coming on to all the local girls. So after we finished making the movie, I went back to Montana to convince her I was an all-right guy.

PLAYBOY: It's no secret that you've done quite a bit of experimenting with controlled substances. Do you still?

BRIDGES: At an earlier phase in my life—much more than now. I did the basic stuff—pot, a little LSD. Oh, my mother hates this every time she reads it—I still smoke pot. But I'm trying to wean myself off the stuff. Lately, when I take pot, I find myself getting more paranoid on it, more uptight. Still, I find that pot is almost like a pack of cigarettes and part of the routine. Sometimes, especially when I'm not working, I'll fall into it. It's a kind of mental addiction.

PLAYBOY: It must be hard for a son to live up to a father like Lloyd Bridges.

BRIDGES: Well, he's one incredible human being. Even when my father criticized my lifestyle, it was always something he did with love. You see, my father has incredibly good habits. He's a tennis junkie, swims a mile in the ocean every day and he's 70. I don't know if he wants me to say that in public; he wants to pull a Jack Benny and be 39 forever. Beyond his remarkable personal discipline and fitness is the fact that he's a wonderfully caring human being. He acts instinctively. Once, when I was a little kid, we were in New York, riding in a cab. We saw this drunk guy throwing bricks at passers-by. My father had the cab stopped and ran up to the guy. He grabbed him and embraced him. It turned out the man had lost his job and his wife had just died. My father took care of that situation, didn't think twice about it. I admire that.

PLAYBOY: We found a clipping—it was one of several in this vein—in which a critic said, "Jeff Bridges is the only member of the Bridges family who can act." What do your brother and your father think when they see something like that?

BRIDGES: Oh, no, you found one of *those*! Well, we don't pay much attention to stuff like that. My father is a great actor. Beau is fantastic. We can do without that kind of write-up.

PLAYBOY: Why does Lloyd Bridges' son have such a small swimming pool?

BRIDGES: We just didn't have the room to put in a bigger pool. Besides, I'm not all that much into swimming—I'm a jogger. I don't scuba dive, either. All that equipment, it's such a drag.



THE NETWORKS FIGHT BACK

Stunned by the assault of cable and Betamax, aware that "Insatiable" has become more popular than "Too Close for Comfort" on the home screen, the networks and the major independent stations are Xing up their schedules with sexy new shows, spin-offs and sequels featuring people doing things Lucy never heard of. What's in store? David Standish and Jerry Sullivan offer a typical night to come in prime time.

NINE'S COMPANY—It's 1967 and a beautiful young girl named Snow White has run away from home. She heads for Haight-Ashbury to share a crash pad with seven freaky guys named Itchy, Twitchy, Spiky, Burglary, Fantasy, Reality and Harry, and one very straight young man with his own bedroom and no idea of what is going on in the rest of the apartment. The laughs come fast when superstraight Bradford Van Cleveland starts rapping with Snow White and her freaky seven.

MUFFY, P.I.—In "The Overbite Terror," Muffy goes undercover as a new student at Miss Porker's, the randiest girls' school in New England. She's out to bust a dangerous teenaged psychopath from a good Darien family who refuses to wear Bass Weejun loafers with her knee socks and goes around at night loosening her classmates' braces while they sleep.

THE DUKES OF BONDAGE—"Laying Rubber": Daisy is fit to be tied when the Dukes try to leave her behind after entering their newly customized Chains of Love Trans Am in the first annual Onan, Georgia, Deviate 500 Classic. They compete for a first prize of \$1000, a weekend trip for three to New York, dinner at The Anvil and a one-hour shopping spree at The Pleasure Chest.

THE BEST LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE—When the rest of the gals of the Best Little House leave with Big HoJo to go work the new gold-rush site just over the mountains, Amy is left behind to take care of things. But when all the boys down at the Boiled Dog Saloon decide at once to pay the Best Little House a visit, can she hold up her end?

THE SUNDAY MORNING RELIGIOUS SPECIAL—"The 39-24-36 Club": The first evangelist on the networks since Bishop Sheen, the Reverend Florian Weasel of

the Full Gospel Church of the Living Whoopee displays his specialty: the combination total-immersion baptism and wet-T-shirt contest.

DIE, DIE, DIET—Richard Simmons, in his first dramatic role, portrays a mad slasher who hides out in the refrigerators of plump women and attacks them when they go for a midnight snack.

OVUM: SCIENCE FOR THE SENSUOUS INTELLECTUAL—"Coming Together in Tahiti": Anthropologist Harry "Burning Spear" Wilson takes us to the heart of an ancient Polynesian ritual the natives call Hide the Plantain. The science special also looks at marlmetism, spindry, blanderphilia and other sexual practices we can't find in Western dictionaries. Coming soon on *Ovum*, a probing look at "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm" and new photos from the electron microscope that will change your mind about the chemical bond.

TOPLESS THEATER—This year, American plays with Yorkshire accents, produced in Great Britain by the famed Topless Company of Glasgow. Kicking off the season is *The Glass Menagerie*, Tennessee Williams' sensitive study of fantasy, reality and the family. Coming up on *Topless Theater: Long Day's Journey into Night, Tobacco Road, My Sister Eileen* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

MOVIE OF THE WEEK—*Terror on a Small Blue Sea*: Looking for fun at swinging Club Foot in tempestuous Jamaica, Debbie and Cindy get a shocking surprise. After smoking a spliff the size of a salami, the girls are kidnaped by a revolutionary reggae group posing as the house calypso band and rafted off to a strange ordeal on a small blue sea. Is it real or a terrible nightmare? A made-for-TV movie based on the historic Ty-D-bol commercials.

BOOKS

Last December, we invited a reviewer to select the heirs to ace detectives Philip Marlowe, Sam Spade and The Continental Op. He cited Asch, Scudder and Spenser. We tracked down Robert Parker's Spenser, a cross between The Incredible Hulk and Phil Donahue. He's a weight lifter, a feminist and a private eye. Spenser has a friend named Hawk and a girlfriend named Susan and a code of difficult honor. Parker is one of the few mystery writers who give their heroes a continuing present. Spenser has to deal with ongoing relationships and obligations to the past. At the center of all the Spenser books is a tightly plotted, riveting mystery; at the edge is a dialog about sex roles. The blend is addictive. The latest in the series, *The Widening Gyre* (Delacorte), involves political blackmail, a Senate campaign, drug abuse, sex, the Mafia—in short, it reads like today's headlines. Deft and compelling. There are ten more, in case you get hooked—and you will.



Spenser: an addictive detective.

The title goes a long way toward explaining *Very Much a Lady* (Little, Brown), Shana Alexander's meticulously researched look at Jean Harris, the woman convicted of killing the best-selling diet doctor Herman "Hi" Tarnower. Ostensibly a modern woman in a 14-year, "no strings attached" fling with the wealthy Westchester County doctor, Harris was, in the end, a practiced conservator of the old feminine values. She contained her anger and her tears and subverted her own self-interest in favor of her man's. And with so many of her needs going unspoken, it's not surprising that she couldn't maintain the same cool detachment as her passionless paramour. The result was a depression that continued for years and went unacknowledged by Harris until she was in prison. Her increasing psychological confusion had been kept in limbo by drugs prescribed in outrageous supply by Tarnower, who enjoyed telling her that he didn't love anyone. Despite Alexander's success in creating a complete picture, one question remains: What did Harris ever see in that guy, anyway?

"He mounted her, parting her legs, giving the white inner flesh of her thighs a soft deep pinch, and clasping her right breast in his left hand, he thrust his sex into her. . . ." And so forth. *The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty* (Dutton) is this year's entry in the tasteful-erotica sweepstakes. It was written by a world-famous author under an alias: A. N. Roquelaure. It is quaint, articulate, baroque and fashionably pornographic. Like the *Story of O* and *Nine and a Half Weeks*, it deals with bondage and discipline. A girl is awakened, taken to a castle, humiliated, spanked, paraded naked through the streets and passed

Parker's detective series,
Jean Harris' troubles
and high-tech talk.



A new perspective on Jean Harris.

around. The trouble is there's very little real sex. Maybe it's the wave of the future—after all, you can't catch herpes from a whip.

Those of you who thought a liberal-arts degree was sufficient equipment to deal with real life have had a rough couple of years. It doesn't matter how adroit you are in explaining Ahab's internal conflicts when everyone else is talking acid rain,

chronobiology, Gödel's proof and post-Heisenbergian physics. Techno-nerds are the new darlings of cocktail parties, and some of them are pretty good at Donkey Kong. What to do? Howard Rheingold and Howard Levine's *Talking Tech* (Quill) will help you hold up your end of any conversation you find yourself having with someone who sports a slide-rule tie clip.

Ed McClanahan's first novel, *The Natural Man* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a natural gas. The time is a summer and fall in the late Forties, the place a little northern Kentucky town, a dull jerkwater town to Harry, the 15-year-old narrator—until a boulder named Monk arrives from sophisticated Cincinnati. He's an orphaned prodigy, huge, worldly, engagingly obscene, a not-so-sweet-16 wonder descended straight from Rabelais' Gargantua by way of Mike Fink. Monk calls his dick The Big Inch and his fart-on-command nether region The Toothless One. He has a sexy tattoo, knows every dirty joke in the book, shoots a mean stick of pool and takes no shit from anybody—not even from his new dad, coach of the hapless Needmore Bulldogs. Harry befriends Monk, in all his awful charm, and both in their own fashion lust over the more-than-ample delights of Oodles Ockerman, tipping the scales at 225 or so, a delectable marshmallow of unmappable expanse. *The Natural Man* is a fine comic novel, pitch-perfectly told.

It's amazing how much trouble John Dillinger got into during the few months he was free of prison and on the run. In Harry Patterson's novel *Dillinger* (Stein & Day), the rascal rips off a Chevy, heads for Mexico, gets into many scrapes—several shoot-outs, a mine collapse—before heading back to Chicago to get blown away by the FBI. The author, a.k.a. Jack Higgins, doesn't have it this time. Under either name.

BOOK BAG

Banker (Putnam's), by Dick Francis: A young banker goes gumshoe when his company invests in a race horse whose first foals are congenitally deformed. Francis is on familiar turf, but this one misses by a couple of lengths.

God Made Alaska for the Indians: Selected Essays (Garland), by Ishmael Reed: Reed's latest collection has its ups and downs but contains one gem of a piece, "The Fourth Ali," that's worth the cover price.

ESO (Warner Books), by Alan P. Brauer, M.D., and Donna Brauer, edited by Richard Rhodes: An easy-to-follow sex manual based on the work of the Brauers, *ESO* sets out to teach you and your partner how to achieve extended sexual orgasm. A real comer.



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Rocker, Setzer and Phantom

POMPADOURABLE: As hot trends go, revitalized rock-a-billy isn't much of a threat to such true pop sensations as hanging by one's feet, *American Gigolo*-style, or becoming an autobiographizing anchor woman. But as a trio of baby-faced high school dropouts from Long Island called **The Stray Cats** are proving, plugging into that nervous, rib-sticking, redneck Fifties rock—and the greasy, strut-happy style that it now inspires—is one sure answer to a lot of people's problems.

I have problems—not knowing what trends to latch on to, among them—so I jumped at the opportunity to consult with the band. What I most wanted to know was what it would take for me to become a neo-rock-a-billy ace.

Considering that an increasingly balding 32-year-old was asking that of lads whose youthfulness, artfully waxed pompadours and long, prominent tattoos were far beyond his genetic and pain-enduring reach, howls of laughter would have been an appropriate response. But the Cats, who attained stardom in England shortly after impulsively moving there in 1980, then hit it big back home, stayed cool. "That's pretty rock-a-billy," said stand-up drummer Slim Jim Phantom, 21, referring to my flannel shirt and cowboy boots. "They wear that in England, a lot of them."

"You don't have to look the part to feel it," guitarist and group leader Brian Setzer, 23, added.

"Yeah," keyed Lee Rocker, the diminutive string bassist, who looked even more boyish in his nostalgic, patterned ski sweater.

But it quickly became obvious that the members weren't speaking for themselves. "I love putting on a Gene Vincent song

and dancing, dressed up like a cat," said Setzer. "I was 15 or 16 the first time I heard *Be-Bop-a-Lula* on the jukebox. Man, that was just it. I cut my hair really short and greased it back. I seen a picture of Eddie Cochran and just wanted to look like him. I wouldn't go out without my hair greased up.

"So here we were, in these old-man corner bars, with pink suits, pompadours, tattoos, earrings . . . they thought we were from Mars. After getting the shit knocked out of us a couple times, we started to get our own following. And people stopped calling us punk rockers at the local mall.

"I probably thought it was so cool because everyone had real long hair and bell-bottoms then," he explained. "I always wanted to be opposite, to be a rebel. I didn't feel comfortable with the Grateful Dead, you know?"

I did know, exactly, which gave me a

momentary empathic lift above thoughts of unpompadourable hair. But the band's post-flower-power, rebels-without-a-cause attitudinizing took an unfortunate turn: They started putting down my favorite rebels with a cause, The Clash. "They really get carried away with that political bullshit, and they can hardly play as it is," said Setzer.

"If you want to find out about the Third World, you buy *The New York Times*," added Phantom.

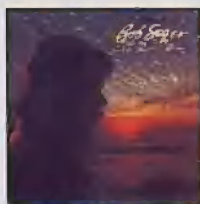
They pointed out that they don't avoid important issues entirely. "Most of our songs are about cars, girls and booze," said Setzer. "But some are about situations that have pissed us off. *Rock This Town* [their breakthrough American single] is about going to corner bars and hearing disco instead of rock 'n' roll on the jukebox. That whole *Saturday Night Fever* thing was the worst."

It was not, I decided, the right time to bring up Slim Jim's passing resemblance to John Travolta, so I mentioned another dark-haired greaser, New York rock-a-billy singer Robert Gordon. "He's hokey," said Setzer. "He hates us," laughed Phantom. As do numerous young rock-a-billy bands who have been unable to match their success, the Cats said.

"What's happened with us is, you know, like what happened with the Beatles," said Setzer. "The problem is, once you open the floodgates for people, they always resent you. They never fuckin' admit that you were the ones. You really can't be a savior."

I know an exit line when I hear one, so, tucking my rock-a-billy aspirations under my flannel shirt, I headed on out. Waiting for the elevator, I wondered what such unsung rock-a-billy legends as Sleepy LaBeef, Charlie Feathers and even the more widely known Joe Ely would make of Setzer's final pronouncement. Just as Rocker strolled by, the elevator doors

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HOT

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3. Irakere / *El Coco*
4. Red Rider / *Nuruda*
5. Grover Washington, Jr. / *The Best Is Yet to Come*

NOT

1. Buddy Love
2. The London Symphony and Royal Choral Society / *Hooked on Rock Classics*
3. *Exercising Together: A Sensuous Program for Lovers and Intimate Friends*
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5. Diamond Head / *Borrowed Time*



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opened and a man in a suit walked out, uttering the words "You little whipper-snapper." There was reason to believe that the man wasn't addressing the Stray Cat, but I accepted the remark as the answer to my question anyway. —LLOYD SACHS

REVIEWS

Hank Williams, Jr., has one of the top country bands working, his kick-ass vocal style is one of a kind and his songwriting isn't half bad, either. So what can we say about his latest, **Strong Stuff** (Elektra/Curb)? We'd say it's a pretty accurate title.

Who comes from New Jersey, has blue eyes and has just recorded a new album? Did you guess Joe Piscopo, *Saturday Night Live's* ace impressionist? On *I Love Rock 'n'*

she would a dress: to see if it pleases. The McGarrigles make for more challenging company. Their new album, **Love Over and Over** (PolyGram), collects little bits of real life and puts them in musical clothes. They can joke around; they can goof off; they can make moving, objective remarks. And if one of the obligations of all women singer/songwriters is to articulate how men break hearts, they can do that, too. On *I Cried for Us*, a dry-eyed look at what it's like when it's over, Kate fingers a fresh wound that inexplicably doesn't hurt so much anymore. These girls make for a great date.

Sefel Records has a new batch of Soundstream-engineered digital recordings featuring Árpád Joó and the London Symphony that, like Sefel's 1981 Bartók collec-

reservations, just this side of wonderful. Joó is comfortable moving the symphony's big shoulders without flailing his own arms around too much. Watch this record company. It's doing some very nice work.

Double Fantasy was just too painful to listen to very often. Its sweetness was made bitter by the ugly facts. But now we have **The John Lennon Collection** (Geffen) of greatest hits and it feels good to hear those and other songs Lennon recorded for Geffen and Capitol Records. Time has smoothed the edges. Side one repeats some of the sharper, more brittle political material from *Shaved Fish*, Lennon's earlier "greatest" compilation. To have all these cuts on one record is like taking a Rorschach test. And when you get to the final lines, "No longer riding on the merry-go-round, / I just had to let it go," you begin to see Lennon's life as a work in itself and you know that, wherever he is, he survives.

"I am the god of hell-fire," said the quaint 1968 hit single by The Crazy World of Arthur Brown; and with it, the lanky British singer spawned and influenced an entire generation of theatrically inclined rockers, from Alice Cooper to Kiss to David Bowie. He now resides in Austin, Texas, and has a brand-new LP, **Requiem** (Republic Records, P.O. Box 5820, Austin, Texas 78763), that might best be described as progressive synth-rock with a conceptual bent and interesting to boot.

There's a real gutsiness about early opera, before embellishments and refinements took over. Now John Eliot Gardiner leads his soloists, choir and musicians (on period instruments) through just such a gutsy rendition of Purcell's 17th Century **The Fairy Queen** (Archiv), a musical adaptation of Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This digital recording captures a lot of the energy and the surprise of a new musical form getting birthed. This piece makes you rethink a lot of the operas that came after it. If you're tired of "Mean Joe" Verdi's *Aida*, this is good news.

Marshall Chess, whose father, Leonard, cofounded Chicago's epochal rock-blues label Chess Records in the early Fifties, is probably best known for his hectic stint as chief executive of Rolling Stone Records during the glory years, 1971-1977. But last year, the Chess catalog's current owners asked him to organize a long-term, high-quality reissue line for the label, featuring classic sides long out of print. As Chess told us recently, "How could I resist? I literally grew up with this label as a family business, watching people like Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters recording at nine A.M. after gigging all night long. I remember the first time Berry came into the office, with a demo tape of a song he'd written called *Ida Red*. My father told him to go home and rewrite the lyrics; Chuck came back in a week with



THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO CBS: Have you noticed that Charlie Daniels' songs tend to deal with current events? We've finally figured out where Charlie gets his inspiration: from the evening news. In fact, here are a few titles we're expecting from him any day now: *Lef Me Navigate Your Love Canal*; *I Gave My Computer the Boot Because I Know How to Count on My Fingers*; *Give College Football Back to the Irish*; *I Picked You Up at Walgreen's—Now You're Tylenol to Me*; *I'm Giving No Quarter to Video Games*; *Inflation's So Bad Now, I Can't Even Pay Attention*; *Haig's Gone (and I Wonder Who's Kissing Now)*; and *A Few Minutes with Andy Rooney Is More Than I Can Take*.

Roll (Columbia), he expands his precise television portrayal of Ole Blue Eyes, forcing Frank through jazzy renditions of *Cold as Ice*, *Under My Thumb* and *Hit Me with Your Best Shot*, among others. We don't know whether or not most people can listen to this record again and again, but we're sure one guy from New Jersey can't.

Kate and Anna McGarrigle do us the favor of saying what's on their minds; it's the sort of information a lot of women don't trust men with. Linda Ronstadt, for example, tries on a song in the same way

tion, puts a premium on well-considered interpretations and absolutely clean sound reproduction. One disc features work by Ravel and includes a version of *Daphnis and Chloe* that is a lot less caloric than most, plus *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* and *Bolero*. If you can't get laid with this, something's terribly wrong. Also in the series are Zoltán Kodály's *Háry János Suite*, coupled with Janáček's *Sinfonietta for Orchestra Opus 60* and Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* with his *Theme and Variations from Suite Number 3*. But the meatiest offering, Brahms's *Symphony Number 4*, is, with few

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Ever wonder how popular music first became popular? What kind of music your favorite performers listened to when they were young? Which musicians influenced others?

Play It Kool provides the answers. And many others. This first annual edition was created in order to let you take a step back and look at today's entire musical scene; to show you how the complex forms of popular music influence each other; to look at how it all came about.

Today's links. Listen to Blondie, Chic, or Joe Jackson

today and you'll hear innovation and excitement. Connecting these sounds to our musical beginnings is like trying to find the similarities between the space shuttle and the Wright Brothers' biplane. Are there links? Can they be traced? Some say yes, some say no. One thing we know for sure: the one simply couldn't have happened without the other.

Southern beginnings. A hundred or so years ago, with people from all over the world contributing to American culture, we invented a



new kind of music. Although we certainly didn't know it at the time.

This first truly "American Music" was born in the

South, largely out of ignorance of accepted musical forms. It had strong African influences as well as healthy doses of European and North American work songs. But this new form wasn't a result of any sort of serious musical study. That would almost certainly have prevented it from happening at all.

For this wasn't music by the book; it was music from the heart—felt, rather than learned. Few pieces were written down on sheet music; musicians simply taught songs to each other by playing. And whenever some tune was plunked or stomped or sung, it was never done the same way twice. Because nobody ever quite felt the same way twice.

From forms to names. The music came to be known as jazz, and its various sub-categories—blues, rock, soul, ragtime, etc.—defy classification. Perhaps it should simply be called American music; perhaps it really doesn't make any difference.

What does make a difference is that no other musical form has been so responsive to the moods of the performer or, on a much larger scale, the twists and turns of history.

Nowhere is this illustrated more graphically than in the evolution of Rock. It began in the early 1950s, at a time when jazz had reached its "be-bop" phase and most pop music had become bland through "sameness."

Enter a raucous but slick group called Bill Haley and the Comets, and a country kid with the unlikely name of Elvis Presley. Music has not been the same since.

Rock represented a distinct departure from the mainstream, and most jazz players of the day rejected it outright. Many still do. Yet early Rock was tame compared with what was to come.

Music as a reflection of the times. The turbulent '60s re-shaped the form and gave it substance. The assassination of a President, an unpopular war, drugs, sexual freedom, the fight for racial equality, the entire youth movement—all provided ample fuel for the Jagers and Lennons and Joplins.

Meanwhile, jazz wasn't exactly standing still. Some mainstream players, like Buddy Rich, were pumping new life into the big band sound, which threatened to become an endangered species. "Free jazz"—a dissonant cousin to its standard form—reflected the attitude of a troubled nation. And Miles Davis, already a legend, launched an entirely new form called fusion, which represented the first real bridge between jazz and rock.

Crossovers have occurred ever since. Today, musical ideas from the rock form will sometimes creep into a jazz player's repertoire. And jazz, because it still acts as a musical voice for the player's feelings, crops up in rock performances.

The yet-to-be. Somewhere out there, new rhythmic patterns and new chord structures are just beginning to stir in the minds of someday-famous musicians. When those ideas bear fruit, we at *Play It Kool* will embrace them.

And we will be as pleased to bring you the story behind tomorrow's music... as we are to share with you the joy of today's.



100% TASTE POSITIVE

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard, smiling and playing a trumpet. He is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the frame, angled towards the left. The background is dark, and the overall mood is celebratory and musical.

Ultra Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; Lights Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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There's only one way to play it...

THE KOOL

**SIX OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING PERFORMERS
SPEAK CANDIDLY ON INFLUENCES, CROSSOVERS,
AND THE FUTURE OF MUSIC:**

DONALD FAGEN *Formerly one-half of Steely Dan, Fagen is one of pop/rock's leading songwriter/singers. He released his first solo album last year, The Night Fly.*

MAYNARD FERGUSON *Premiere musician who began his career with Stan Kenton in the '40s and has set standards of virtuoso trumpet playing ever since.*

JOE JACKSON *Rock musician, singer and composer whose fifth album, Steppin' Out, made it to the top of the charts last year.*

RAMSEY LEWIS *One of the most popular and gifted jazz pianists of our time, Lewis experimented with fusion techniques before the musical name "fusion" even existed.*

OSCAR PETERSON *Sometimes thought of as "The pianist's pianist," Peterson has maintained the integrity of the classical jazz idiom even while experimenting with newer forms.*

LUTHER VANDROSS *Honey-voiced rhythm & blues singer. Vandross began career as background vocalist... is now successfully producing for Aretha Franklin, Dionne Warwick and others.*

You might think a jazz musician would have little to say about Country music. And that rock performers have little to do with jazz.

You would be wrong. Just as we were.

We asked six of the top stars in the country how they feel about today's different musical forms; who influences them; where they think music is headed.

There were many surprises.

To begin with, Donald Fagen began his successful rock career by listening to jazz greats like Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins.

KOOL: *So what happened to Elvis, Buddy Holly, and all that?*

FAGEN: *Well, I liked Chuck Berry and Fats Domino and people of that era. But then, when I discovered jazz, I became an incredible snob and stopped listening to rock and roll completely—and didn't re-discover it until about '64 or '65. My discovery of jazz*

MUSIC FORUM

coincided with, I think, a change in rock and roll from being basically R&B-based black music to white music. The vitality seemed to go out of it. At the same time, I thought jazz was extremely vital because of all those great people in the late '50s. **KOOL:** You say you re-discovered rock around '64 or '65. Was it The Beatles who brought you back to it?



FAGEN: Yeah, right. To me, The Beatles were great. Melodies, harmonies... everything. I thought they were terrific.

KOOL: Then you had split affections. Did you just listen to everything after that?

FAGEN: Yes, but mainly blues. Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Bo Diddley, people like that. Blues was the big rage by the time I got to college.

KOOL: Did you start a group there?

FAGEN: Yes. We had... just... a couple of pick-up groups.

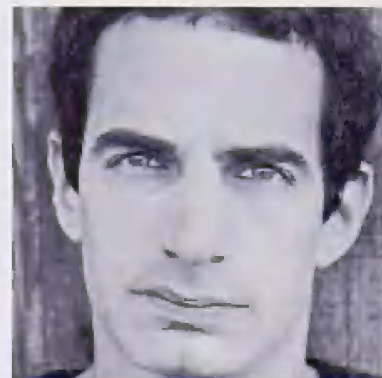
KOOL: Were they already mixing jazz and rock?

FAGEN: Well, my harmonic vocabulary comes from jazz, so I always had jazz chords in the songs.

However, despite his admittedly strong jazz roots, Fagen seems to feel it has little future.

KOOL: Do you think jazz is a tradition that's in trouble?

FAGEN: Yes, I think it's really been in trouble for some years now. Since about the middle '60s really. To me, jazz history is sort of a microcosm of musical history in general. All music evolves in stages—and, like serious music, jazz has evolved into atonality. On the serious, or classical side, only other professors of music go to the concerts now—and I think this same thing has happened to jazz in the past 50 or 60 years. It has evolved into an avant-garde music that has completely lost its audience.



Ramsey Lewis expressed an opposite point of view. He told us, "Jazz is a creative art form that reflects the society that presently exists," and that jazz, after flirting with other influences during its evolution... is now re-finding its audiences by re-finding itself.

KOOL: Where do you think jazz stands today? Do you think it possesses the integrity of, say, the '50s, or do you feel it's become too wrapped up with fusion and rock?



LEWIS: I respected Hendrix, but I did not get into his music until later. When I first heard him, it was something new and fresh to me... the way he was utilizing the jazz idiom. He was definitely sort of a bridge between rock of the '60s and jazz going into the '70s.

One of the most interesting facets of our interviews deals with early influences. When Donald Fagen told us of his teen-age snob-bishness toward jazz, we thought the same might be

LEWIS: I think jazz is pulling away from so-called fusion. Jazz went through a period where it tried to imitate the rock artist. Concerts in big halls, big money, this, that, and the other. But we're sort of going through a re-evaluation period now that has taken us back into night clubs. You find a lot of jazz today in New York night clubs as well as in Chicago and Los Angeles. We're simply resorting more to just playing again.

KOOL: Do you think jazz has gone about as far as it can go in terms of its quest for freedom?

LEWIS: Oh, no. There are always musicians to remind us that there are still unexplored territories and that other things can be done. Things with pianos and other instruments. Everything need not be the 4/4 straight ahead, eight to the bar, AABA formula, and so forth. In every era there is always that group of musicians tapping you on the shoulder saying, "Yeah, but there's another way..."

Lewis, an astute observer of the entire musical scene, surprised us by finding links between jazz and Country music.

KOOL: Your music seems to have some fairly close ties to gospel music in a sense. Do you ever feel you've been influenced by any of the developments in the Country field that have surfaced in the last decade or so?

LEWIS: I've noticed that real Country music—not so much pop Country—has a very close similarity to the blues. The almost whining tone, the simple chord structures, constantly singing about love lost, love found, or, "Got my man," or, "My bills aren't paid." There's a close similarity there.

Lewis agrees with the 1982 down beat article that claims rock star Jimi Hendrix was heading toward jazz near the end of his career.

true of others. Not Luther Vandross. His first impressions were not of jazz performers, but of popular female singers.

KOOL: Was there anything in particular that inspired you to become a singer?

VANDROSS: Well, I was always able to plunk out a song on the piano—even at an early age, like three or four. Then... remember Murray the K, who used to host the Brooklyn Fox Shows?

KOOL: Sure.



VANDROSS: Well, I used to go to those every Christmas and Easter. Then one time—out comes this woman. I'll never forget her. She was wearing a red chiffon dress, and she sang the song called, "Anyone Who Had a Heart." Knocked me down! I mean, that was like new stuff to my ears! Well, that was Dionne Warwick. And I think going to see her in person just fascinated me to the point that I said, "I want to do this."

KOOL: Was that your preferred style? I mean, you would have been listening to Sam Cooke by that time, too.

"Bow-eee, Bow-eee!" I listened to that all the way through. It was enough to "Bowie" me into oblivion! But then David Bowie said, "The point is to get your stage perspective together, to get over the initial hurdle—the nervyness of what you're doing. Just do it for you—to develop your own flair." So I did it for months. And after a while, the audiences started enjoying it.

KOOL: Do you think rock and R&B are interacting—kind of cross-pollinating each other?

VANDROSS: Oh, I think rock and roll has been a high

KOOL: There really didn't seem to be much in early rock and roll that most jazz musicians could use, but in the late '60s, the introduction of hard rock and electronic instruments seemed to have a much greater impact on musicians with jazz roots.

FERGUSON: Yeah, but remember, by that time the rock musician had grown. His three to four chords and his lovely tight waist and beautiful hairdo were not all that was necessary in his world any more. He was growing just as the world of jazz had grown. Both went



VANDROSS: Well, I was never really a Sam Cooke fanatic as I grew up. My favorite singers were always the ladies. Dionne Warwick, Aretha (Franklin), Gladys Knight, Roberta Flack. I just always loved them. I loved Sam Cooke too, but he was not really an influence of mine.

KOOL: When you toured with David Bowie, it must have been quite an experience for you, singing before a rock crowd. I mean, there he was, kind of like New Wave before it had happened... avant-rock doing rhythm and blues. It must have been interesting to see how a rock audience reacted.

VANDROSS: Yeah. Well, at the first performance that I did, everyone was yelling,

grade of R&B.

KOOL: How about jazz? Does jazz get into R&B at all?

VANDROSS: Oh, I don't know. I've never been a big jazz connoisseur. I don't really know jazz that well.

through stages of infancy, right?

When performing, Ferguson seems to cross over easily from one form to another.

FERGUSON: I do a thing on stage sometimes with Ron Pedley, who's a brilliant young pianist from North Texas State. We do a lot of improvising. Sometimes it's rock-oriented, and that's when he really takes it down on any number of synthesizers. At other times, we go into classical—then he's a

Because we live in such specialized times, we tend to think that experts know only about their own fields. For example, we wouldn't expect a pediatrician to be able to tell us much about



brain surgery. Music doesn't work that way. Here, Maynard Ferguson, classical jazz trumpet player, provides interesting insights on the growth of rock.

fine bebopper. Then we'll hit one section where we play in various keys, and it's all in the classical motif.

Because he is so familiar with so many musical forms, Ferguson doesn't

merely talk about music; he talks in music... as evidenced by this descriptive answer to our question.

KOOL: Have you found rock performers to be good improvisers?

FERGUSON: Well, they've got their thing together now... but it's also in their way. For instance, when I'm in India, the rock phrasing for Indian musicians is much easier for them than the jazz phrasing because we can do that "ling-a-ding" thing, right? But when we go to the even 8th notes of the normal, mostly rock sounds, like,

in school, all at the same time, so he gets a really well-rounded education and learns all of the sounds he can produce on his instrument.

Some performers actually work at using different styles in their compositions and arrangements. Such as Joe Jackson.

KOOL: Does the music you're writing influence what you're listening to?

JACKSON: Yes, I would say so. I've always been into all



"Boomp-umpadung-ding-chickadung-boom-buyumga," it might come out, "Dooey-dooey-dooey-dooey-duyudu-do-dee" one minute, or "Shabadu-shabadu-shabadu-oops" the next.

Ferguson believes that musical crossovers begin from the time a performer first learns an instrument.

KOOL: To what extent do you think that the whole flush of hard rock in the late '60s and early '70s influenced your vision of what a big jazz band should be.

FERGUSON: Practically all musicians in our multi-directional media have been fusion people from the beginning—when they picked up an Arbin book called, "How to Play the B-flat Tenor Saxophone," or "How to Play the B-flat Trumpet." We study in a classical way—there are no bebop licks, no alternates to the chord progression, and so the fusion starts there. Nowadays, a wise musician will try to be part of a concert band, a marching band, the jazz band

kinds of different things; it's like I soak up music like a sponge. I just listen to everything that I can. I might be listening to Duke Ellington one minute and The Cramps the next. Anything is possible. In terms of writing, I work at songs, not at styles. Actually I don't even think I have a style of my own. Rather, I consider myself a songwriter trying to produce music of some quality, and whether I use a Latin rhythm or a reggae rhythm or a rock rhythm doesn't seem so important. What I'm interested in doing is combining elements of different styles if they fit the song.

KOOL: When you were a kid, what inspired you to become a musician?

JACKSON: The first piece of music I can remember being truly moved by was the theme to "Exodus." I was moved to tears by it, and it made me aware of the incredible power of music. After that, it was The Beatles and a lot of dreadful pop groups. So, suddenly I wanted to be in a pop group, but something went wrong and I got into Beethoven instead.

KOOL: Did you find in Beethoven what you were looking for in pop?

JACKSON: I don't exactly know. I mean, it's all music, and, when it's good, it gives you all sorts of inspiration, but it just does it through different feelings.

Jackson has guarded views on the future of music.

KOOL: Do you see video as having an effect on popular music?

JACKSON: I think videos are fine in themselves, but feel that their relationship to music is suspect. Video can become just another factor that detracts from the music itself. I can imagine it reaching a point where someone will say, "You're a great musician, you've written great songs, but so what? We want to see how you come off on video." This is already happening in England. Stupid bands come along with great haircuts, make a single, put out a video and appear very glamorous and important. Within a year or two, they're completely forgotten. It's as if being a musician is no

longer enough—that's what worries me.

KOOL: Do you find that much of contemporary music doesn't even aspire to having a lasting impact?

JACKSON: Well, the world just keeps moving faster and that makes much of what happens transient. So yes, I do find that. It depresses me because there must be some important musicians out there who have to find some way to get through all the fads. It's the old answer, of course—they'll just have to work very hard.

the new fusion into their music, it negated the fact that jazz was a separate entity. That, I think, was a bad result. You don't have to lose the identity of one type of music just because you use parts of another.

Peterson also did not hold back when asked about improvising on modes.

KOOL: One of the common grounds shared by jazz and rock players in the '60s and '70s seems to be the idea of improvisation on modes rather than chords. One doesn't hear much of that in your playing.

had any substantial effect on you?

PETERSON: The success has been primarily a cause for worry. I have to keep on taking a harder look at myself. I believe that to be a success in jazz, if I may be very candid, you either have to sell out—and I mean that just the way it sounds—or you have to be so dedicated that people finally accept you for what you are. I do a total update on myself at various times... and I have to keep doing it because I know what I do transcends the jazz world and draws various

Oscar Peterson, candid as ever, pulled no punches.

KOOL: Do you think that fusion has perhaps contributed to the confusion of what jazz is?

PETERSON: Yes. Certainly from the public's point of view. The medium of fusion has been overused... and the commercial vultures are always waiting to pounce on something they see the public reacting to. Because of the way fusion was introduced, those vultures have tried to bring pop music, fusion and jazz all together. I think that has been very unfair to jazz and mistreated fusion.

KOOL: Do you share the opinion of some, that Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* album in the late '60s brought about the fusion of jazz and rock? Or do you see roots beyond that?

PETERSON: I see roots beyond that. But when it happened, I think a lot of the players still wanted to play jazz and retain the jazz idiom. When they began integrating



PETERSON: Because it bores me.

KOOL: Can you discuss why?

PETERSON: If you improvise on modes, you tend to become a circular player, to go more for effects than improvisations. When you use moving harmonies, however, you can go vertically, horizontally, diagonally. Modes are boring. And I'll tell you something else. (They're so boring) I'd hate to be in one of those rhythm sections.

One of the characteristics of Peterson, as with any truly great artist, is that he has always demanded more of himself than his audiences have demanded of him.

KOOL: Do you think that the pressures of success have

kinds of people. I've been venturesome in my playing. I've gotten into writing. I'm continually looking to expand whatever I'm doing without being ungrateful for the success I've enjoyed. But if I had to go back to a lower level of income to do what I want to do... that's the way it would have to be.



The Kool Music Forum— influences, attitudes, feelings. By next year, each of our six interviewees might have completely different points of view... because by next year, music will have changed again.



JAZZ

Recordings captured and preserved the growth of jazz for more than 60 years. They spread precedent-shattering new ideas to anyone who would listen; inspired and taught; altered young musicians' visions of what was possible... and sped up those changes by reaching in weeks audiences that live performances couldn't have touched in centuries. Best of all, they didn't go away. Today, they preserve this country's most original music form in all its diversity.

TRADITIONAL

The Louis Armstrong Story, vols. 2, 3, 4
(Columbia)

Louis Armstrong Plays W.C. Handy
(Columbia)

Sidney Bechet, *Master Musician* (RCA Bluebird)

The Bix Beiderbecke Story, vols. 2, 3
(Columbia)

The Ellington Era, vol. 1 (Columbia)

Fletcher Henderson, *Development of an American Orchestra, 1923-37*
(Smithsonian Collection)

SWING

Benny Goodman: 1937-38 Jazz Concert No. 2
(Columbia)

Giants of Jazz: Count Basie (Time Life Records)

Giants of Jazz: Lester Young (Time Life Records)

Giants of Jazz: Art Tatum (Time Life Records)

The Complete Lionel Hampton: 1937-41
(RCA Bluebird)

Giants of Jazz: Coleman Hawkins (Time Life Records)

Roy Eldridge: The Early Years (Columbia)

Eddie Condon, *Jam Session at Commodore*
(Columbia/Commodore)

Solo Flight: the Genius of Charlie Christian
(Columbia)

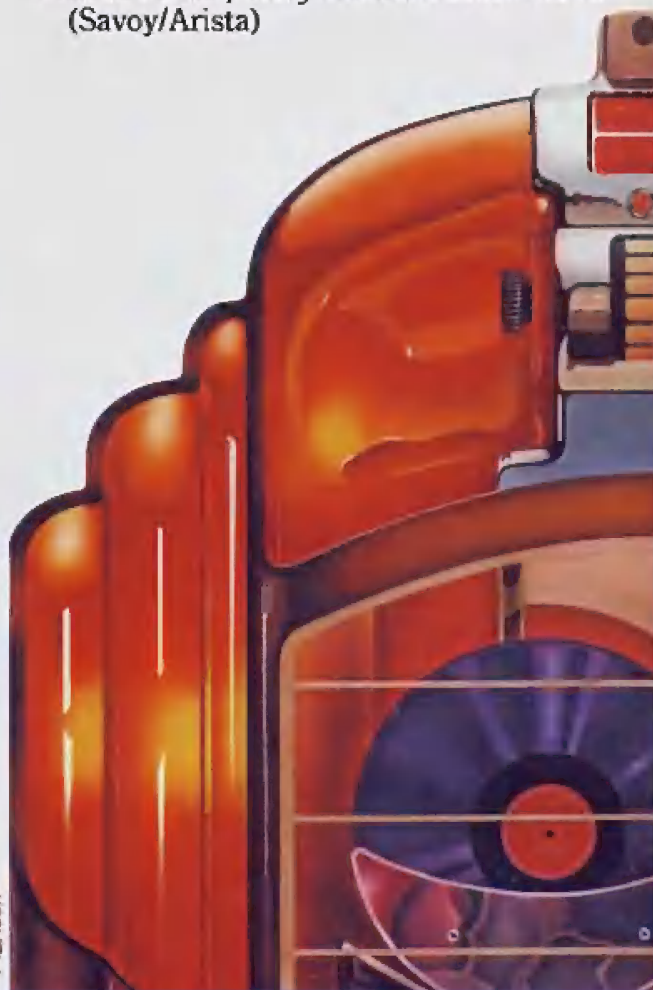
Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concert: January 1943 (Prestige)

Johnny Hodges, *Hodge Podge* (Epic)

Spirituals to Swing Concerts, 1938-39
(Vanguard)

BE-BOP

Charlie Parker, *Savoy Sessions Master Takes*
(Savoy/Arista)



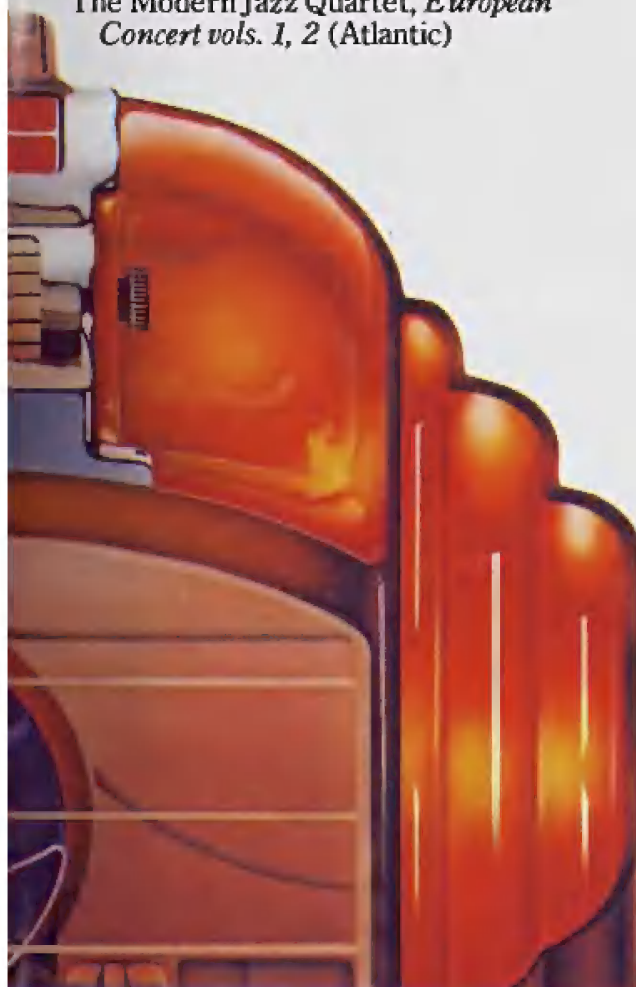
The WELL-ROUNDED Collection.

Charlie Parker, *The Best of Bird on Dial*
(Warner Brothers)
Dizzy Gillespie, *In the Beginning* (Prestige)
Woody Herman, *The Three Herds*
(Columbia)
Miles Davis, *The Complete Birth of Cool*
(Capitol)
Gerry Mulligan/Lee Kontz, *Revelation*
(Blue Note)
Lennie Tristano, *Cross Currents* (Capitol)
Norman Granz Jam Session: Parker,
Carter, Hodges, Webster (Verve)
The Modern Jazz Quartet, *European*
Concert vols. 1, 2 (Atlantic)

Thelonious Monk, *Brilliance* (Milestone)
Clifford Brown/Max Roach at Basin Street
(EmArcy)
Charlie Mingus, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*
(Atlantic)
Sonny Rollins, *Saxophone Colossus and*
More (Prestige)
John Coltrane, *Giant Steps* (Atlantic)
MODES AND FREE JAZZ
Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue* (Columbia)
Cecil Taylor, *In Transition* (Blue Note)
Ornette Coleman, *Free Jazz* (Atlantic)
Bill Evans, *The Village Vanguard Sessions*
(Milestone)
John Coltrane, *Afro Blue* (Pablo) /*Ascension*
(Impulse)
Art Ensemble of Chicago, *Urban Bushman*
(ECM)

FUSION

The tradition of mingling jazz and popular music is an honorable one. In the late 1920s, Louis Armstrong switched from a traditional jazz band to a full size orchestra, and from stomps and blues to popular songs. It may have been the beginning of the fusion movement in jazz. Forty years later, Miles Davis ignited the modern fusion style by incorporating the electronic technology of rock into a series of recordings that changed from then on the relationship of jazz to rock. A generation of great young musicians found their identity. Electronic innovations made the recording studio itself an important instrument in jazz. Just as it had in Armstrong's time, the fusion style of the '60s and '70s re-shaped the first principles of jazz and pointed it toward the future.



FUSION

Miles Davis, *Bitches Brew* (Columbia)
Herbie Hancock, *Head Hunters* (Columbia)
Chick Corea, *Return to the 7th Galaxy*
(Polydor)
Weather Report, *Heavy Weather* (Columbia)
John McLaughlin, *Between Nothingness
and Eternity* (Columbia)
Jean Luc Ponty, *Imaginary Voyage* (Atlantic)
The Crusaders, *The Best Of...*
(Blue Thumb)
Pat Metheny Group, *American Garage*
(ECM)

RHYTHM & BLUES

Rhythm & Blues is just what it says: an emotional feeling with a beat. Soul, the Black pop music that blended the holy with the hit parade, is similarly well-named. The directness of these 'tags' echoes the spirit of the music. Whether it evokes a pain in your heart or an itch in your dancing shoes, this is strong medicine, and even better music.

Ray Charles, *A Man and His Soul* (ABC)
James Brown, *Live and Lowdown at the
Apollo, Vol. 1* (Solid Smoke)
Various Artists, *64 Greatest Motown Hits*
(Motown/Cinco)
Stevie Wonder, *Original Musiquarium 1*
(Tamla)
Aretha Franklin, *Aretha's Gold* (Atlantic)
Otis Redding, *History of Otis Redding* (Atco)
Sly and the Family Stone, *Greatest Hits*
(Epic)
Michael Jackson, *Off the Wall* (Epic)
Parliament, *The Mothership Connection*
(Casablanca)
Donna Summer, *Bad Girls* (Casablanca)

Various Artists, *The Okey Series: Soul*
(Epic)
The Drifters, *Golden Hits* (Atlantic)
Marvin Gaye, *What's Going On* (Tamla)
B.B. King, *Live at the Regal* (ABC)
Sam Cooke, *This Is* (RCA)
William "Smokey" Robinson and the
Miracles, *Anthology* (Tamla)
Wilson Pickett, *The Best of Wilson Pickett*
(Atlantic)
Various Artists, the soundtrack to
The Harder They Come (Mango)
Robert Johnson, *King of the Delta Blues*
(Columbia)
Earth, Wind & Fire, *That's the Way of the
World* (Columbia)
Various Artists, *Okey Soul* (Epic)
Various Artists, *Greatest Rap Hits, Vol. II*
(Sugarhill)
James Brown, *Soul Classics* (Polydor)
The Impressions, *The Vintage Years* (Sire)

COUNTRY

Cheatin' lovers, train whistles, and a whole lot more, country music captures the America located between the coasts. Despite some successful cross-overs into the hyphenated world of country-rock and country-pop, there is a bare-bones essence to great country that is as American as a long drive down Highway 31.

Hank Williams, *24 of Hank Williams' Greatest Hits* (MGM)
Bob Wills & his Texas Playboys, *Bob Wills Anthology* (Columbia)
Tammy Wynette, *Greatest Hits* (Epic)
The Carter Family, *Legendary Performers, Vol. 1* (RCA)
Johnny Cash, *The Legend* (Sun)
Merle Haggard, *The Best of the Best of Merle Haggard* (Capitol)

George Jones, *Double Gold George Jones* (Musicor)
 Bill Monroe, *Bean Blossom* (MCA)
 Willie Nelson, *Red Headed Stranger* (Columbia)
 Dolly Parton, *The Best of Dolly Parton* (RCA)
 Jimmy Rodgers, *Best of the Legendary Jimmy Rodgers* (RCA)
 Elvis Presley, *The Sun Sessions* (RCA)
 Hank Williams, *24 Greatest Hits, Vol. 2* (MGM)
 Loretta Lynn, *Loretta Lynn's Greatest Hits* (MCA)
 The Byrds, *Sweethearts of the Rodeo* (Columbia)
 Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* (United Artists)
 Jerry Lee Lewis, *Best of Jerry Lee Lewis* (Smash)
 Tom T. Hall, *Tom T. Hall's Greatest Hits* (Mercury)
 Merle Travis, *The Best of Merle Travis* (Capitol)
 Waylon Jennings, *Lonesome, On'ry and Mean* (RCA)
 Joe Ely, *Live Shots* (MCA)
 Kris Kristofferson, *Me and Bobby McGee* (Monument)
 Ernest Tubb, *The Ernest Tubb Story* (MCA)
 Emmylou Harris, *Roses in the Snow* (Warner Brothers)

ROCK

Rock and roll, like a good car, covers a lot of territory. It can sound like thunder or the tinkling of a bell. It can prompt you to forget your troubles or make you think of new ones. Inherently rebellious, the brightest rock talents break the rules. These records

have paved the way for continued expansion—for rock and roll, like a good car, still has a long way to go.

Chuck Berry, *The Great Twenty-eight* (Chess)
 Bob Dylan, *Highway 61 Revisited* (Columbia)
 Buddy Holly/the Crickets, *20 Golden Greats* (MCA)
 Van Morrison, *Astral Weeks* (Warner Brothers)
 Bruce Springsteen, *Born to Run* (Columbia)
 Elvis Presley, *Golden Records* (RCA)
 Jimi Hendrix Experience, *Are You Experienced?* (Warner Brothers)
 Beach Boys, *Endless Summer* (Capitol)
 The Beatles, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band* (Apple)
 The Who, *Who's Next* (MCA)
 The Rolling Stones, *Let It Bleed* (London)
 The Band, *The Band* (Capitol)
 Elvis Costello, *This Year's Model* (Columbia)
 The Doors, *The Doors* (Elektra)
 The Beatles, *Revolver* (Apple)
 The Rolling Stones, *Exiles on Main Street* (London)
 Allman Brothers Band, *Live at the Fillmore East* (Capricorn)
 The Velvet Underground, *The Velvet Underground and Nico* (Verve)
 The Kinks, *The Kinks Kronikles* (Warner Brothers)
 Elvis Presley, *The Sun Sessions* (RCA)
 Phil Spector, *Greatest Hits* (Warner Brothers)
 Derek and the Dominos, *Layla* (Polydor)
 Little Richard, *Grooviest 17 Original Hits* (Specialty)
 Fleetwood Mac, *Rumours* (Warner Brothers)



This list of records—covering five important categories of music—has been carefully compiled by two well-known writers in the musical profession.

John McDonough, selecting the jazz and fusion albums, has been contributing editor and senior critic for *down beat* Magazine since 1969, and has also been published in the *New York Times*, *High Fidelity*, *The Chicago Tribune* and many other publications. In addition, he has written five of the Time-Life series books, *Giants of Jazz*, and received three Grammy nominations for best album notes.

John Milward—who has recommended

albums in the rhythm & blues, rock, and country categories—was an Associate Editor of the *Rolling Stone Encyclopedia of Rock*, pop music critic for the former *Chicago Daily News*, and has contributed articles to *People*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *New York News*, *Musician*, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, and many other publications.

We would like to point out that while classical albums would be necessary for a truly well-rounded collection of records, we have deliberately omitted that category, since this publication deals only with the subject of 'popular' music.

JAZZ. IT JUST DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS.

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Offer good only in U.S.A.

the new version, *Maybelle*, and we cut it that day."

The first releases from the Chess reissue line confirm that this is, indeed, a labor of love. *Wizards from the Southside* features vintage, blue-chip originals from the likes of John Lee Hooker, Little Walter and Sonny Boy Williamson, while *Muddy and the Wolf* revives two sizzling late-Sixties sessions that paired Howlin' Wolf with such British blues disciples as Eric Clapton and Charlie Watts and paired Muddy with their American counterparts Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield. *The Great Twenty-Eight* reprises Berry's greatest early hits in chronological order; *Aretha Gospel* focuses on a 14-year-old wonder who'd already found her majestic style; *The Dells* is bedrock Chicago soul—quintet-harmony style—at its best; and *Billy Stewart: The Greatest Sides* remembers a sensitive, wide-ranging R&B song stylist. All these sides have been carefully recut from the authentic Fifties master tapes, so the sound quality is often better than that of previous waxings, especially on the Berry cuts. Without Chess Records, rock 'n' roll probably wouldn't sound the same as it does today, and these reissues are a great place to catch the original spirit.

SHORT CUTS

Ozzy Osbourne / *Speak of the Devil* (CBS): Four sides of heavy metal, live. It's enough to make you wonder which came first—the rabies or the bat trick.

The Platters / *Platterama* (Mercury): The commendable greatest hits on one side and a medley of the same on the other. Talk about the second time around!

ABC / *The Lexicon of Love* (Mercury): This is supposed to be New Music, but in the old days, we called it disco.

The Morrells / *Shake and Push* (Borrowed Records): This Missouri band has been around long enough to synthesize a seamless blend of R&B, rock-a-billy and jumping jive into roadhouse raunch. Get it for your next beer party.

Trio (Mercury): Very funny German rock produced by Klaus Voormann. *Da Da Da*, with its Casio rhythm section, is especially catchy.

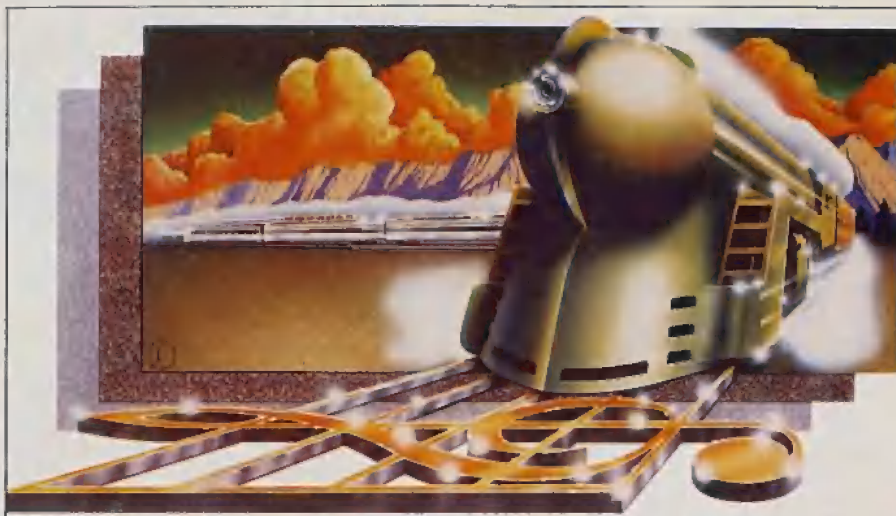
Crystal Gayle / *True Love* (Elektra/Asylum): No funk, no country, all crossover, no histrionics, all electronics; no whiskey, all soda pop. For true luv-ers only.

The Call / *Modern Romans* (Mercury/PolyGram): The Band's Garth Hudson is on this album, but that doesn't keep it from having a crisp, modern sound. We hope that this second effort gets more recognition than the excellent but overlooked first one.

The Jam / *Dig the New Breed* (Polydor): Although this band is already extinct, these live performances are jumping. It's likely that this is The Jam you'll want to remember.

Sonny Rollins / *Reel Life* (Milestone): With a little help from Jack DeJohnette, Rollins reminds us that good jazz is therapeutic.

FAST TRACKS



BIG WHEELS KEEP ON ROLLING DEPARTMENT: From the looks of things, two guys who can do no wrong are Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice. Between them, they've created four Broadway hits: *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Evita*, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* and *Cats*. You'd think they'd be taking a break. They are—from each other. Rice has joined up with Abba to create a rock opera, and Webber plans a musical about trains. These two are personally responsible for keeping the neon business healthy.

REELING AND ROCKING: Monty Python's Graham Chapman, one of the screenwriters who created the upcoming pirate/adventure comedy *Yellowbeard*, says the concept for the movie came from Keith Moon, not long before he died. . . . *Bow Wow Wow* will be featured in a movie called *Scandalous*, with Sir John Gielgud, who will play a pensioner punk sporting a Mohawk haircut. . . . *The Mamas and the Papas* will be the subject of a film produced by Mama Michelle Phillips. . . . Joe Jackson has written and recorded the score for *Mike's Murder*, starring Debra Winger.

NEWSBREAKS: Sheena Easton is working on a TV special for NBC. . . . Billy Preston reports that he's planning to record with Ray Charles. . . . Stevie Nicks has recorded a duet with Bob Seger for her album *The Wild Heart*, due out any minute. . . . Crosby, Stills and Nash have a video release and a live album coming. . . . Tom Petty will be the subject of a cable special written by Cameron (Fast Times at Ridgemont High) Crowe, who plans to use old and new footage of the band. . . . Eric Clapton's latest album boasts a fine bunch of helpers, including Ry Cooder, Donald "Duck" Dunn and Albert Lee. . . . Hot on the L.A. music scene is a group called *Wall of Voodoo*, which started by writing music for trashy movies. It's gotten the nod to write the main music for *Surf II*, a highbrow (so we've been told) surfers-punk film. . . . Some long-lost Buddy Holly recordings will be surfacing any time now, titled *Buddy Holly—For the First Time Anywhere*. The collection will contain songs recorded by the then-19-

year-old Holly in a New Mexico studio in 1956. . . . 415 Records recently released an EP by a New Jersey group called *Popo-Pies*, which does both a punk and a rap version of the *Dead's Truckin'*. That in itself wouldn't be such a big deal, except for the fact that the Dead happen to love it. Jerry Garcia says that they sometimes gear up for rehearsals on the Popo-Pies. . . . First Daughter Patti Davis has been recording in London. . . . Lene Lovich is singing some backup (along with Mary Hopkin) on the Linda McCartney solo sessions. If all goes well, the project may develop into an album produced by Tony Visconti, best known for his work with David Bowie.

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that Mick has received \$2,000,000 for the rights to his autobiography from the British publisher Baron Weidenfeld. If it's true and Mick's truthful, it will be worth every penny they're paying him. . . . Our nominee for the weird record of the month comes to us from a group in Long Island called *Controlled Bleeding*. The song? *No Flies on Fred*. . . . Also in New York State is a classical-music dating service. You answer questions about your musical tastes and get a compatible date. Tamara Monique Conroy, who runs the service in Pelham, says that four marriages have resulted so far. . . . And, finally, a quote from Oingo Boingo's Danny Elfman: "It's like we're an organism in a large musical body. . . . I think we're basically thought of as a tumor now, but someday we will develop into a new organ that's . . . healthy." Who says rock 'n' roll is lightweight? —BARBARA NELIJS

IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over \$40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

The fringe.

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares. Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so,

they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

Beyond the fringe.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.*

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his

Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST

900 3-door	\$10,750
900 4-door	\$11,050
900S 3-door	\$13,550
900S 4-door	\$13,950
900 Turbo 3-door	\$16,510
900 Turbo 4-door	\$16,910
Automatic transmission \$370 additional.	

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: 22 EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.



SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

MOVIES

Playing *The King of Comedy* (Fox), Robert De Niro seems almost as crazy as he was in *Taxi Driver*, also directed by Martin Scorsese. Both virtuoso performances, too, though *The King* strikes me as flimsy and specious. Paul Zimmerman's screenplay supposes that a no-talent creep with delusions of grandeur—the sort of nerd who hangs around stage doors to shake hands with the high and mighty—kidnaps a famous talk-show host and holds him hostage in exchange for prime time to perform his crude, unfunny stand-up-comedy routine. Does he then make the covers of *Time*, *Life*, *Newsweek* and *People*, write a best seller in jail and get his very own TV show? Uh-huh. The last few minutes of *King of Comedy* cover all that, and I guess we're asked to believe it because of the media hype that made superstars of John Dean, G. Gordon Liddy, Charles Manson, even former President Nixon, all richly rewarded for wrongdoing. "Better king for a night than schmuck for a lifetime," burbles De Niro as the asexual schmuck named Rupert Pupkin, whose success as a TV terrorist suggests that the great unwashed American public is made up of gullible jerks. No wonder they're taking this movie to the Cannes festival, where dumb Yanks are *de rigueur*. The most likable characters here are Jerry Lewis, very solid and convincing as the talk-show star; Diahnne Abbott (Mrs. De Niro, albeit estranged) as a beautiful barmaid Pupkin wants to impress; and Sandra Bernhard as Rupert's partner in crime, a rich, demented TV groupie. She's scary as hell but is stalled in a Scorsese limbo between hilarity and horror. It's a downer. **YY**

The same David Seltzer who wrote the screenplay of *Table for Five* (Warner) also wrote the lachrymose *Six Weeks*. He is hereby forgiven. *Table* is a tearjerker on a much higher plane—manipulative but managed with intelligence, taste and enough emotional restraint that you don't feel like an idiot for being moved by it. True to form for him, Jon Voight takes a risky role and emerges triumphant as a divorced father of three on a Mediterranean cruise to get reacquainted with his brood when their mother (Millie Perkins) has a fatal accident. He's an irresponsible weakling who is forced by circumstances to either grow up fast or relinquish his kids to their stepfather, a kindly, concerned lawyer (well played by Richard Crenna) whom they happen to like a lot.

Much of *Table for Five* takes place aboard a cruise ship (the Norwegian-American Line's sumptuous *Vistafjord*) that might be seen as a metaphor, though director Robert Lieberman manages not to belabor the symbolism. This is a personal



Lewis, De Niro laugh it up as comic royalty.

Comedy disappointing, Videodrome gruesome, but Voight's compelling in Table.



Voight and kids in *Table*.

drama of confrontation between a man and his children—once a teenaged son he adopted in Vietnam—and Voight searchingly portrays the hero's pain, confusion and awakened conscience. As a sympathetic divorcee aboard ship, France's Marie Christine Barrault adds a nice, warm touch of sexiness. Roxana Zal, Robbie Kiger and Son Hoang Bui play the youngsters, who will earn your concern long before Voight finally springs the terrible news in a wrenching scene at the

pyramids in Egypt. Vilmos Zsigmond's superior cinematography takes full advantage of the travelogue side of *Table* (the title is a reference to Dad's habit of reserving a dining table with an extra chair, in case he gets lucky), while the movie ventures into troubled waters where *The Love Boat* would never go. Recommended without embarrassment—if you have a soft spot not entirely glazed over by sophistication and cynicism. **YYY½**

Already a cult figure to horror-film buffs, writer-director David Cronenberg, the Hitchcock of schlock, has a lot of trouble with his scripts. There's always a hip, scary intelligence at work in *Videodrome* (Universal), and you wait—and wait—for the explosion of brilliance that Cronenberg's talent promises to deliver. All that explodes are heads and bodies, with gore and bulging eyeballs, designed by make-up artist Rick Baker (who copped an Oscar for his hideous handiwork on *An American Werewolf in London*). Basically, *Videodrome* turns out to be a pod-people story with computer-age trimmings—characters "taken" by moist, yucky-looking devices planted directly into their chest cavities. If I err on any details, write it off to squeamishness, since whole chunks of *Videodrome* were viewed through my knotted fingers. Cronenberg frequently goes too far, but going too far, for him, is the name of the game. Here, he's got a good offbeat hero in James Woods, an excellent actor with a penchant for playing creeps (at his maniacal meanest in *The Onion Field*) but likely to become a leading man in spite of himself—he has that forceful a screen presence. Until a ghastly fate catches up with her, Deborah Harry of Blondie fame tries another straight dramatic role—for such gigs, Harry has plain brown hair—and shows some untapped potential as a movie actress. Still untapped, alas. Because insistent, undue emphasis on horrific special effects finally

upstages the story, *Videodrome* never quite satisfies anyone's need. **YY**

A stunning ensemble of actors is reason enough to see French director Bertrand Tavernier's *Coup De Torchon* (Quartet Films / The Frank Moreno Co.), which is translated as *Clean Slate*. The star turn falls to Philippe Noiret, formidable as always in his role as a lawman in a benighted village in French-colonial Africa circa 1938. Under the blazing equatorial sun, it's a moral twilight time just before World War Two, when Cordier, the policeman, becomes so obsessed with questions of good and evil that he murders a couple of pimps and begins to relish his power to determine who should live, who should die. Tavernier toys with ideas while his players perform as if they were up to delicious mischief. Stephane Audran as Cordier's slatternly wife, Isabelle Huppert as his casual mistress, Eddie Mitchell as his nitwit brother-in-law and Irene Skobline as an understanding teacher bring off this blackly comic *Coup* in fine style, more like a vintage cognac than *vin ordinaire*. **YYY**

More than 30 years ago, until they were blacklisted for their leftist-liberal folk songs, The Weavers had achieved cult status as a singing quartet on TV, radio, in concerts and on records. *Wasn't That a Time* (UA Classics) is a vital, exciting documentary directed by Jim Brown, full of wonderful old clips, plus interviews and coverage of a 1980 Weavers' reunion concert at Carnegie Hall. Lee Hays, a founding member, died nine months after that nostalgic sing-along, but his humorous, unembittered comments add a lot to the movie, which also waxes nostalgic with Pete Seeger and others who helped make The Weavers what they were in the days when their soaring *Tzena, Tzena* (to name but one of many hits) helped bring folk music into the American mainstream. **YYY**

Indonesia during the dramatic death throes of the Sukarno regime in 1965 is the setting for Australian director Peter Weir's *The Year of Living Dangerously* (MGM/UA). Partly filmed in the Philippines, Weir's exotic, romanticized political melodrama is no slice of history like his memorable *Galipoli*, but may fit into a pigeonhole somewhere between last year's *Missing* and such atmospheric classics as *Casablanca*. It's not that good, by a long shot, but American-born Mel Gibson—fresh from *The Road Warrior* and probably the Australian star most likely to make it here—is virile and dynamic as a fledgling foreign correspondent on the go. And Gibson has a dazzling co-star in Sigourney Weaver, as an Englishwoman with good connections at the British embassy. While their chemistry's warming things up, the teeming masses teem, intrigues deepen and a cynical corps of diplomats and journalists



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Harper, Duvall for *Mercies*' sake.

continues to party on the brink of the abyss, an imminent Communist coup.

Whether or not *The Year of Living Dangerously* always makes good sense, dramatically or politically, may be debatable. It is always entertaining, though, which counts for a lot. Among the raffish characters who help sustain the high tension are Michael Murphy, as a drunken, obnoxious reporter with a yen to move on to the simmering war in Vietnam, and Linda Hunt, an Asian performer of dwarfish dimensions who is a surprise on several counts. Hunt is a woman cast without explanation or apology as a male news photographer named Billy Kwan—an enigmatic creature who becomes Gibson's ally, worships Weaver and seems to be teaching a crash course on survival in chaotic Jakarta. All that—plus a crisp but sketchy screenplay by David Williamson—works just well enough to help *The Year* measure up to its title. **YYY**

Robert Duvall stars in *Tender Mercies* (Universal), giving another knockout performance to match his usual high standard. As an alcoholic country singer whose best years appear to be behind him, Duvall makes rehabilitation look quietly heroic. He meets and marries his second wife, a young widow (Tess Harper), and settles for small pickings at her roadside gas station in a Godforsaken corner of Texas. He resists nearly every temptation to try a comeback despite wrenching encounters with his first wife (Betty Buckley), now a big country-music star herself, and the grown-up daughter he hardly knows (Ellen Barkin, who played the errant young wife in *Diner*). *Tender Mercies* seldom veers from the low-key honesty and compassion implied in its title, which may peg it as another case of small think in a business steeped in reverence for blockbuster hits. Even so, Horton Foote's sensitive screenplay turns out to be a fine choice for Australian director Bruce Beresford,

A time for *Mercies*,
Mother Lode and a
not-so-fine *Madness*.



Heston, Basinger in *Mother Lode*.



Tyrrell, Gazzara in extraordinary *Madness*.

making his first American movie after his fine, phenomenal *Breaker Morant*. In those bleak and arid Texas landscapes, Beres-

ford obviously felt right at home. *Mercies* doesn't generate anything like the dramatic zing of *Breaker* yet wins endorsement here as a gentle, meaningful, poignant change of pace. **YYY**

Against a backdrop of eye-popping mountain scenery in northern British Columbia, *Mother Lode* (Agamemnon) is a solid, suspenseful adventure drama written by Fraser Heston, son of Charlton. Heston *père* stars in a dual role, as a couple of half-crazed brothers whose greed for gold consumes them; he also directed *Mother Lode*, no doubt to ensure the 24-kt. quality of the Heston family enterprise. It's a contemporary reworking of those gold-fever yarns of yesteryear, all about a young hustler (Nick Mancuso) whose search for a missing friend is fired by his zeal to find a lost El Dorado. Our February cover girl, Kim Basinger, is the missing pal's gorgeous roommate, and she tags along—as is the case in movies like this—for the sole purpose of being snatched to safety at regular intervals. Kim, who'll have just as strenuous a role in the upcoming Connery/Bond movie *Never Say Never Again*, has glamor as well as grit entirely equal to the single-minded gut excitement of *Mother Lode*. Don't look for deep characterizations, though. This is pure rainy-Saturday escapism, played straight. **YY**

A decade ago, Italian director Marco Ferreri set off shock waves with *The Grand Bouffe* and continued churning out controversial epics thereafter. Working in English, Ferreri could hardly find a more appropriate topic than *Tales of Ordinary Madness* (Fred Baker), derived from or inspired by the life and tomes of San Francisco's literary maverick Charles Bukowski (*Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions and General Tales of Ordinary Madness*). Ben Gazzara effectively plays the pivotal character, a roustabout writer helling around L.A. and Venice, California, in search of booze, broads and bad scenes of any kind. He starts out by lewdly fondling a runaway midget, then proceeds to interludes with Italian beauty Ornella Muti (as a suicidal prostitute), Susan Tyrrell (as a punky trollop who pokes a giant pin through her face) and more, more, more—up to a climactic, idyllic shore-front meeting with an innocent (Katia Berger) who could be his muse, perhaps his salvation. But don't bet on it. Ferreri's flair for the macabre, combined with Gazzara's gutsy brand of sleaze, makes *Tales* compelling even when it lurches into incoherence. A mediocre movie by ordinary standards, though ordinary standards seldom apply with Ferreri at the helm, and his demonic energy serves Bukowski pretty well. Go along for the ride if you enjoy freaky side trips—downhill all the way, with no power of positive thinking to slow your descent. **YY½**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Airplane II: The Sequel Airborne, with its jets sputtering. **YY**

Best Friends Marriage-on-the-rocks comedy with Burt, Goldie, good intentions and not much more. **YY**

Betrayal Harold Pinter's essay on adultery, played by prestigious English cast. **YY½**

Coup De Torchon (Reviewed this month) French-colonial crime. **YYY**

The Dark Crystal Henson without Muppets. **YY**

48 HRS. Lively cops-and-killers yarn stars Nolte and Murphy (Eddie). **YYY½**

Frances If not for *Sophie* and Streep, Jessica Lange might win an Oscar as ill-fated Frances Farmer. **YY½**

Gandhi Triumphant movie bio, with Ben Kingsley a great mahatma. **YYYY**

Heartaches Margot Kidder vis-à-vis Annie Potts as two girls about town on the make for Mr. Wrong. **YY½**

Independence Day How three women cope—or fail to cope—with life in middle America. Watch Dianne Wiest. **YY½**

The King of Comedy (Reviewed this month) De Niro slipping from the throne. **YY**

Mother Lode (Reviewed this month) Gold fever running pretty high. **YY**

My Favorite Year Vintage TV, with Peter O'Toole in top form as a drunken star doing a guest shot. **YYY**

Sophie's Choice Meryl Streep's unbeatable performance makes it. **YYY½**

Table for Five (Reviewed this month) Jon Voight in the Daddy chair. **YYY½**

Tales of Ordinary Madness (Reviewed this month) Crazy but compelling. **YY½**

Tender Mercies (Reviewed this month) Robert Duvall as a country-and-western has-been. **YYY**

That Championship Season Mitchum's the coach at a reunion of high school athletes drinking to a dead past. **YYY**

Time for Revenge Man vs. establishment down Argentine way. **YY½**

Time Stands Still Dullish Hungarian youth drama—coma-inducing. **Y**

Tootsie Dustin Hoffman superb as a soap-opera queen in Sidney Pollack's blithe, bright social comedy. **YYYY**

The Toy All wound up with nothing to play, Richard Pryor wings it. **Y**

The Verdict Playing an alcoholic lawyer, Paul Newman limns a wonderfully winning portrait of a loser. **YYY½**

Videodrome (Reviewed this month) Computerized pod people as seen by director David Cronenberg. **YY**

Wasn't That a Time (Reviewed this month) The Weavers revisited. **YYY**

The Year of Living Dangerously (Reviewed this month) Muddled political drama with fine fringe benefits. **YYY**

YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

IDOL GOSSIP: Paramount executives were so thrilled by *Saturday Night Live*-er **Eddie Murphy's** performance in *48 HRS.* that the studio has signed him to an exclusive multipic pact in which the 21-year-old actor will develop and star in film projects over the next few years. Murphy's first effort for Paramount will be *Trading Places* (formerly titled *Black and White*), in which he will co-star with **Dan Aykroyd**, **Ralph Bellamy** and **Don Ameche**. A comedy, the flick will be directed by **John Landis**. . . . **Michael** (*Heaven's Gate*) **Cimino** will direct Paramount's *Footloose*, a contemporary drama with music, scripted by *Fame* lyricist **Dean Pitchford**. More details as they surface. . . . **Armand** (*I, the Jury*) **Assante** has been tagged to co-star opposite **Dudley Moore** and **Nastassia Kinski** in 20th Century-Fox's *Unfaithfully Yours*. . . . **Paul McCartney** will top-line *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, a fictionalized account of a day in



Aykroyd

Murphy

the ex-Beatle's life. Co-stars include Paul's better half, **Linda**, and **Ringo Starr**. . . . **Monty Python's** next film is *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*, written, directed, scored by and, of course, starring **Graham Chapman**, **John Cleese**, **Terry Gilliam**, **Eric Idle**, **Terry Jones** and **Michael Palin**. What's a film with a title like that about? "It ranges from philosophy to social history to medicine to halibut," says Palin. "Especially halibut." Sounds a bit fishy to us. . . . One final note: Too bad the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences couldn't nominate **Dustin Hoffman** for Academy Awards for best actor and best actress.

GROSS US OUT DEPARTMENT: Not unexpectedly, there will soon be a film titled *Valley Girl* at your neighborhood Bijou. Billed as "a kids' comedy/love story," the picture concerns the totally awesome culture shock experienced by a Hollywood boy who falls for a Val gal. (The ad slogan is "She's cool, he's hot; she's from the Valley, he's not.") *Valley Girl* may be the most farfetched spin-off of *Romeo and Juliet* (the lovers are named **Randy** and **Julie**) ever attempted, though it also seems to borrow a bit from such classics as TV's *Square Pegs* and *Family Ties*. **Deborah Foreman** plays the Val gal, **Julie**, and **Nicholas** (*Rumble Fish*) **Cage** is **Randy**, the Hollywood sophisticate.

Frederic Forrest (how did he get into this?) and **Colleen Camp** play Julie's parents, the by-now-clichéd Sixties couple who feel guilty about having become full-fledged capitalists. Accompanied by an album (natch) featuring music by the **Plimsouls** and **Josie Cotton**, *Valley Girl* will be released any day now.

LES CROOKS: In what will no doubt be perceived as a change of pace, French director **Louis** (*My Dinner with Andre*) **Malle** is



Sutherland

Warden

currently making a caper film titled *Crackers*. Filmed in San Francisco's Mission District, the movie stars **Donald Sutherland** as **Westlake**, leader of a gang of five would-be crooks who plan to rob the safe in a pawnshop owned by **Jack Warden**. Gang members include **Sean** (*Fast Times at Ridgemont High*) **Penn** (who installs Warden's somewhat irregular alarm system), **Wallace** (*My Dinner with Andre*) **Shawn** (as **Turtle**, a guy who habitually eats anything that isn't nailed down), New York stage actor **Larry Riley**, **Trinidad** (*Hill Street Blues*) **Silva** and, of course, Sutherland. **Christine** (*Playing for Time*) **Varanski**, newcomer **Tasia Valenza** and **Irwin Corey** co-star, the last as a paroled Italian demolitions expert who teaches the gang how to blow a safe. Malle is an imaginative director, and I'm told that this will be no run-of-the-mill caper comedy but a humanistic story.

TWINKLE TOES: "Riding her bicycle through crowded city streets, Alex Owens is captivated by a flood of images—a policeman orchestrating rush-hour traffic,



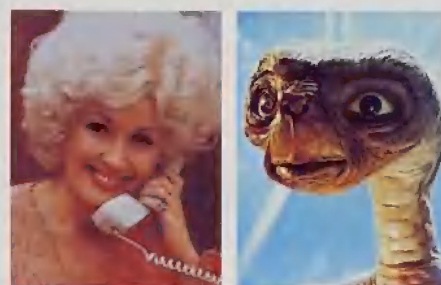
Beals

Nouri

dancers rehearsing on a ghetto street corner. . . . In her eyes, all this motion unfolds as a dance, a flashdance." So begin the production notes to Paramount's *Flash-*

dance, starring newcomer **Jennifer Beals** as **Alex** and **Michael** (*Search for Tomorrow*) **Nouri**. Basically, it's the music-and-dance-filled story of a young girl who works as a welder by day and a dancer by night and who struggles against all odds to realize her dream of becoming a full-time dancer. More interesting than the film is Beals, a part-time Chicago model and a freshman at Yale University, who was chosen for the *Flashdance* role after a talent hunt in which more than 4000 girls were interviewed.

HEARSAY DEPARTMENT: The following are gossip tidbits circulating among certain Hollywood inner circles at presstime: Number one: **Dolly Parton** has been asked, will be asked or is merely being considered to co-star in *Superman IV*. Number two: There will be a sequel to *E.T.* The year: 1985. (Remember, folks, these are only rumors, though they originate from a fairly high studio source.) Number three: **Dan Aykroyd** may be asked to do his famous impersonation of **Rod Serling** to narrate *Steven*



Parton

E.T.

Spielberg's upcoming *Twilight Zone* motion picture. The film contains four *Zone* episodes; it is rumored that the last character seen in each segment becomes the principal character of the subsequent segment.

BOMBS AWAY: **Chevy Chase**, **Sigourney Weaver**, **Gregory Hines** and **Vince** (*Ben Casey*) **Edwards** star in Warner Bros.' *Deal of the Century*, a comedy-drama about, of all things, the defense industry. Chase is **Eddie Muntz**, a smalltime player in the big league of international weapons trade who finds himself in a position to make the deal of the century between a Latin-American dictator and a giant defense contractor called **Luckup Industries** when **Luckup's** rep commits suicide. The weapon on the block is **The Peacemaker**, an ultra-high-tech weapon that flies without a pilot and destroys without a thought. Unfortunately, **The Peacemaker** has flunked the Pentagon's inspection, so it's up to **Muntz's** salesmanship to keep the company afloat. Weaver plays the **Luckup** salesman's widow; Hines is **Muntz's** Bible-toting partner; Edwards is **Luckup's** V.P. for world-wide marketing. Director is **William** (*The French Connection*) **Friedkin**.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Every day, it seems, I pick up a magazine with an article declaring that sex is dead. Here's a quote from one: "There's romance instead of lust, courtship in place of seduction. Pushed into the closet by the revolution, virginity has pushed its way back out." Such articles would be laughable except that the woman I am dating seems to believe in them. She is all for romance, not sex. Can you give me any arguments to change her attitude?—B. U., Boston, Massachusetts.

We came across an interesting bit of research, cited in Lonnie Barbach's "For Each Other." Arvalea Nelson asserts that women fall along a romantic/realistic continuum: "Romantics" express an idealistic, mystified vision of romantic love, while "realists" show a rational understanding of conscious sexual cooperation. Nelson found that realistic women were more discriminating about their sexual activity and were able to tell their partners what they liked and did not like; they were active in initiating sex; they concentrated primarily on themselves during lovemaking and tended to direct lovemaking overtly in order to get what they wanted. Romantic women, by contrast, did not talk about sex, rarely initiated sex, focused selflessly on their partner in an attempt to please him and amiably followed their lover's direction during lovemaking."

According to Barbach, "What makes this research particularly interesting is that the romantic/realistic dichotomy correlated quite highly with the woman's ability to experience orgasm. Of the romantic women, 22.7 percent were high orgasmic, while 77.3 percent were low orgasmic. The women in the realistic group had just the opposite response: Seventy percent were high orgasmic, while 30 percent were low orgasmic." Candlelight dinners and roses will never replace great sex; they may even be overrated as foreplay.

Since a recent job change put me up a tax bracket or two, I have a little excess money I'd like to play with in the stock market. Unfortunately, I'm stymied in making my first decision: what broker to use. Is there a way to choose a good broker?—M. S., Washington, D.C.

To begin with, we'd look for someone with a smile on his face. But a smile is so close to a grimace that it's not always a reliable guide. The problem is similar to that of choosing a doctor, so you may want to use the same solution: Ask friends who have good ones to give you their names. Then interview those brokers. There's nothing like a face-to-face interview to tell you if you're going to enjoy the experience. Make sure you and your broker know exactly what your investment aims are. Make sure, also, that you know how much you can afford to gamble before you write any checks. The size and reputation of the broker-



age house aren't as important as having a good relationship with an individual you trust. If you're going to give somebody your money, you have a right to know where he went to school, what courses he took and how long he's been at his job. Don't hesitate to ask. But don't be misled by your own prejudices. There are bad brokers in good houses and some young turks who can deal rings around the old bulls. Steer clear of extravagant promises and guarantees of a quick doubling of your investments. Remember, the stock market is a chancy thing and the best anyone can do is give you an educated guess as to its future.

While out one night seeking an extra-marital affair (no excuses offered), I met the only redhead to ever enter my life. She was only 23 years old but proved to be more woman than I had been accustomed to, and I was soon involved in an unbelievable love affair. During the course of lovemaking, my mistress (we both hate that moniker) likes me to bite *hard* on her nipples and to squeeze her breasts, almost like "pumping" the gland itself—but much harder than I would have thought pleasurable. Naturally, wanting to be a good lover, I accommodate her, but I am concerned about any possible health risk. You see, I was always told that foreplay with a woman's breasts should involve a certain degree of care. Overlooking possible slight masochistic tendencies, could such "brutal" handling cause her some regrets later?—J. W., Columbus, Ohio.

For most people, pain is nature's way of telling you to pull over to the side of the road, that something's wrong. Different people,

however, have different thresholds of pain. Apparently, a couple of well-placed wrongs make sex right for your partner. Follow her lead—she's done this before and knows her own limits.

I notice that after jogging, I drop one to three pounds in weight. A friend has told me that that is water loss, not weight loss. I do sweat a lot, but that seems like an awful lot of water to lose. Should I be drinking more water before I run?—P. L., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Your body has a built-in fail-safe system for water-level maintenance. When you need moisture, you get thirsty. If you get thirsty, you should drink. To avoid the problem of dehydration, most experts suggest that you drink as much fluid as you can while exercising, whether or not you feel parched, especially in heat or in races of 20 minutes' duration or 10,000 meters or more. For that purpose, a water bottle is handy. During vigorous exercise, you can expect to sweat away two pounds of water per hour. That is the reason boxers are able to make their weight by sitting in a steam bath before a fight. That kind of rapid weight loss is dangerous, though. A lot of minerals and salts roll off with the poundage, and the body can become overheated. As a rule of thumb, you need about a quart of fluid for each hour you run. It also pays to keep your sodium and potassium levels up. When in doubt, listen to your body. Sometimes it will say, "Take a drink"; sometimes it will urge you to "pour it on your head."

I would like some information, and possibly some advice, with respect to a problem my wife and I have experienced in our sexual relationship. It seems that while orgasm provides me with release of sexual and other physical tensions, leaving me relaxed and composed for sleep, it satisfies her only sexually, leaving her otherwise stimulated. Since our family-and-work schedule leaves late evening as the only time conveniently available for lovemaking, she has become increasingly reluctant to participate, because she fears not being able to get to sleep afterward. She has tried to solve the problem by not allowing herself to achieve the excitement that leads to climax and difficulty in sleeping; and while I appreciate her motive, that kind of sex is almost as empty to me as no sex at all. I should tell you that our lovemaking is quite free and satisfying for both of us when we let loose—a circumstance that is all too infrequent. Please suggest a solution to our problem.—A. C., Nashville, Tennessee.

Your wife's reaction is normal. Women take longer than men to return to an unaroused state after orgasm (usually 10–15 minutes). If a woman does not reach orgasm, the

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frustration makes her a prime candidate for insomnia. So her self-imposed cure won't work. You might try changing your pattern. Don't roll over and go to sleep. Afterplay is as important as foreplay. You might also be able to help her by giving her a back massage, a foot massage or whatever she needs to relax following stimulation.

After years of watching the big-screen TV at my local hangout, I've decided to get one for my home. Frankly, I'm not too impressed with the picture quality on some of the models I've seen. Can you give me some tips on buying a projection set?—L. B., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Frankly, we're not impressed with the picture quality, either, but that's a subjective view. Some of the same criteria you would use to pick out a smaller model apply to the big screens, but you must remember that everything is amplified. Picture brightness is critical. Some projectors require a virtually dark room before detail emerges. Because the screens are convex, viewing angle is also a primary consideration, as the picture tends to break up toward the edges. If you have a small viewing room, you may have problems seating everyone in a good spot—unless, of course, your guests are good friends. Also, some screens are fragile, which means no soccer games in the living room. Finally, you should understand that the picture can be no better than its source. If you have poor reception on a small TV, you'll have the same on a big-screen TV, except that it will be slightly more irritating. We suggest that you judge picture quality by use of a VCR rather than by network broadcast. That way, you will at least know that the projector can put out a good picture even if you can't get good TV reception.

My boyfriend and I have been going together for a little more than a year. When we started dating, he kept referring to his ex-girlfriend of three years, with whom he had broken up three months before I met him. After a short time, I felt that that was rude and told him so. He also kept three seminude 5" x 7" photos of her displayed on his bathroom wall and one 8" x 10" photo in his den. After six months, I felt his lack of consideration for me by displaying those photos was in poor taste and finally told him so after a big argument. Now, after more than a year, his references to her have somewhat diminished. He has removed two of the 5" x 7"s from his bathroom, but the 8" x 10" in the den remains. Do you think he is inconsiderate, still hanging on to the past, or am I being overly sensitive?—Miss B. C., San Francisco, California.

We see nothing wrong with a man's keeping photographs of his ex, but displaying them permanently strikes us as insensitive. We're with you. After dating for more than a year, you should be the number-one woman in

his life and he shouldn't really need public reminders of an affair that didn't work out. Why not have a picture or two of yourself made (not necessarily seminude, either) about the same size and present them to him as a gift? Perhaps he'll display your image with at least equal prominence.

The riders in my car pool have been laughing at me, and I'd like you to turn them around. You see, I drive an automatic-transmission car. Whenever we have to stop for traffic, I shift into neutral. Sometimes the roads get pretty clogged and I figure it's easier on the engine. My friends call me a frustrated race-car driver. Can you help?—R. L., Newark, New Jersey.

The only thing worse than a back-seat driver is a whole carful of back-seat drivers. We suggest that you do what you think is best for your car. If it is prone to overheating, then you are justified in shifting into neutral and gunning the engine to get the water flowing through the block. But different cars have different heat limits. Keeping an eye on your temperature gauge should tell you what's happening, but you have a problem if your car is equipped with dash lights. In that case, you have to wait until the light blinks. For normal stop-and-go driving on an expressway, you can leave the car in drive and expect no problems. But if the air temperature is pretty high, even normal stop-and-go driving can overheat your car. By all means, if you are stopping for an extended period of time—say, for a train to pass or if there is an accident—put the car in neutral. For other short stops, putting it in neutral can help, but leaving it in drive won't hurt. And don't forget to use your other drive gears when there is an excessive load on your engine, such as when going up and down hills or parking ramps. The rule is to use whatever gear will make it easier for the engine to run efficiently. If there is less strain on the power plant, it will last a lot longer.

Recently, I met a lady who enjoys jacking me off before having intercourse. She claims that that thoroughly arouses her, so it saves me the time of stimulation by foreplay. The problem: She strokes my penis so vigorously that she produces cuts on my foreskin that are so painful that I can't have sex for sometimes as long as two weeks. It takes at least that long for those cuts to heal. I know we should use a lubricant of some kind, but do you know of an ointment or a medicine that will expedite the healing process? The pain is almost unbearable.—V. M., Chicago, Illinois.

We have to wonder whether your girlfriend is using sandpaper or just gets carried away in her enthusiasm. Perhaps you should see a urologist to learn if your foreskin is unusually tight. Scar tissue on the foreskin may create a tight band that can be broken repeatedly, causing a vicious circle of more scar tissue. If that's the case, your doctor may recommend circumcision—and you would be wise to heed

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his suggestion. In any event, he may also be able to prescribe an antibacterial (or antibiotic) ointment to soothe and heal the cuts. And you might buy yourself a bottle of baby oil or skin lotion and ask your lady to apply a little the next time the two of you indulge. Finally, if we may comment, even though she gets aroused by masturbating you, you shouldn't take the attitude that "it saves the time of stimulation by foreplay." Maybe she would appreciate your returning the favor. It won't hurt to ask.

When I get a new record, I often put it on the turntable and play it over and over again. I have heard that that is a bad practice, that the record actually has to rest awhile to return to its original shape. Can playing a record many times in succession hurt it?—S. T., Dallas, Texas.

We suspect that whoever told you to rest your records was hoping for a little rest himself. The fact is that some wear will occur every time you play a vinyl disc, but tests under a scanning electron microscope show that wear is not accelerated by repeated playings. Some people think that the heat generated by the stylus in the groove can warp the groove, but that is only partially true. Heat is generated, but only enough to melt the surface of the groove walls momentarily to a depth of a couple of microns. The vinyl returns to a solid state as soon as the stylus has passed. The action is analogous to that of an ice skate on ice, which floats on a thin film of water that returns to ice immediately after the blade has passed. What happens is that the stylus will "seat" itself in the groove after a certain amount of scraping, and thereafter major wear will be minimal if, of course, your stylus is in good shape. Any asymmetry in the stylus tip will translate into record wear. So playing a new record with an old, damaged stylus can turn it into an old record in a flash.

I am a young woman with a problem. I dated one guy for four years. When we broke up, I went into a period of celibacy and did not have sex with anyone for more than a year. Now that I'm back in the game, I find that I don't seem to get excited as easily as I used to. Sex can be painful. Is it psychological?—Miss E. C., Detroit, Michigan.

Masters and Johnson found that a long interruption in sexual activity makes it hard to get started again. Women are less easily able to lubricate their vagina, and sex becomes painful. In short, use it or lose it. The situation should reverse itself shortly.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





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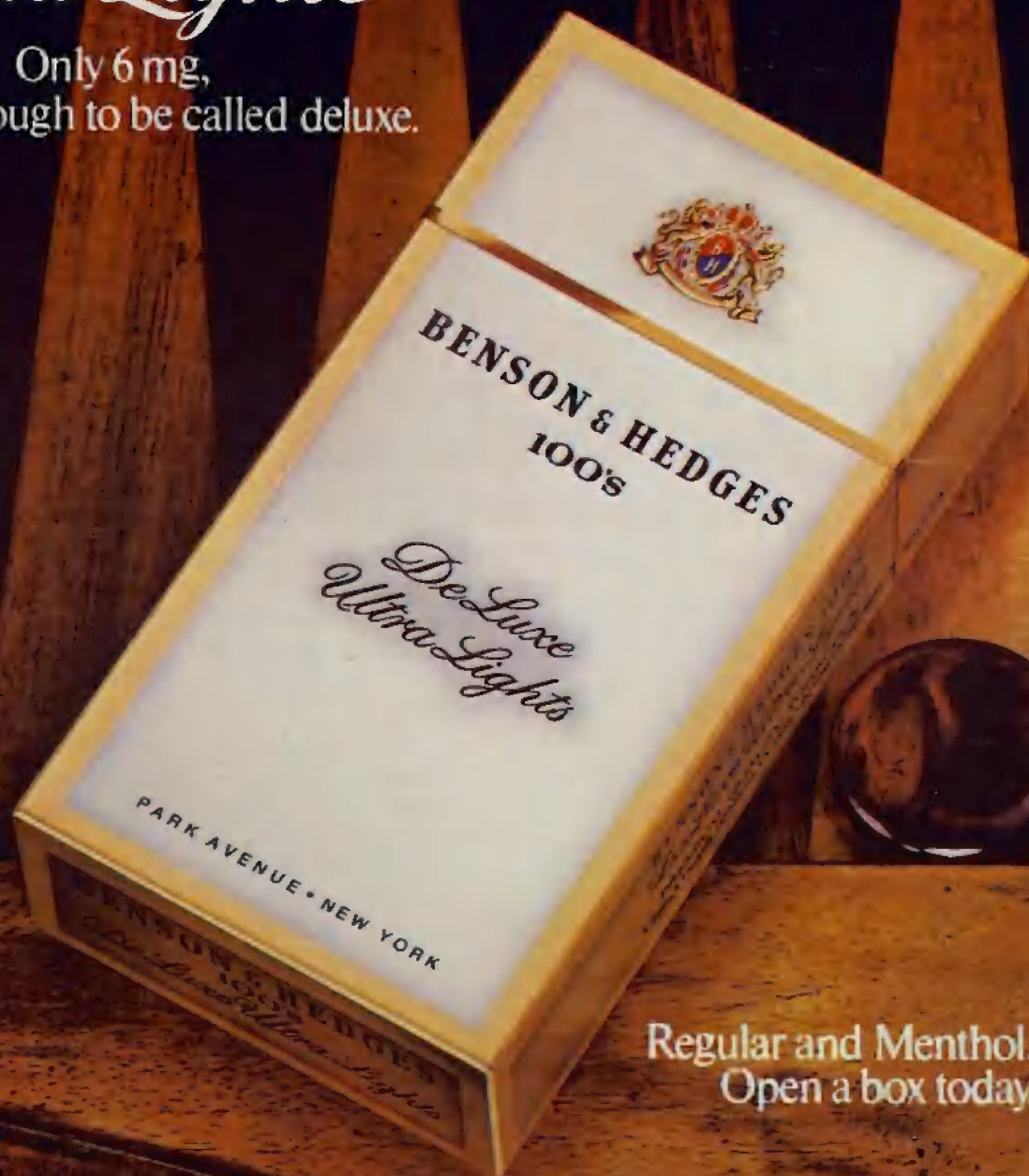
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DEAR PLAYMATES

Ever since Sigmund Freud popped the leading question What do women want? people have spent endless hours trying to guess the answer. We're still wondering about it ourselves. So we decided to ask our Playmates.

The question for the month:

What do you think a woman looks for most in a relationship with a man, and vice versa?

A couple of things come to mind, but compatibility, being able to enjoy life together, comes first. The world's a pretty serious place now. I'm talking about everything from the general economy to paying your rent. So you hope that when you go home, someone will be there who can contribute some love, some laughs, some camaraderie that will keep you going. I believe that you should be able to give a sense of security as well as feel secure in a good relationship.



Both men and women want respect, companionship and a lot of love. Women, especially, want to feel pampered. For myself, respect is number one. As long as I know a man respects me, I don't feel I have to prove anything—like trying to prove to a man that I'm not dating him for his money or that my work is as important as his. When I feel respected and the man I care about is my friend, then I feel good. Men want the same things. What do guys usually want from me? My phone number.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

I think both sexes are looking for someone who can be trusted. Say your boyfriend stays out until two or three some morning. If he says he's out with the boys, you need to believe he's telling the truth. It takes a long time to build that kind of relationship, but I think it's very important. I find that men want to be able to trust their women, too. I think they're also looking for someone who can provide the domestic stuff—someone who will take care of the cooking and the cleaning. A mother figure.



Lynda Wiesmeier

LYNDA WIESMEIER
JULY 1982

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

Let's face it: Men and women are looking for someone who wants to settle down, get married and be monogamous—a one-on-one relationship with no messing around. But wanting that kind of commitment makes women very defensive. Men are scared of it and they're negative about it, because they've been hurt a lot. Men don't let their barriers down enough to trust women. As for me, I want to be in love, married, beginning a family and carrying on my career—all at the same time.



I think men and women are looking for the same things, for the most part, except that men are usually more preoccupied with women's appearance, no matter how much they protest that kind of shallow thinking. Deep down, in their heart of hearts, the men are looking for mothers and the women are looking for fathers. They want to be taken care of and they also want to care for someone else, of course. Sometimes, one or the other wants to be protected as a parent would protect a child. And sometimes, each partner is looking for equality and friendship. All of those feelings are often interchangeable, but I think that about covers it.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

When I go into a relationship, I usually don't go in with any expectations. I let go. I let the man be himself. It's total freedom. Then we build up trust and love and friendship. I can't go into a relationship picking and criticizing and nagging. Either it will work out or it won't. Right? As for men, they look for a little of everything: beauty, an ego boost, security or just hanky-panky. Some men are getting older and want to settle down. They've gotten over their craziness. It depends on the man, don't you think?



Missy Cleveland

MISSY CLEVELAND
APRIL 1979

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

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made sensational.

Spiced Rum Collins

1 tsp. sugar, juice of
½ lemon, 2 oz. Captain
Morgan Spiced Rum. Add
club soda and enjoy.

Spiced Rum Mai Tai

½ oz. lime juice, ½ oz.
almond syrup, 1 tsp. sugar,
2 oz. orange juice, dash
grenadine, 1½ oz. Captain
Morgan Spiced Rum.

Spiced Rum Daiquiri

½ oz. lime juice, 1 tsp.
sugar, 1½ oz. Captain
Morgan Spiced Rum. What a
delicious difference Spiced
Rum makes.

CAPTAIN MORGAN SPICED RUM

Golden Rum with exotic tropical spice.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

DO IT OUR WAY

Many years ago, the East German government decided to crack down on all its people watching West German TV. To do that, it merely had the school children draw the time-telling clock they saw on the tube. Since East German and West German stations used markedly different clock styles, authorities could determine from the drawings which of the stations a family watched.

That incident came to mind when my seven-year-old child told me about the visit of a policeman to his classroom. After explaining his work, he showed everyone samples of marijuana. Seven-year-olds like to talk a lot, and they could unknowingly denounce their parents or anyone else just in the course of conversation with the nice policeman. That surely couldn't be used as lawful evidence, but the situation is there all the same.

Some will say that drug education is needed in schools, and I agree with that. But I don't think it's necessary to show samples. A lecture in more general terms would be more appropriate at that age. Such a Government isn't far from that described in Orwell's *1984*.

Sylvia Rahner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

DRUG BUST

Advice to old Name Withheld from Albuquerque, who was caught carrying pot into a rock concert: If you don't want to be charged with carrying drugs, then don't carry them.

Marijuana is not physically addictive (psychologically, to some people, it may be). I'm sure the writer could have waited until he got home. That he was busted is unfortunate, but until the laws are changed, he is a victim of his own stupidity.

Gerald Dylan Jones II
Walker, Iowa

OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Since the dawn of time, man has tried to understand his past by formulating theories on his origin. The current popular theories on human origin seem to represent two opposite ideas. One is the theory of creation, which embodies mostly a cross between traditional and contemporary spiritual beliefs; the other is the theory of evolution, which seems to be based on a belief in the scientific process. No one theory can encompass the entire realm of thought on the subject. Likewise, no two people can agree on every detail in either

the creation or the evolution theory. Therefore, those two theories should serve as reference points for human thought.

Anthony L. Hartle
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

SEX AND RUSSIANS

I recently viewed a talk show on which the guests discussed whether or not there should be X-rated cable TV. The pro side was represented by two men who had started such a station; the con side was represented by a man who had recently

*"Our moral decadence
will surely lead the
Russians to attack."*

complained to the FCC about a radio station that had played a record flaunting several "dirty words." The audience was mainly white middle-class women.

But the thing that affected me the most was the emphasis we place on sex. Our moral decadence will surely lead the Russians to attack. So I suggest we fight that war with our number-one weapon: nudity. The side that gets the most grossed out loses and will be taken to POW camps on the French Riviera, where the winners will have their way with them. If I have but one sex life, let me give it for my country. War doesn't have to be hell.

Jim Teller
Cleveland, Ohio



MEN'S RIGHTS

Men's Rights, Inc., sent me the following:

Like hundreds of other radio stations around the country, KOPN (Columbia, Missouri) has regular programming devoted to women's issues. Unlike most of these stations, however, KOPN carries a show devoted to men's issues. Francis Baumli, coproducer of *Men Freeing Men*, ran into trouble, however, when he sought to do a show on men's sexual health.

It seems that it was OK for the women's show to mention vagina and clitoris but not OK for the men's show to mention testicles and penis. So Baumli circulated a petition among feminists involved in the women's show. To their credit as antisexists, they supported equal broadcast freedom for their brethren. The women, on the air and with no disclaimer, had already referred to the penis, the scrotum and the testicles.

It turns out that females can talk about male and female parts, but males can't. So if you are a man in Missouri, fight to end sex discrimination so that men can talk about male and female anatomy.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbia, Missouri

BOOK BANNERS

Recently, Mexico, Missouri, was another censorship battleground. Beginning last June, a group of parents associated with a censorship outfit in St. Louis tried to have *The Humanist* magazine banned. In July, they set their sights on *The Lottery*, by Shirley Jackson, the film version of *The Lottery* and *Julie of the Wolves*, by Jean Craighead George, all while the Mexico school board was meeting. They lost on two counts and retained some authority over the movie, which parents must now give eighth-through-12th graders permission to watch.

As guaranteed by the Constitution, the book banners have the right to their beliefs. When, however, are they going to learn that the Constitution is for everyone?

Henry H. Smith
Mexico, Missouri

NEW CODPIECES

In regard to the headline above James R. Warner's letter in the October *Playboy Forum*—"Idea Whose Time Hasn't Come"—it appears that Warner has reinvented the codpiece, illustrated and defined in *The American Heritage Dictionary*

as a pouch at the crotch of the tight-fitting breeches worn by men in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Warner might try asking a Scotsman what, if anything, he wears under his kilt.
Edwin L. Tice
Rockford, Illinois

WORLD HUNGER

The letter "Population Control" in the August *Playboy Forum* has prompted me to send a correction.

"The earth cannot produce enough food to sustain even its present population" is inaccurate. Just two quotes are sufficient to illustrate:

"Most people believe there is just not enough food to go around. Yet, despite the tremendous wastage of land, the world is producing each day two pounds of grain, or more than 3000 calories, for every man, woman and child on earth. That does not include fruits and vegetables" (Lappé and Collins, *Food First: Beyond the Myth of Scarcity*).

And, from another source: "The world's present food-production facilities can and do grow enough food for every child, woman and man on the planet to be optimally nourished" (Medard Gabel, *Hoping, Food for Everyone*).

My point is that assumptions that there is not enough food makes ending world hunger appear rather hopeless. I am writing this letter to stop that rumor. Hunger and starvation persist because of a lack of commitment to end them. Period.

You've done the hungry in our world a tremendous service.

Barbara A. Fricke
Cincinnati, Ohio

GOD-FEARING MAN

The December *Forum Newsfront* stated that a 33-year-old man had been awarded nearly \$200,000 in a sexual-harassment case and that that was the first time a man had ever won against a woman. Not so. It's been at least two years, but I distinctly remember the female in the Army who grabbed a male soldier in the crotch and said, "You shrimp, give me a light." The man was a self-styled God-fearing person and was not amused. He reported the incident to his superiors and the woman was punished. Again, the details are vague, but she did lose, so he must have been the first to win a case. Yes?

Sgt. B. J. Van Valkenburg
Yokota, Japan

That was a court-martial situation in Germany, but you're half right.

CREATIONISM

In the October *Playboy Forum*, W. Bryon Saunders says that creationism should be taught as science in the public schools. I heartily disagree. For one thing, creationism is *not* science; it most definitely is religion, no matter what its proponents say to the contrary.

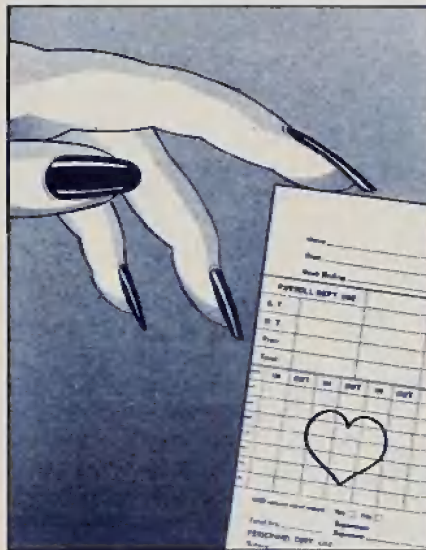
The concept of equal time runs only one

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOT GUILTY

SEATTLE—A state court of appeals has held that U.S. Steel Corporation is not guilty of negligence for failing to warn the wife of an employee that her husband was having an affair with another woman on the job. The woman who brought the suit stated that the affair had occurred in late 1975 or early



1976, led to a divorce two years later and then to the marriage of her ex-husband and his lover nine months after that. The court held, "U.S. Steel owed no duty to its employees' spouses to monitor and safeguard their marriages and, therefore, could not be held liable in negligence under any set of facts."

LESS RAPE IN CHICAGO?

CHICAGO—Police were labeling rape claims "unfounded" at a rate six times as high as in other cities, according to a WBBM-TV news investigator, and were routinely dismissing the evidence of victims, witnesses and medical personnel. One example cited a witness who found a woman naked and screaming after an attack; medical records confirming the assault were produced.

P.M.S. DOWNGRADED

NEW YORK CITY—What might have become this country's first battle over premenstrual syndrome (P.M.S.) has been settled out of court by a woman who initially blamed the condition for causing her to beat her four-year-old daughter ("Forum Newsfront," November 1982). Her attorneys said she had agreed to plead guilty to the noncriminal charge of harassment and to continue in a psychological counseling program in which she was enrolled.

BORN TO BE VAGUE

NEW ORLEANS—A Federal district judge has voided as unconstitutional the Louisiana law requiring that public schools teach the Biblical account of creation alongside the theory of evolution. An A.C.L.U. spokeswoman hailed the decision as a "resounding victory," but state officials said an appeal will be filed on behalf of the statute, the only one of its kind since a Federal judge nullified a similar one in Arkansas.

Meanwhile, a Federal district judge in Nashville ruled that last year's Tennessee law requiring a daily minute of silence in public schools was unconstitutional because the legislature's intent was to put prayer back into the classroom. The state law is similar to statutes before Federal courts in Alabama and New Mexico.

ALMOST ANY ROUND OBJECT

NEW YORK CITY—The Connecticut Department of Transportation issued 17-and-a-half-cent turnpike tokens that work quite well in New York City's 75-cent subway-system meters. Connecticut officials bristled at New York officials who commanded them to "get that token off the market" and retorted that New York's turnstiles are so rickety they'll accept almost any round object. A New York official then announced the city's secret weapon—a "diabolical plan" to change token sizes and then sell the old tokens to Connecticut motorists for ten cents. Finally, Connecticut backed off and said it would study plans for redesigning its tokens.

Elsewhere, Illinois state police are trying to catch listeners to Chicago's WLS radio personality Steve Dahl, who described putting candy nickels in automatic highway toll machines. A spokesman for the highway system said the prank mainly gums up the machines.

BOOZEHOUNDS

SEATTLE—State liquor-control agents are looking for two underage investigative journalists who bought beer at six Yakima stores as part of a student-newspaper exposé, but the local prosecutor promised that he would not press charges. "My concern is the license," he said. "I indicated to the investigator that he should tell the kids that they would not be prosecuted." At issue is a story published in the Eisenhower High School Five Star Journal that told how a bearded 17-year-old staff member and another student had scored at six of eight shops.

ALL MEN, NO WOMEN

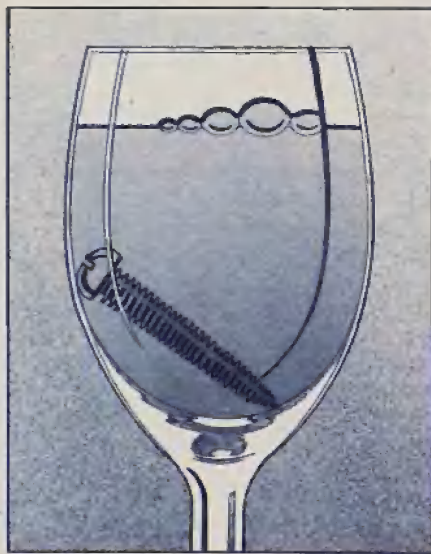
A new method of analyzing common laboratory tests has enabled a team of doctors to

pinpoint with 100 percent accuracy whether or not liver disease has been caused by alcoholism, according to an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Called quadratic discriminant analysis, the method uses computers to analyze statistics gathered from 25 laboratory tests commonly ordered for patients. "Any one test won't describe the totality of an illness, and each test rarely provides full information needed to establish an exact cause," said a doctor connected with the Veterans' Medical Center in Long Beach, California. The new method "focuses on the interrelationships of the chemistries presented in each of the tests." Only males were studied, due to females' having more variables, such as menstruation or use of birth-control pills.

Meanwhile, some researchers have found that, as other scientists had suspected, some lab rats are stimulated rather than depressed by small amounts of alcohol. "We don't know why alcohol acts as a stimulant," says an assistant project director in Austin, Texas. "It appears that alcohol blocks actions of a part of the brain that normally holds the brain in check."

DUPED

NEW YORK CITY—At \$80 a bottle, 29 cases of rare 1975 French Château Mouton-Rothschild were a buy—until the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms stepped in and proclaimed the wine to be Californian



and worth about five dollars a bottle. The fake labels were copies of a specially commissioned Andy Warhol design, and the BATF still doesn't know how many French-wine collectors have been duped. Three men were arrested in the scheme.

TOO CHRISTIAN

DENVER—Inspired by fundamentalists, the American Atheists are going after school-books they consider too Christian. The group, following the example of Madalyn Murray

O'Hair, is starting in Colorado and will spread to other parts of the country. The spokesman for the Denver atheists said that he would start filing complaints "just to neutralize them so that all the special-interest groups will stay out of the school system."

ORGAN TRANSPLANT?

KUALA LUMPUR—A tortoise bit off the reproductive organ of a 27-year-old man with a stomach-ache who decided to drink himself in a pool near the town of Batu Arang. Before going for help, he made a futile search of the water and then went to the Rawang District hospital before being transferred to the general hospital in Kuala Lumpur.

DRUG AWARENESS

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLORADO—Fueled by small packages of marijuana, more Steamboat Springs citizens than ever before are ready to SUPPORT DRUG AWARENESS WEEK. That's what the note inside the packages, including one at the police station, said; and while Police Chief Roger Jensen reported that some people had called the cops, others had probably just kept the illegal drug and smoked it.

SPERMICIDES AND V.D.

Using vaginal spermicides as the chief means of birth control dramatically protects women against sexually contracted disease, according to a study reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Sexually active women using the spermicides had about one fourth to one eighth the risk of developing gonorrhea and other infections compared with those who used other contraceptive aids such as pills or surgical sterilization. The incidence of gonorrhea more than tripled between 1960 and 1979.

SHIMMY, SHIMMY, SHAKE, SHAKE

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—In a "practical joke gone awry," a middle school principal has been reprimanded for sending a "bellygram" to a fellow principal prior to a parents'-night presentation. The dancer showed up just in time for the presentation itself, and after doffing her coat onstage, she began shimmying across the floor wearing only a bra and harem pants. About 100 parents were in the audience watching the shimmying.

POT FLUSHED

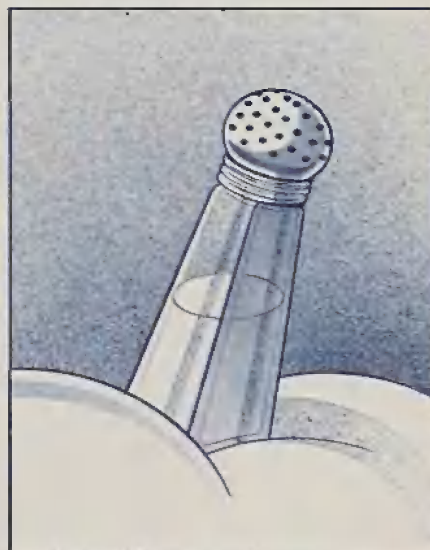
ENSCHDEDE, THE NETHERLANDS—Government justice officials, bowing to an international outcry, have overruled the local city council and have closed down the marijuana-and-hash shop at a local youth center. The shop had been selling government-tested drugs that attracted youths from all over Europe but mainly from West Germany, only five miles away.

WHEN IT WORKS

NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS—A local savings-and-loan teller who was alone in a branch office was the victim of a would-be holdup by a middle-aged man with a pistol. When told to give him all the money, the teller ducked down and crawled away. When he found he was left alone, the robber also split. The teller's decision to flee "certainly is not recommended procedure, but it worked in this case," according to an FBI agent.

LO AND BEHOLD!

SALT LAKE CITY—Sheriff's deputies say they have discovered on the Great Salt Lake a homosexual beach known as Bare-Bum Beach, where scores of men sun-bathe in the nude, some have sex and others gather around to watch. The cops say they found it



while chasing a nude motorcyclist who had been buzzing tourists at a nearby resort. "We followed him and, lo and behold, Sodom and Gomorrah unfolded before my very eyes," said one deputy. The officers have so far handed out about 60 citations for lewdness and public nudity, with only a few going to women.

WHAT STANDS ON ONE LEG?

MIAMI—A one-legged roofer will probably be tried for loitering and prowling, since police found his artificial leg—plus pants and shoes—near a hole cut in the roof of a pharmacist's shop. The man himself was located in a trash bin less than a block away. Said one cop, a rookie: "All you could see was the leg sticking out. It had a boot on it, a pair of jeans on it. It looked like the real thing. I said, 'Oh, God, don't tell me there's a dead body back there.' I'm new at the job and haven't seen too much of that." The man, who has a criminal record for drug possession and receiving stolen property, was taken to the police station for questioning and was then booked.

way: The public schools may teach creationism, but there is absolutely no provision for the churches and/or the private schools to teach evolution, except to knock it. Of course, it goes without saying that creationists have the right to their beliefs. But no one is denying them that right. The churches and the private schools may teach whatever they wish.

In my opinion, this so-called equal-time business is not a plea for fair play at all. Rather, it is really an attempt by the religious right wing to weaken the traditional separation of church and state in this country.

Barbara Harris
San Francisco, California

CRIME CONTROL

Crime in America is at an epidemic stage. The rights of the victims of crime and of law-abiding citizens in general are becoming an endangered species compared with the rights of the criminal.

How can we explain the rights of a rapist to a mother whose daughter has just been brutally molested, or the rights of a policeman's killer to the slain officer's widow and children?

Those criminal perpetrators should be given a fair and just trial, as guaranteed by law. However, upon conviction, they should be given the most stringent penalty possible. In the case of first-degree murder, I believe the killer may have even

given up the precious right to exist.

Many of our senior citizens are being victimized on our streets, as well as in their homes. Those seniors helped make America great. Many of them fought our wars and spilled their blood on the faraway beachheads of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Normandy. It is an atrocity that many of those brave Americans must now fear for their lives in the country that they fought so selflessly to defend.

Inflation is being fueled daily by the criminal as we pay more at the grocery store and the department store because of shoplifters. Our auto-insurance rates skyrocket due to car thefts. Our taxes are increased to fight crime, when, in fact, our crime fighters, the police, are themselves handcuffed by microscopic legal technicalities.

This letter is not a pleasant one, but then, neither is the reality of crime. We, as citizens, must demand of our legislators and judges the toughest penalties possible for all crimes.

Dave Dragomer
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

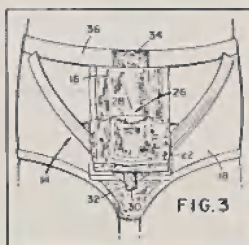
FORUM FOLLIES

I would like to announce an invention of such staggering magnitude that I am the only possible winner of the next Noble Piece Prize. It is for the crotch, that very sensitive area of virility, and for the maintenance thereof. This invention will be of the

greatest interest to your male readers, your female readers and that vast gray area in between. Yes, I have found the way to keep on keeping on.

My invention will completely replace men's underwear and athleticwear, which have been doing untold damage to virility for years. There are three styles of my new Pecker Protector: one for everyday wear, one for light athletics and one for contact sports, so that the effects of a thoughtless kick to the testicles can be harmlessly distributed over the back. The Pecker Protector also makes the wearer more likely or less likely to produce sperm, as he wishes. Joggers spend agonizing hours running to increase cardiovascular health so that they can live longer. They will live longer, and it will seem like a hell of a lot longer because of the jockstrap-induced deadly dangle.

My device is simple. Lost virility is caused, in most cases, by impaired circulation. (Vessel transplants can be performed to correct the problem. That will make you walk funny for more than a week.) My invention keeps the circulation from being impeded and keeps the *corpus cavernosum* from being kinked like a bent hose in which fatty deposits slow the flow enough to slow the function. During athletics—when the blood flow is highest other than during erection—the regular jockstrap is wadding the poor pecker into such a lump that circulation is at its worst. It's a wonder them poor peckers last as long as they do. If we did to an arm what we do to our peckers, it would fall



off. The pecker just falls down, much to the chagrin of all concerned, leaving only the ignoble function of irrigation.

It's a matter of considerable awe to me that the poor pecker has as long a life as it has. It's abused from day one, when it's

crammed into a diaper. From then on, it's crammed into tight underwear, it's crammed into jockstraps, it's crammed into tight pants and some people I know will cram it into most anything. Here in the Deep South, that even includes watermelons after a day in the hot sun. Maybe that's the reason they're lyin' there smilin' on the vine.

At this time, we do not know whether or not unprotected and nonfunctional peckers will regain their stance, but we have reason to believe that they can regain their proper upright attitude with the help of the Protector, exercise and a nonfatty diet. I can see that this invention is of such major importance that it will start a cult. Men will want the ladies to know that *theirs* is not going to lie down and die.

My patent attorney thought I was kidding when I told him about this invention. But he finally realized the true importance of it and the happiness it will bring to everyone. He became one of the first wearers. When he was ready to file the papers with the patent office, he asked me for a name for it. I naturally told him to call it the Pecker Protector. He asked for a more suitable name. I presumed that he meant a more formal one, so I gave him Doc's Device for Delaying the Demise of Deserving Dangling Dicks. He said that he would select the name. Now it's called something like Preventing Penile Deterioration. Ain't that sporty?

—T. CALVIN MILLER

Miller happens to be—get this—a dentist in Montgomery, Alabama.

RAPE VICTIM

In reading PLAYBOY, I've noticed your interest in righting wrongs. Read the enclosed clipping and tell me how a judge can hear a man plead no contest in a rape case and then set him free. No prison term, no fine, no nothing.


I was raped once and will spare you the details, but now, 13 years later, thinking of it is still painful for me. Being forced to do anything against your will is bad enough, but nothing can compare with being forced to have sexual intercourse. I cannot express my anger and feeling of helplessness at the "she asked for it" attitude so prevalent concerning rape—except by people who have suffered it.

PLAYBOY may be an unlikely place to appeal for a stand against leniency for rapists. But most men are *for* women, and for even one rapist to go free is an insult to good men everywhere. Your circulation alone gives you power to educate so many who today tend to blame the victim for her being abused.

Diane Smith
Katy, Texas

I am a 21-year-old male who was not really aware of human-sexuality laws when I was a teenager, though I went to bed with several women older than myself. Some were in their 20s. Would such women have been accused of statutorily raping me even if I had consented to the sex? I looked up statutory rape in the dictionary and found that it refers to an underage woman having sex, with or without her consent. What about the man? If consent is given, how can there be rape? Do I have to go as far as to ask the woman's parents if it's OK for me to screw their daughter? For her to screw me?

What I don't understand is why all or



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most of the blame is placed on the male. It seems to me that statutory rape has no place in today's law.

John L. Rowin
Seattle, Washington

It seems to depend a lot on who you are and where you are when the alleged offense occurs. In a lot of places, age matters more than you think . . . or less than you think.

THE SYSTEM

Circumstantial evidence leads to the arrest and conviction of an innocent man far more often than law-enforcement officials care to admit. They do not admit it because they desire the conviction more than they respect the innocent man's rights. A few convictions look better in the eyes of the public than a long list of unsolved crimes. In many cases, the authorities know that the man is not guilty, but they make him a sacrifice for the good of the majority. If a conviction is politically profitable and possible, it will be obtained.

It is unbelievable how words can be coaxed out of witnesses who are honestly trying to cooperate with authorities. The average citizen is putty in the hands of an experienced prosecutor. There are also those witnesses who add to their testimony in an effort to convict a man they feel is guilty but who may go free due to lack of evidence.

The easiest cases to try are the ones in which the defendant is some poor slob who is thoroughly confused by the "mess he is in" and is poorly represented. Most public defenders know only how to make plea bargains. In most instances, they are not competent criminal defense attorneys and take no serious interest in the case. They will be paid—win, lose or draw.

We can safely say that the amount of justice a man receives in the American courtroom is directly related to his race and his financial condition. A poor white man has little chance against the system, and a poor nonwhite man has no chance.

Thomas J. Nichols
Jackson, Mississippi

We agree on every point. But we also have had the depressing experience of meeting young, eager and conscientious public defenders who were completely frustrated by their case loads. We've even met conscientious prosecutors who feel helpless in their efforts to lock up dangerous people who know how to exploit the weaknesses of the criminal-justice system. The system isn't working, but there seem to be no simple solutions.

GOOD INTENTIONS

If most Americans correctly perceive the so-called New Right to be a small minority of vociferous fanatics and tend to underestimate their influence, American politicians know that fanatics do trouble themselves to vote and therefore wield power far out of proportion to their actual numbers. That explains the stampede to pass some of this century's most repressive and mindless laws that the majority of

citizens oppose. Our politicians, ever aware of their constituency, are spooked.

Much of the new legislation—aimed at everything from dirty movies to Darwinism—may well be unconstitutional. The country is going through another period of trying to decide if the abuse of freedom justifies the elimination of freedom; many legislative and judicial decisions will be coming down on the side of those who consider freedom too dangerous to be let loose in the land. Then, after a period of repression, the pendulum will begin to swing back. But for every period of moralistic crackdown on excess, it takes literally

*"It takes literally
decades of litigation or
legislative reform to
undo the damage."*

decades of litigation or legislative reform to undo the damage.

(Name withheld by request)
Vienna, Virginia

DRAFT REGISTRATION

I would be more than happy just to see somewhere in the *Playboy Forum* a discussion of draft registration and its deleterious effects. It seems strange that an issue so timely and pertinent to your readership receives so little discussion anywhere in your magazine. Three men have been sentenced to jail and two have been found guilty under a law that makes a travesty of civil liberties and "justice for all."

Robert Cohen
Troy, New York

CIRCUMCISION

The most damning and unanswerable indictment against circumcision and those who perform it on babies is the fact that almost all uncircumcised men throughout the world choose to keep their foreskins intact—and also the fact that so many circumcised men wish their foreskins were intact. Such an awareness would make persons of good will refuse to destroy this sensitive, harmless part of a baby's body.

The circumcisers of the world are aware of those two facts, but they continue to circumcise babies anyway, knowing that some of them will eventually wish that had not been done to them and knowing that men who are given the choice overwhelmingly reject the operation. Can reason and persuasion change the minds of those who commit such an act?

It's not circumcision that needs to be studied. It's circumcisers.

John Erickson
Biloxi, Mississippi

CASTRATING RAPISTS

Ten years ago, I was appalled when I heard someone suggest that rapists should be castrated. Two years ago, in British Columbia, a man raped and/or murdered 12 young people; that and other horrors (including the murder of six members of a family in a provincial park for who knows what reason) have caused an outcry for the return of capital punishment.

Although I oppose the death penalty, I don't think the behavior of such people is going to be permanently changed by prison—and I don't like the idea that they have to be released after a percentage of their terms are up.

If castration will "cool down" violent sexual offenders, it seems a small price to pay considering the pain they have inflicted on society.

David Marchant
McBride, British Columbia

REAGAN'S WAY

Perhaps President Reagan, in his stand against abortion, is trying to ensure plenty of manpower in conjunction with his drive for increased weapon power. Or maybe he is simply so sadistic in his generosity as to guarantee life to an unwanted embryo while ensuring that its future will be dismal.

What else can one think of a man who cuts and cuts and cuts aid to the poor, then goes one step further and cuts their ability to reduce their ranks?

Poli Steeby
Banner, Wyoming

SEX FIEND

If somebody spends all his time eating, he's considered a pig. What if he spends all his time trying to get laid?

(Name withheld by request)
Omaha, Nebraska

Ah—maybe still a pig?

MUSICIANS' EXEMPTION

Musicians will be pleased to know that provincial treasuries (according to *Ezra* 7:24) "have no authority to impose general levy, poll tax or land tax" on priests, musicians and temple servants—that according to People for the American Way as it interprets the *Family-Issues Voting Index* used by the National Christian Action Coalition to determine candidates' "sensitivity to Biblical values."

The reason I think that is nice is that I happen to be an aspiring musician.

B. Randleman
Palo Alto, California

Sounds pretty remote, but it might get you off the hook for the Federal income tax.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





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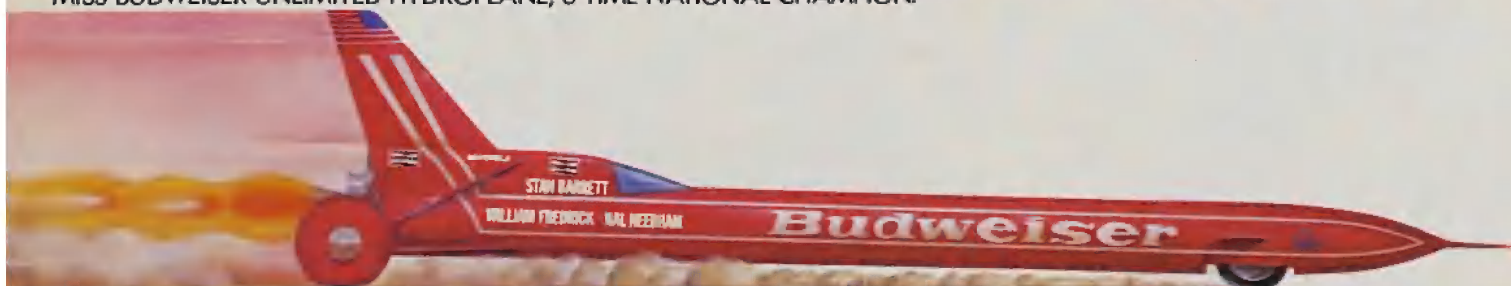
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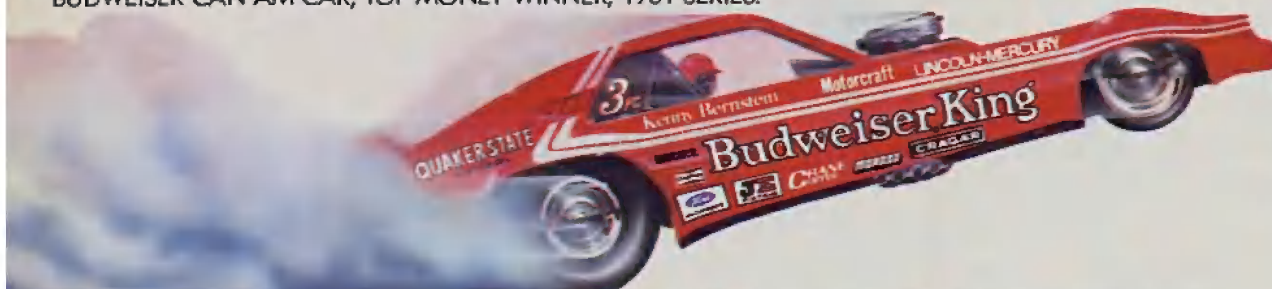
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL NEWMAN

a candid conversation with the durable superstar about his movies, his politics, his blue eyes and — yes, even paul! — his self-doubts

There are only a handful of them in the world: men whose expression of intent can bank-roll an entire film production; actors who routinely become multimillionaires every time they take part in a movie; stars whose presence can cause crowds to gather and strong women to babble. The fact that Paul Newman, at 58, is all of the above—and still manages to squeeze in careers as a race-car driver, as a political activist and now, only half jokingly, as a salad-dressing mogul—seems to be more good fortune than one person should be allowed.

Yet despite the respect of his peers and the public, through a film career that has spanned 29 years and 48 movies, Newman has never won an Oscar. He has been nominated five times (for "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "The Hustler," "Hud," "Cool Hand Luke" and "Absence of Malice"), but the statuette has eluded him. This year, with the release of "The Verdict," in which he plays an ambulance-chasing attorney, Newman may finally receive from the Oscar jury its own favorable verdict—but not without competition from such actors as Dustin Hoffman, in "Tootsie," and Ben Kingsley, in "Gandhi"; nor without a massive publicity campaign mounted by Newman and his publicity people.

Whatever the outcome of the Oscar stakes, he is one of those stars destined to endure in

the public's affection—since, as he put it to PLAYBOY, he is blessed with "Newman's luck" and can't seem to shake it. He was born in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, on January 26, 1925, the second son of a sporting-goods-store owner. He went to Ohio University briefly but left early to serve three years in the Navy during World War Two. When he returned, this time to Kenyon College, he joined the student dramatic society—but only after being kicked off the football team.

After graduation in 1949, Newman moved north to do summer stock in Williams Bay, Wisconsin. The next year, he moved again, to a theater group in Illinois, where he met—and married—actress Jacqueline Witte. His father's death forced Newman back home to manage the family business. A year and a half later, the business was liquidated and Newman, at the age of 26, entered the Yale University School of Drama.

Soon he was headed for New York, landed a job (at \$150 a week) as Ralph Meeker's understudy in "Picnic" on Broadway and was accepted by Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio. When Meeker went on vacation, Newman took his place. He was a hit—and never stopped being one.

Hollywood soon beckoned with a long-term \$1000-a-week movie contract. His film debut was hardly earth-shattering: Newman played

a Greek slave in "The Silver Chalice"—a film so wretched, in his judgment, that when it appeared on television many years later, he took out an ad in the Los Angeles Times apologizing to the viewers. ("That's the last time I'll ever do that," he now says, laughing. "The ad boosted the movie's ratings!")

Newman's first marriage produced three children: Susan, Stephanie and Scott, his only son, who died in 1978, at the age of 28, from an accidental drug-and-liquor overdose. After his divorce from Jacqueline, Newman married Joanne Woodward. They have three daughters: Elinor, Melissa and Clea.

Newman is a man of some complexity: He's a liberal who likes to race cars and drink beer; on the track, he's known simply as P. L. Newman. He may argue the point, but he obviously likes taking risks. In 1969, to prepare for a role in "Winning," a film about the Grand Prix circuit, he immersed himself in auto racing. When the film ended, he continued with the sport. Soon he had won all four of the Sports Car Club of America races, in which he competed with the Datsun-factory team. At the tricky Watkins Glen course in Upstate New York, he set a track record. And in 1979, he took on one of racing's toughest challenges, the 24 Hours at Le Mans—an endurance test that has claimed more than 18 lives over the years. Of 55 starters, only 22



"Olivier dared more. Whereas I . . . I seem to have run out of my skin early. I seem to have exhausted my ability to create something new after a rather short duration as a performer."



"There are two Newman's laws. The first one is, 'It is useless to put on your brakes when you're upside down.' The second one is, 'Just when things look darkest, they go black.'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"I stopped signing autographs when I was standing at a urinal at Sardi's and a guy came up with a pen and paper. I wondered, 'Do I wash first and then shake hands?'"

finished the event. Newman and his teammates, driving a red Porsche 935 Twin Turbo at speeds of up to 220 miles an hour, finished second.

Having added the roles of producer and director to his résumé, Newman will soon enter yet another fiercely competitive business with his Industrial-Strength Venetian Spaghetti Sauce—like the salad dressing, a hobby he has turned into an avocation for charity.

He's also an outspoken political activist. In the Sixties, he involved himself with civil rights, as well as with Eugene McCarthy's Presidential campaign. In 1972, he worked for George McGovern. In 1978, he was appointed a member of the U.S. delegation to the special United Nations disarmament session. In 1980, he worked for John Anderson. And in 1982—for a change—he campaigned for a winner, the nuclear-freeze initiative.

But Newman doesn't live a life filled with the material prerequisites so many lesser stars seem to feel are necessary for success in Hollywood. He spends most of his time in a converted 1736 farmhouse near Westport, Connecticut. The rest of his life is spent, frenetically, among an apartment in Manhattan, a small and modest home in the flats of Beverly Hills, his film-location work and, last but not least, hotels and motels around the country that he uses each year between April and October, during the racing season.

PLAYBOY sent journalist and producer Peter S. Greenberg to sit down with Newman for the first in-depth talk with him since his last lengthy interview—in PLAYBOY 14 years ago. Greenberg's report:

"He's taller and skinnier than I imagined, and his blue eyes are, well, bluer. He's also the best-looking 58-year-old I've ever met. Prior to our first meeting, I had been told that he had only limited time to give me, and then he'd be off to Florida for a much-needed private vacation with his wife. He wouldn't be able to be interviewed again for weeks.

"The first session was held at his midtown-Manhattan office overlooking Fifth Avenue. We were frequently interrupted by phone calls from lawyers and his wife and a visit from A. E. Hotchner, his boating partner (together they own a 'yacht'—a 17-foot Boston whaler called *Caca de Toro*) and his coconspirator in his salad-dressing venture.

"I was beginning to think that the interview was a bust, when Newman asked me whether or not I liked to fish. Three hours later, I was packing for Florida. The 'vacation' turned out to be at a Pompano Beach spa that Joanne wanted to attend. Newman was going along for the ride, but Jazzercise was not part of his game plan; sport fishing was. He chartered a boat.

"Each morning at six, while Joanne went to class, we headed out for the Florida Keys. As the 57-foot custom sport fisher maneuvered its way around the meandering canals in back of Pompano Beach's most expensive homes, I counted three housewives, each standing, in a bathrobe, behind the sliding glass doors to her house, hoping to catch a glimpse of Newman. 'I couldn't help myself,'

said Captain Bob Mendelsohn, smiling, as he pushed down gently on the throttles. 'I had to tell a few friends.' Newman never noticed.

"Thank God, his luck wasn't all-powerful: Instead of the big game fish he'd hoped for, we settled for a respectable catch of yellowtail and bonito. But our time at sea was well spent as he reflected on his career and pondered his future.

"A week later, we picked up the interview in Los Angeles. Then it was off to Las Vegas for the Caesars Palace Grand Prix. In a small shack shaking in the gusty, dusty wind atop the roof of the casino, Newman watched the race, his eyes glued to car number five, his hand virtually glued to a cold bottle of Budweiser, shouting friendly obscenities at the drivers from his perch.

"He's more relaxed than I've ever seen him," his 29-year-old daughter Susan told me later at their home in California. 'He's become more open about things.' He had flown

*"I have that kind of
personality. I just say, why
not? Why not get into salad
dressing? Why not race?"*

to Los Angeles to speak to a group of television superstars that had assembled at his house under the auspices of the Scott Newman Foundation.

"Later that night, when Susan spoke to the group and mentioned that the evening would have been Scott's 32nd birthday, Newman got up and moved to a remote seat near the pool. He sat there, with his head in his hands, until she finished speaking.

"Newman is not an openly emotional individual. He's not a handshaker or a back-patter or a hugger. He's not outwardly demonstrative toward either Joanne or his children. His personal politics are out in the open, but his personal emotions are reserved, it seems, for only himself. He is still very uncomfortable talking about Scott's death. Later, when I reminded him of his reaction to Susan's talk, his voice grew quiet, he took pauses between sentences and tears came to his eyes. It was his most emotional moment during all the time we spent together.

"He has, by normal standards, an unusual relationship with his wife. As far as I can tell, he and Joanne don't spend much time together, but the structure seems to hold. 'I've been married to Joanne for 24 years,' he told me one day. 'That should tell you something. We respect each other and we're not insecure about each other's interests.' He has taken to calling her Birdie lately. Why? 'I don't know,' he says, smiling fondly. 'I just like the way it sounds when I think about her.'

"Nothing was off the record during our interviews, but Newman did have one request.

"The one thing we really can't talk about this time is fucking," he said early on. 'You see, in the first "Playboy Interview," we sat around and talked about the many versions of fucking. After I had gone through a few of them—things like sport fucking—I got to mercy fucking, which I said was reserved for librarians. After the interview ran, I got hundreds of letters from librarians, with their pictures, inscribed "Try me!"'

"He remains a movie superstar still uncomfortable about his natural assets. If he's obsessed by anything, he told me, it's the main character in *Tonio Kröger*, a short story by Thomas Mann. 'He separated people into two groups,' Newman says, 'the bohemians and the bourgeoisie. Well,' he sighed, 'I think I'm larger than life to the women of the bourgeoisie who think they're interested in me; but the bohemian women don't even care.' Still, most Americans—women and men—probably think of him as he was once described by longtime friend and director John Huston: 'Newman,' he wrote in his autobiography, 'will always be the Golden Lad.'"

PLAYBOY: It's been a while since we've heard so much respectful talk about a Paul Newman movie—meaning, of course, your recent film *The Verdict*.

NEWMAN: Yeah, I was very happy with *The Verdict*, because for the first time in a long time, I wasn't Paul Newman playing Paul Newman. I'm not usually happy with my work.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider the role a risk?

NEWMAN: If you played the character as it was written, there was no way to protect yourself as an actor. You had to do it warts and all; vulnerable, unattractive, drunk, fierce, frightened—all those things. He certainly is no strong, virile antihero, like so many of my other roles. Here's a guy who finds himself face down in a urinal and has to do something about it.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there at least one other movie in which you didn't play a very attractive character? We're thinking of *Slap Shot*, in which you played a hockey player almost over the hill.

NEWMAN: I loved that movie. It rates very high as something in which I took great personal satisfaction. It may be about the only one I rate that high. It was deeply original, and while we were shooting it, it got to the point on the ice where you couldn't tell the skaters from the actors.

PLAYBOY: Yet *Slap Shot* received a lot of criticism as a highly violent movie.

NEWMAN: It was cartoon violence.

PLAYBOY: Even though people got the hell beaten out of them in fairly bloody ways?

NEWMAN: I never saw it as a violent film. I don't even know that you ever saw anybody get hit. Well, yes, you did see it a couple of times.

PLAYBOY: It was your favorite, but the movie didn't do so well.

NEWMAN: Well, in the motion-picture industry today, what does it mean to do

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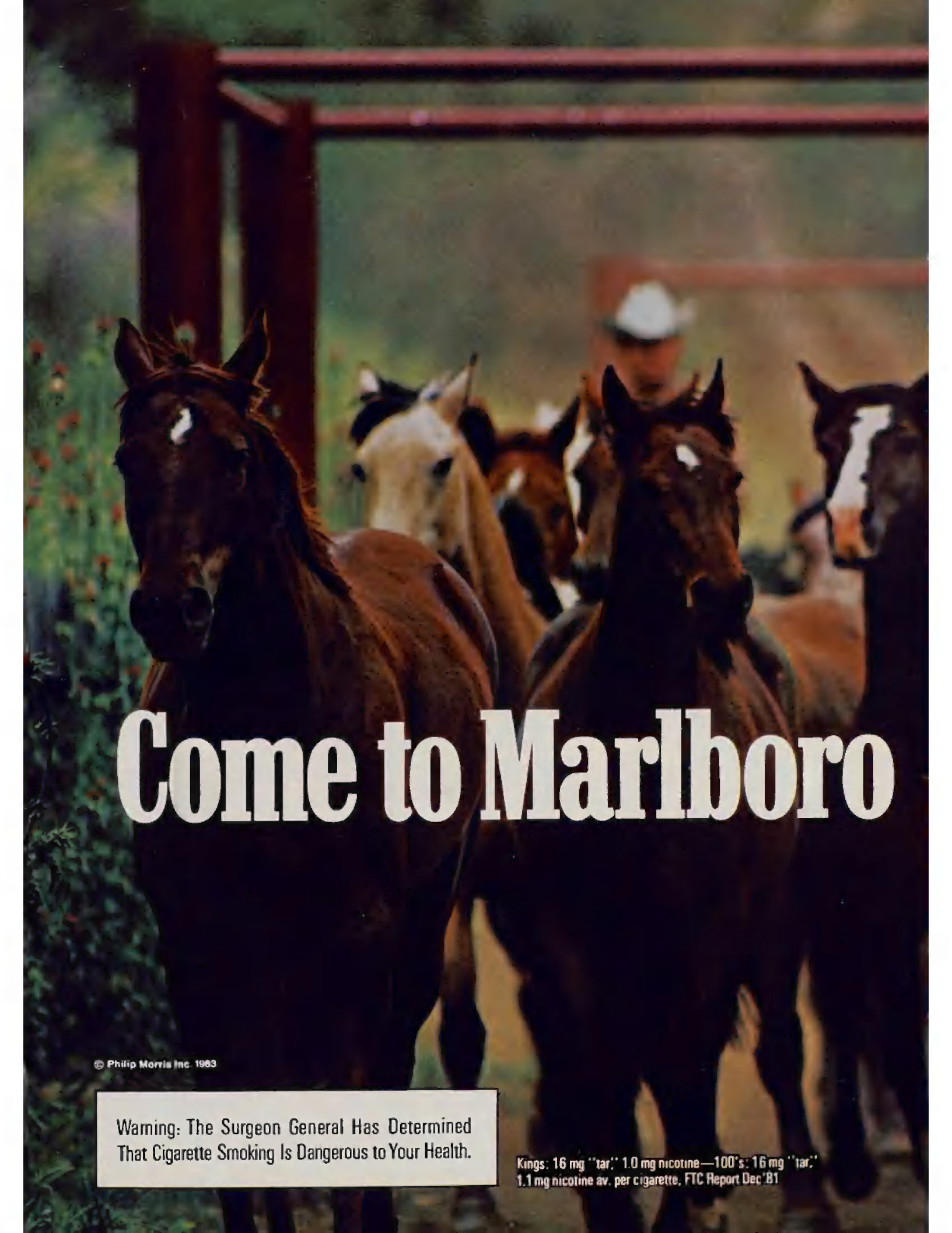
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well? It really has no meaning. This is the worst year for actors and technicians in the history of motion pictures. There are only a few films being shot in Hollywood; there's a 60 percent unemployment rate among the technicians, and that's *with* television. Yet the box office has never been more successful. So what does it all mean? The old-time studio producers might not have been literary giants, but at least they weren't computer-management analysts. Today, it's all demographics. The invention and the fun have been taken out of it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt that you had control of one of your movies all the way from script through distribution through release?

NEWMAN: *Rachel, Rachel* is the only one I can remember. I really hung on to that.

PLAYBOY: You took on two challenges in that movie. One was the directing itself; the second was directing your wife, Joanne Woodward. Why did you want to direct?

NEWMAN: Why not? You have to understand that I have that kind of personality. I just say, why not? Why *not* get into salad dressing? Why *not* race? Directing allowed me to be in control of the entire canvas, rather than just one small part. Also, I was curious to find out if I *could* direct.

PLAYBOY: Your wife said you were the best director she ever worked with.

NEWMAN: Well, what's she gonna say? But [smiles] she's right. She did make it easy for me, though.

PLAYBOY: *Rachel* didn't do very well at the box office.

NEWMAN: Yeah, I guess I had a vision that other people didn't share. It was turned down by every major studio and every major independent producer in the state of California.

PLAYBOY: How *did* you get it made?

NEWMAN: By promising to do two films for Warner Bros. at half my salary; Joanne promised them one.

PLAYBOY: Such is the basis of creativity.

NEWMAN: Such is the payment, or the penalty. Well, what the hell. I tried to talk Redford out of directing *his* movie.

PLAYBOY: *Ordinary People*?

NEWMAN: Yep. I thought the first part of the script was a disaster. But he had a vision of it that I didn't share. And I thought that what Redford finally accomplished, structurally and dramatically, was a triumph. But I don't know what contributions he made to the actors; that's always hard to tell.

PLAYBOY: What about your directorial contributions to *Rachel*?

NEWMAN: Well, it was pretty hard to win the New York Film Critics' Circle Award as best director for that film and then not even get nominated for the Oscar. But I'm not gonna whine about it.

PLAYBOY: Going back to that extraordinary statement you made about feeling that *Slap Shot* was perhaps the most satisfying of all your movies—were you really serious?

NEWMAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Compared with your classics, *Hud* and *The Hustler*?

NEWMAN: When I look at those films today, I realize how hard I was working.

PLAYBOY: How about *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *Cool Hand Luke* and *The Sting*?

NEWMAN: Those films were *there* when I got them.

PLAYBOY: Meaning that you walked through them?

NEWMAN: No, just that a movie like *Butch Cassidy* would have worked no matter how many mistakes we made. But with *Slap Shot* or *The Verdict*, I don't think you could

have made any mistakes and had it work. Look, satisfaction is hard to define. It's what you start with and what you finish with. And the pride you take in that role, as well as audience response.

PLAYBOY: Still, it will be a disappointment to the people who identify you with your role in *The Hustler* to know how little you think of your performance.

NEWMAN: That reminds me of something that happened one evening some years ago when I was playing pool at a local pub. I had played five or six racks and was over by the bar, talking to some people. So this young kid, about 19 and half-bagged, came over and said, "Mr. Newman, I want you

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PLAYBOY: Since you've admitted it yourself, you won't mind being reminded that in his *Playboy Interview*, George C. Scott said he wasn't impressed with your acting in *The Hustler*.

NEWMAN: I don't think I'd have been very impressed, either. I was just working too hard, showing too much.

PLAYBOY: But you are impressed by his work, aren't you?

NEWMAN: Scott? He's electric. Unpredictable, with a marvelous sense of threat and danger, which was so great for his part in *The Hustler*. He was on Broadway recently, playing a light Noel Coward role, and it just split my skull, because he was so fucking outrageous and delicious. He was the wrong man in the wrong part doing it absolutely right.

PLAYBOY: Is there any other actor whose work you admire?

NEWMAN: Well, I've been envious of a number of actors. But if I envy anything, it's more the way a person lives than the way he performs.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

NEWMAN: Olivier.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: Because he always seemed to be able to balance his existence between stage and screen; because there seemed to be in him enough facets—either of his own personality or of his fantasy life—to be able to draw from. He didn't exhaust those facets. He didn't repeat himself. He dared more. Whereas I . . . I seem to have run out of my own skin fairly early. . . .

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

NEWMAN: I seem to have exhausted my ability to create something new after a rather short duration as a performer.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think that about yourself?

NEWMAN: Yeah. I catch myself in movies doing mannerisms that once were successful. If you find that you're just falling back on successful kinds of responses, then it's unsatisfying. Unconsciously, you feel an attitude of dismissal or boredom that encroaches on your own approach. Come to think of it, I can't think of anybody who would be more bored than an actor who did nothing but interviews and did them constantly—to sit down and repeat your response to autograph seekers, critics, newspapers. The only alternative is to lie, to invent a whole new set of circumstances, a whole new set of beliefs, a whole new set of aspirations. That could be fun, because then you would no longer be functioning as a person, you'd simply be functioning as a writer.

PLAYBOY: Since you're in a mood to be honest about your work, what else has dissatisfied you?

NEWMAN: I exclude *The Silver Chalice*, which was terrible, but I simply had no

experience. I also exclude some scripts I had to do under contract.

PLAYBOY: Was *The Silver Chalice* that bad?

NEWMAN: Yes, it was that bad. It's extraordinary that I survived the movie. I'm convinced I didn't know very much about acting at all until a half-dozen years ago. In the final analysis, I'm a very, very slow study. I was a terrible actor when I went to New York. I was scared. I would overprepare, sometimes overthink a role.

PLAYBOY: What about some of those movies around the middle of your career, such as *Torn Curtain*, with Alfred Hitchcock?

NEWMAN: I think Hitchcock chose his actors very carefully, regardless of his legendary feeling that he didn't respect them very much and felt that they were just puppets. The camera shots were predetermined and you simply got up there and did your best. The problem I had with *Torn Curtain* was that I never felt comfortable with the script.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you do it?

NEWMAN: Well, Hitchcock is the reason. The man was a legend. He called me up and said, "Are you interested?" And I said, "Oh, gosh, send me a script right away." And he said, "We don't have a script." Warning bells went off. So I spoke to Hitchcock and we agreed that the idea could work if it were well executed. After all, any bad idea can work terrifically if it's well executed.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

NEWMAN: *The Towering Inferno*. The relationships didn't have what I would call thick, universal and penetrating appeal.

PLAYBOY: Yet you did that movie right after you did *The Sting*. You couldn't find two more different movies if you tried. That is what we're driving at—the contrast between your best work and your schlock.

NEWMAN: You're not gonna get a sensible answer from a fella who put a 351-cubic-inch Ford engine in a Volkswagen. I can't answer that. I did know that something as serious as *Rachel* had a chance on the open market because it dealt with a universal fear. And, in a way, I felt that *Towering Inferno* might be more than just a disaster movie. It dealt with two very real fears of people living anywhere near high-rise buildings: height and fire. I thought it might peripherally have some effect on the fire laws. I think for a while it did.

But as to how I chose my roles, good or bad, it was clear to me at the beginning that there were only certain kinds of roles in which people were prepared to accept me. Strong, virile, antihero roles. Luke, the hustler, Hud. But you know what? *Hud* backfired.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NEWMAN: Well, we thought the last thing people would do was accept Hud as a heroic character. After all, Hud is amoral, greedy, self-centered, selfish, in it for what he can get at the expense of the community. We thought we could give him the external graces: a hot-shot with the

women, a good drinker, brave in his profession, a good barroom brawler. But morally, he's an empty suit. We thought that the audience would be unnerved by that and might be taught by that. But kids thought he was terrific! His amorality just went right over their heads; all they saw was this Western, heroic individual.

The audience is always looking for a definable image. The clown, the girl next door, the sultry seductress, the patrician, the tough kid from the streets, the country-club kid, the momma figure, the poppa figure—all of those are definable characters. And it's easy for each to telegraph a certain kind of radiance to the people in the audience so they don't get bewildered.

PLAYBOY: In which category do you put yourself?

NEWMAN: Oh . . . Yale Law School.

PLAYBOY: Really? Rather than as that sexy guy whom women go crazy over?

NEWMAN: It's funny about that, because when I was in college, I just didn't seem to have any gift for women. As a matter of fact, later, when I understudied Ralph Meeker in *Picnic*, I still seemed to have some problem with the ladies. Ralph is a big, beefy, muscular, sexual, physical kind of a guy. When he left to go on vacation, I played his part for a week, I think. And afterward, I asked Josh Logan, the director, "Could I please play his part on the road?" And Josh said, "Well, it was a very interesting performance, but you don't carry any sexual threat at all." So I worried that bone around for a long time. In fact, I transferred to Kenyon College from Ohio University because I finally wanted to get out of a coed school. I had become much more interested in the ladies than I was in my studies. I really wanted to get a degree. At Ohio, in those days, the sexual revolution hadn't really gotten started. There was much less opportunity to get into trouble. A date back then was sitting around with a bunch of students, drinking beer or going to a film or a hayride, or singing songs by the river.

PLAYBOY: It was all that innocent?

NEWMAN: I don't know that it was so innocent. I mean, everybody was thinking about it; it's just that there were more restraints. I'm not so certain that those were not, in fact, better, more mysterious days. It was like having maybe three deserts a year and relishing them because you simply didn't get them 365 days a year, sometimes for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Nice girls didn't fool around, and nice guys didn't try to fool around with nice girls. Them was the bylaws.

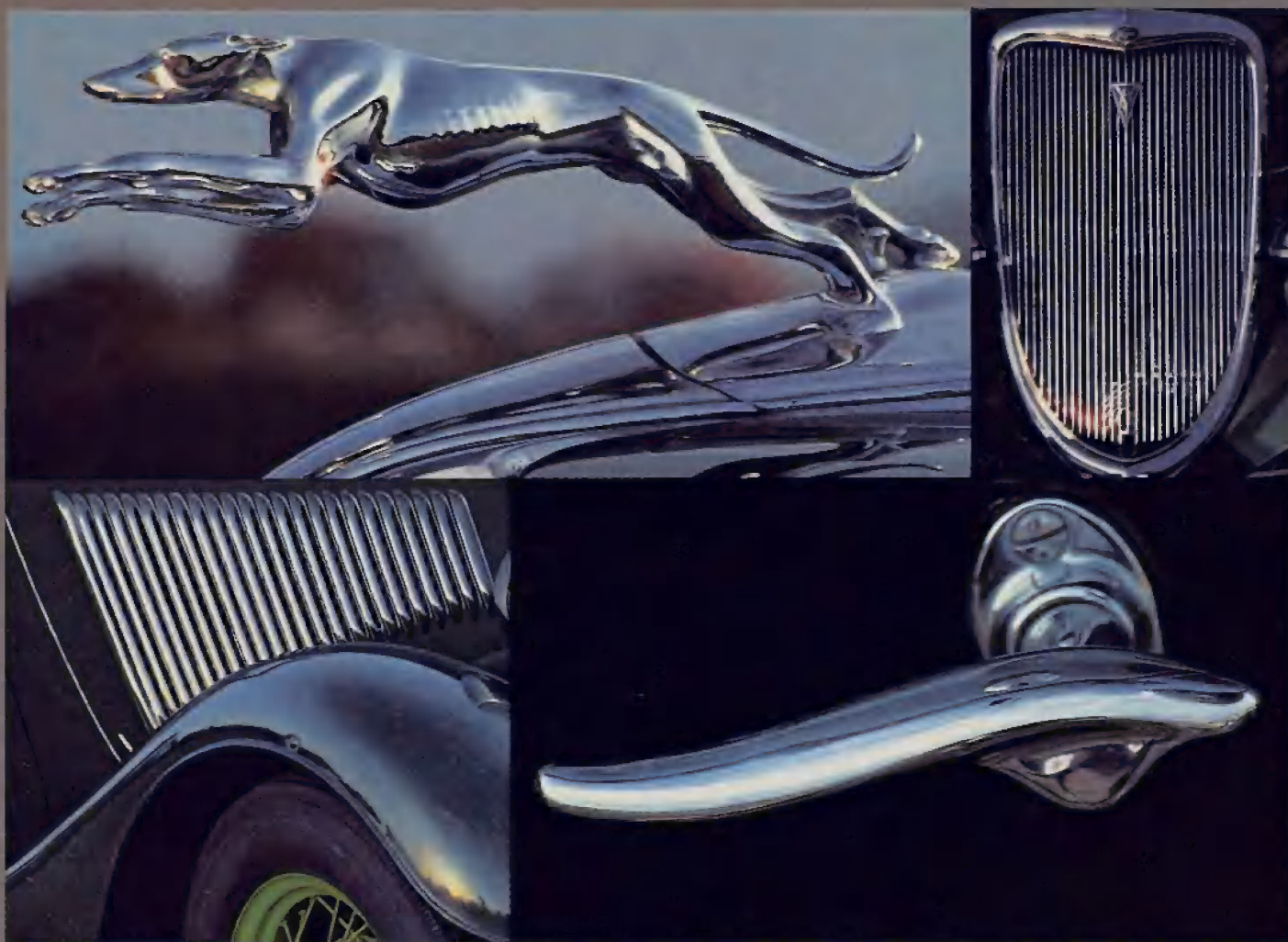
PLAYBOY: When did you break away from them?

NEWMAN: I don't know that I ever did.

PLAYBOY: Even today?

NEWMAN: Even if I did, the extent to which I did or didn't is not for public consumption.

PLAYBOY: In any case, it's certainly a contrast with your admitted image—the



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strong, virile antihero.

NEWMAN: Yeah, but not the animal. Not the true grizzly. I never projected that. I think that as actors, Marlon Brando and Tony Quinn came across that way. It's a tough image to sustain—that you're an animal who has the ability to park in front of a whorehouse without ever getting a parking ticket.

PLAYBOY: That's a nice way of phrasing it.

NEWMAN: Well, we try to be as delicate as we can in print. But Marlon also dared as an actor. It wasn't just image. And his rebellion came out of a true eccentricity, I think, and not as a rebellion for the sake of rebellion nor for the sake of image. I am sorry that he wasn't as disciplined as he was eccentric in his personal life.

PLAYBOY: At one point, there were a lot of comparisons made of you and Brando.

NEWMAN: There's a funny story: When I did *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, I practically lived with Rocky Graziano in New York for two weeks to prepare. Later, the comments and reviews were that I was imitating Marlon. Many years later, I saw Rocky again. He told me, in the way only he could, "I was sparrin' around, really workin' hard, and there was this funny, strange kid standin' here. He'd sit dere and watch, you know? Finally, I sez, 'What are you doin' here, kid?' He sez, 'Well, I'd like you to come and see a show of mine.' I sez, 'What, you mean a stage show?' I don't wanna see no fuckin' stage show! Why'd I wanna see a fuckin' stage show for?" This is Rocky talking, you know; I think that's where my terrible vocabulary came from. So Rocky said, "'Well, kid, do you sing or sumpin'?" He sez, 'No.' I figured the kid was a spear carrier or sumpin'. Anyway, the kid gives me two tickets, and when I tell my wife, she sez, 'Oh, that's a pretty good play.' So we go and see the play, and it's a thing about a streetcar, written by this famous author, whatever it was. And I see this kid onstage. So I sez, 'That kid is playin' me!'"

Well, so much for the Brando comparison. Turns out, we both had the same model. Marlon did his earlier for *A Streetcar Named Desire*, which had already been on the screen by the time I played Rocky. But I didn't know that Brando was playing Rocky. So, in a way, the reviews were accurate.

PLAYBOY: Then what about the Yale Law School image?

NEWMAN: Well, I would still have trouble playing a duplicitous character. I don't think audiences would accept me as that.

PLAYBOY: So aside from the few unsympathetic roles you've taken—such as the latest one, in *The Verdict*—how brave have you been about choosing roles that break your good-guy mold?

NEWMAN: I don't know. To some extent, you're restricted by what is submitted to you. And if people don't see you as a grizzly type, you're not likely to get grizzly parts.

PLAYBOY: Meaning that your good looks

get you certain kinds of roles. Which opens up a wonderful opportunity to dispose of some rumors about your appearance. OK, straight out: Have you had any plastic surgery?

NEWMAN: No plastic surgery.

PLAYBOY: No special injections of blue dye in the eyes?

NEWMAN: No. And I'm also taller than most people think.

PLAYBOY: How about the story that you have special eyedrops flown in from Sweden to make your eyes bluer?

NEWMAN: Come on. Visine? Murine?

PLAYBOY: Have you had your eyes done?

NEWMAN: Done? With these bags, are you kidding?

PLAYBOY: But there *are* stories about your dousing yourself in ice water every day.

NEWMAN: If I've had a bad night's sleep, I take a couple of trays of ice cubes, stick them in the washbasin, turn on the water, get the water freezing cold and stick my head in there. Yeah, it's true.

PLAYBOY: What other idiosyncrasies?

NEWMAN: Well, no one can understand why I take little magnets with me when I travel.

PLAYBOY: OK, why?

NEWMAN: To keep the shower curtain closed. Yes, you take these magnets and simply attach them to the bathtub at intervals and it keeps the shower curtain from blowing around.

PLAYBOY: Scratch another promising rumor. So: We've mentioned the eyedrops from Sweden; they're out. We've mentioned plastic surgery; that's out. What else have we eliminated?

NEWMAN: I think we've probably eliminated my career. Wait a minute! We've missed something here.

PLAYBOY: We have?

NEWMAN: We didn't discuss sodomy or massage parlors. If I talked about *that*, I could run for public office.

PLAYBOY: Why *haven't* you ever run for public office?

NEWMAN: Well, I've been approached. But I won't run. Because I can barely, barely, just barely handle the aspects of my life that are public right now, and I don't think I could handle the dinners, the banquets, the campaigning, the public kind of campaigning.

PLAYBOY: There's also the argument that, as an actor, you should stick to acting and forget politics.

NEWMAN: Well, I'll be damned if I'll give up my citizenship because I'm an actor. I think it's interesting that Jerry Falwell, representing the Moral Majority, is actively opposing the bilateral freeze. Now, there are a lot of liberals out there upholding separation of church and state, saying that he should shut up. But they wouldn't have said the same about Martin Luther King, Jr., who derived considerable strength and financing from his church. *That's* OK. But Falwell isn't allowed the same luxury.

PLAYBOY: Do you support Falwell?

NEWMAN: I support his citizenship. And I

don't think you can deprive him of his citizenship because he's involved with a church. I think he's making a tragic mistake, but I will certainly support his right to make that tragic mistake. That's what's known as having your cake and eating it, too. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Before we get heavily into politics, we've just remembered one more rumor that doesn't fit the image—that you've been through some sessions of est, the self-help program.

NEWMAN: Joanne did it. I didn't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NEWMAN: The one time I was set up to do it, I got the flu, I think. It works on alternate mornings.

PLAYBOY: What, est?

NEWMAN: No, the concept of est. Some mornings, I wake up and I'm very pleased with myself. On those mornings, I could do Molière or Aristophanes. Another morning, I wake up and I'm not very pleased with myself. I feel as if I couldn't do Molière or Arthur Miller or even Walt Disney. On those down occasions, I think I *would* be a candidate for est. I think the only thing that you learn from est, really, is that you are responsible for what you do. I've already accepted that responsibility.

PLAYBOY: When did you accept it?

NEWMAN: Oh, about five minutes ago. Actually, I've always accepted it. If I've had problems, I've never unloaded on my parents or outside circumstances or genetics or anything. I just say, simply, I'm responsible for what I do. I'm also responsible, unfortunately, for a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: Such as whom?

NEWMAN: I think at one time I had 36 people I was basically carrying: secretaries, relatives and children, wives—not wives, well, ex-wife. And, by virtue of that, whoever happened to be in the family.

PLAYBOY: That's a lot of baggage.

NEWMAN: But it hasn't been difficult for me, because I've been able to financially afford it. If it suddenly became a terrible burden, I don't know how I'd treat it. But that seems to have been a pattern in my life. I've never cared about money, so I don't seem to have had any problems making it.

PLAYBOY: Is it as simple as that?

NEWMAN: Yeah, if you don't worry about it.

PLAYBOY: It hasn't corrupted you?

NEWMAN: I'm not saying that it hasn't corrupted me. I'm just saying that at Yale, I ran out of money and had a wife and a child. So that Christmas, I went out and in ten days sold \$1200 worth of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. And at that time, in 1951, that was a lot of money for a school kid. As a kid, I sold Fuller brushes and had a newspaper run.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been broke—other than that one time?

NEWMAN: I've been *very* close. When I opened on Broadway, I had about \$250 in the bank, with a pregnant wife and a child.

PLAYBOY: How did you make ends meet?

NEWMAN: Well, the play was a big hit. It ran about 14 months. If it had been a flop, I'm not sure that you'd be seeing this particular face on the [mockingly] silver screen. I don't know *what* would have happened. For one thing, I think you have to make up your mind very early whether or not you want to create an empire. I'm not very eager to do that. All I want to do is make sure that if I live to be 72 or 76, I won't suddenly be working in a drugstore to support myself.

PLAYBOY: Apparently not, with your kind of luck.

NEWMAN: I've always been lucky; incredibly lucky. The old "Newman luck." Somehow, it's allowed me to get close to a lot of edges without falling off. I think I survived World War Two because of Newman's luck. It's an extraordinary phenomenon. During the war, I was a back-seat man on a Navy torpedo plane. The pilot I flew with had an ear problem one day and we were grounded. The rest of our squad transferred to an aircraft carrier. They were 75 miles off the coast of Japan that day when the ship took a direct kamikaze hit and they all died.

PLAYBOY: What are some other examples of Newman's luck?

NEWMAN: When I was at Kenyon College, to make extra money, I ran a student laundry. In order to attract business, I'd buy a keg of beer every Saturday morning. Guys from school would bring in their laundry and then sit around all day drinking beer. It was a great idea, and I was taking in \$200 or \$300 worth of laundry. Then, when I graduated, I sold it to a friend of mine—and that's when the authorities decided to finally shut it down. That's Newman's luck.

PLAYBOY: Just a second. It may not be earth-shaking news, but *why* did the authorities close down Newman's laundry?

NEWMAN: It may not be publishable.

PLAYBOY: Try us.

NEWMAN: No, I can't handle it.

PLAYBOY: If we did our research correctly, it had something to do with a horse.

NEWMAN: Oh, God, yes.

PLAYBOY: Well?

NEWMAN: Well, I had sold the laundry. Now, this was the kind of town where horses still trotted down the main street. One day, a stallion had the misfortune of standing in front of the laundry. It wasn't long after the Saturday beer had been delivered; one of the college customers had put on a pair of boxing gloves and was seen performing an unnatural act on the stallion.

PLAYBOY: Jerking it off, in other words?

NEWMAN: Suffice it to say they shut the laundry down the next day.

[There's a break in the interview, and it resumes with Newman behind the wheel of a rented Camaro in Florida, taking his daughter to the Fort Lauderdale airport.]

NEWMAN: You figured we'd get around to talking about racing, about driving, right? You know, most American cars can't corner



"Chivas Regal! . . .
Where do you think you are, heaven?"

for shit. [Takes a turn] Hey, this one's not too bad. I'm surprised. But, you know, with driving, as with a lot of other stuff in my life, I was a very, very slow learner. I don't make any claims that I could have been a great professional driver. But I'm a pretty confident amateur.

PLAYBOY: How did you get started?

NEWMAN: I was preparing for *Winning*, a race-car movie. I spent some time with Bob Bondurant in L.A., and he started me off in an 1100-c.c. Datsun sedan, driving around pylons in the parking lot.

PLAYBOY: How did you do?

NEWMAN: Oh, I suppose I was all right at that. The last day, he put me in a Formula B that was kind of out of the box. I think the sway bars were kinked. I think it had massive toe-in and I couldn't point the car. I thought, My God, if this is a race car and I go from this to a Can-Am car, I'm really in trouble, because I was missing apexes by three feet. I drove very cautiously during the picture, because the cars were way over my head.

PLAYBOY: How fast did you go?

NEWMAN: It was nothing to drive 180 miles an hour down the straightaway. That's nothing. It really wasn't until the mid-Seventies—1975 or 1976—that I really began to catch on to what it was all about. And even now, I'm a competent amateur driver. In the professional world—let's say, Can-Am racing or the Champ Car racing or the big stockers—I just don't think I could go that fast. Maybe I could go reasonably fast if I had enough time on the tracks with the equipment. Don't misunderstand. I'm not lacerating myself by saying that I'm a slow starter. In fact, I may even be faintly complimenting myself by saying that whatever I lack in natural ability, I make up for.

PLAYBOY: How did Joanne take to racing?

NEWMAN: She has just been the best of all things through all of this. But she's never put any kind of pressure on me to do anything other than what I'm doing. Well, I don't know if that's an accurate statement; yes, she *does* make requests. Now, I enjoy all aspects of the theater, though after I'd seen *Giselle* for the 19th time, I became resistant. But Joanne and I have a reciprocal-trade agreement. And there are some things that I won't actually go to by myself, but I will with her.

PLAYBOY: What things?

NEWMAN: The 46th running of *Giselle*.

PLAYBOY: What is it about racing—about getting behind the wheel and driving the car—that attracts you?

NEWMAN: I don't know that I've really ever answered that question. It's just something that I really wanted to do and I did it. It's like salad dressing. I just decided one day, Why *not* do it? And it's marvelous to say, "I want to do it because I think it's going to be fun." Then you surprise yourself when you do it, because it is fun. It's just fun; that's all. I can't be competitive about acting, because there's no way you can compete as an actor. What

are you competing against? In auto racing, either you win or you lose. You go across the finish line and come in first or second or ninth—or not at all.

PLAYBOY: Has it helped you as an actor?

NEWMAN: Joanne says it has. Her theory is that I was getting bored as an actor, maybe because I couldn't get out of my own skin any longer. And that I was starting to duplicate myself. She says that she thinks that part of my passion for racing has now bled back into my acting. I don't know. It's as valid a theory as any other I've heard.

PLAYBOY: But what is it that excites you? Is it the speed, the power? Is it the technology? Is it being able to take a turn?

NEWMAN: I suppose that's the final kick—to run a race or run one lap of a race and feel good about what you're able to do with that machinery. Somewhere along the line, I like to think that I went as fast as the car could go, that I went around there at the limit of my own adhesion. That gives me the same good feeling about myself that I have when I figure that I've licked a scene. It's like a gardener who looks at a bed of flowers and knows it's the best.

PLAYBOY: But there's certainly an element of physical danger with racing that doesn't exist with gardening.

NEWMAN: I think the element of risk is in degrees, depending on what kind of car you drive. Guys who drive the formula cars, open-wheel cars, are almost literally in front of the front wheels. They stand a much better chance of getting hurt than I do. The car I drive is pretty well protected.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to people who claim you have a death wish?

NEWMAN: Horseshit. I don't think that's part of it at all. I think the way it is with racers is that somewhere along the line, they like the idea of cars and they start with go-carts. They go from go-carts, when they're old enough to go, into Formula Vees and Formula Fords or Formula Super Vees. And after a while, maybe they feel they can control something that's a little tougher, a little harder, a little faster. And the next thing you know, they're going from Formula Vee to Can-Am cars. I don't think it has *anything* to do with a death wish. The kid who gets into a go-cart when he's 12 certainly has no death wish. And that same kid at the age of 28, when he gets into a Formula I car, has simply graduated and gone on in his profession to what is considered to be the toughest and the best.

PLAYBOY: What about the actor who gets into one of those cars not at 28 but at 58?

NEWMAN: People seem to think for some reason that my personality is embedded in concrete. It isn't. I'm a very whimsical person. So you can't get a straight answer from a whimsical person about a whimsical thing that he does at the age of 58.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you run into some resistance from the pros when you started it—that you were a dilettante, an actor playing at racing?

NEWMAN: No, they just thought I was slow. And I was. Again, I was also lucky.

PLAYBOY: Let's take up Newman's luck again as it affected you professionally. When did it start?

NEWMAN: It's interesting; if you talk with people I worked with in school, they will say I had a great deal of promise. Two years of drama and undergraduate school, a year at Yale for my master's, two years of summer stock and a year of winter stock—but *I really didn't know anything!* I got into the Actors Studio by a fluke; during my audition, they mistook terror—which is what I felt—for performed emotion. Later on, after I'd gotten my feet wet understudying in the Broadway production of *Picnic*, I was up for a live-television role. James Dean and I were supposed to do a TV show called *The Battler*, with Jimmy playing the lead and me in a supporting role. Then he was killed. They asked me to play his part. I said, "I can't do that, emotionally." But I did it—the next day on television, live. Soon after that, I was offered the role of Rocky Graziano. I'm still convinced that if Jimmy had done *The Battler*, he'd have gotten the role in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

Thinking back to that, and to all of my experience since, I suppose I'm just surprised that I'm alive. I'm not a religious person; you can't say God is looking after you because He took Jimmy Dean. You can't say God is looking after you because He gave your pilot an earache but put the 15 other guys in coffins.

PLAYBOY: What *can* you say?

NEWMAN: Well, I guess I just. . . Listen: There was some kind of study done a few years ago—I don't know if it's valid—that measured the many reasons that people ended up in a particular high-income group. It turned out that being in the right place at the right time was the most significant factor. Knowing the right person was the second most important thing. Skills came in third. [At that moment, Newman puts the car through a turn very quickly]

PLAYBOY: And knowing when to put on the brakes?

NEWMAN: And knowing when to put on the brakes. Well, if you had braked slowly and neatly on that turn, you would have missed the light. This way, you slow down very quickly and get down to turning speed and get through the turn. Even in racing, I've just been very lucky—very lucky. If the throttle sticks in a 900-horsepower car, you're OK—except if you're in Lime Rock, Connecticut. And that's where I was once. There are six turns in Lime Rock. It's a very tight track—ups and downs. If the throttle had stuck in any other turn except the one in which it stuck, I would have been in deep, deep . . . *bouillabaisse! Heavy bouillabaisse.* [Laughs] That's just one of the instances. I

(continued on page 158)

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TWO THOUSAND



ANCIENT EVENINGS

*sometimes he might select seven women. and
there had been nights when he celebrated
with twice seven. and i? i had nothing*

fiction by

NORMAN MAILER



part one WHILE I cannot speak of how the Gardens of the Secluded may look today, a hundred women lived there then, and it was the loveliest part of the palace. Behind its walls were many fine houses, and from each kitchen you could hear much gaiety for many of the little queens loved to eat and were merry when there was food before

them. And of course they loved to drink. Each day, after all, was like the one before. The little queens arose long after sounds from the palace beyond their walls had awakened everyone but themselves, and through the morning they would dress one another and hold long conversations over what they would borrow, and tell long tales

of what they had lost to one another. For if the Pharaoh happened to visit a little queen while she was wearing a borrowed necklace, it became her own necklace. Since He had seen it on her, there was no question of giving it back. Of course, His gifts were never loaned so lightly. Any adornment that came from Usermare was not to be touched by



anyone else. Once, a little queen broke this rule, but she was obliged to pay a fearful penalty. Her small toe was severed from her left foot. As quickly destroy the first column of a temple built by Ramses the Great as lend one of His gifts. Afterward, this little queen did not dance, in fact, she hardly moved, and she ate tidbits, like the candied wings of birds, to restore the ache left by the stump of her little toe, and became so fat that everyone called her Honey-Ball. I was told of her when I first entered the harem.

Of course, any man who was not a eunuch would have found it unnatural to serve in the Gardens of the Secluded and know the nearness of so many female bodies. Since they belonged to Usermare, one would no more breathe their perfume too closely than drink from His golden cup. Death to be caught in the act with any one of these hundred women, and so I spoke to the little queens as if they were flowers at the edge of the pond, and did my best to show a face of stone.

I can say that such fear did not please me. Each morning I awoke in the House of the Secluded with more desire to learn the ways of these beautiful women. I saw that my peasant beginnings, no matter how they had been dignified by the achievements of a soldier, would be of no use for comprehending the airs and silly disputes of this harem where I was now the overseer, especially when I did not know if their arts of cosmetics and storytelling, of music and dance and kingly seduction, were as common in this place as an ass and a plow to a peasant, or partook of magic itself. Nor could I decide if the passing quarrels I witnessed each day were as important to the gods as any battle between two men. Indeed, they seemed to be fought as fiercely in some god's service! Truly, it was the most curious period of my life.

In the harem, the trees were so many, and the grounds so full with flowers I had never glimpsed before that I thought there must be more blooms than grew in all of Egypt, such reds and golden greens and flowers with violet and rose and cream and scarlet and petals so soft that the sweet lips of the little queens might have been

whispering on my cheek. Never had I seen such color before, nor these black-and-yellow bridges with silver balustrades and golden posts crossing the ponds that wandered through. A green moss covered the banks, as brilliant in the soft light as any emerald. It was the most beautiful place through which I ever wandered, and a perfume came from the flowers and the fruit trees until even the blue lotus had a sweetness of odor. Since it usually had none, I did not know why I could sniff it until I saw black eunuchs on their knees painting the blue lotus with scented oils, perfuming the carob trees, and the sycamores, even the roots of the date palms whose fronds, above, deepened the shade of the garden.

In the morning, the little queens sang as they brushed one another's hair. They played with their children, gave orders to their servants. Since they could not leave themselves, their cooks were sent to the market for food, and scolded on their return for any flaws in the onions and meat. At the height of the day, the little queens ate at each other's houses and exchanged gifts, then decorated each other with flowers, or sang new songs. They trained their pet greyhounds, their cats and their birds. They told each other stories of their families and taught their children to repeat the names of the gods of the five senses and the four directions of the winds, the gods of the hours of the day and of the hours of the night and the gods in the tombs of the Pharaohs, of Isis and Osiris and Horus and Set, and of the Hidden One, Amon, Father of their own Father, Usermare. And in the late afternoon, after the little queens had slept through the heat of the day, they would meditate on their books of magic or mix their perfume and cosmetics and offer prayers and go once again at twilight to the pavilion to wait for Usermare.

Some nights, He would arrive at just that hour when the light of the early moon would fall upon the radiance of His Chariot, and I would watch from the tower gate as the Royal Runners raced ahead of Him through the street, then fell to the side and kissed the stone lions as the doors flew open. Then He raced in, leaving behind the two platoons of the Royal Guard, the fan-bearer and the

standard-bearer, the mace-bearers and the lancers and they, in turn, bowed to an escort of princes and dignitaries who wheeled in their chariots and returned to their homes through the streets of Thebes, standing beside the grooms of the chariots in the near dark, their bodies jolting to the clatter.

Yet, if there were nights when everyone knew He was coming, other times He surprised all. Sometimes, the little queens waited eagerly for Him when He did not come. Having been given signs by their gods that the occasion was favorable, they were now obliged to assume that other gods had intervened, or had their prayers been spoken in an unclear voice? They would raise a hand for their servant and, furious with the perfume they had chosen (which could also have betrayed them) would walk down to the lake and wash in the moonlight, bathing away the scent of its failure.

There were little queens who might dress every night for thirty nights with much attention yet never be spoken to once by the King. Then, as I came to understand, they were by the end like defeated soldiers and did not try to charm the King again for many months but would stay in their homes and teach their children and wait until another season had come. If they failed on the Flood, they might even wait through all of Sowing and Harvest until the fields were bare again. Some never tried a second time. There were little queens who had lived for ten years in the Gardens of the Secluded and never saw His Splendor—it was enough if they could serve as friend to a little queen who was, for a while, a Favorite.

In the dry season, after I had been Governor of the House of the Secluded for many months, Usermare arrived one night so late at the Gardens that the disappointed women were already bathing in the lake. He was drunk. Never before had I seen Him so. "I have been drunk for three nights on *kolobi*," said Usermare, "and it is the strongest brandy in all of Egypt. Yes, drink *kolobi* with Me," said Usermare as He came through the Gates, and I bowed and said, "No honor is

greater," and gulped it out of the golden goblet passed to me. Usermare asked, "Is the *kolobi* hard to swallow?" When I did not reply, He said, "Does what I say have an evil smell? Drink!"

On this night, Usermare went down to the lake. It was a place He had never visited for so long as I had been there and thereby He surprised the few little queens who were bathing in the moonlight. Indeed they were frolicking before the eunuchs who waited on the shore, holding their robes. Now, they gave a squeak and a cry and the splashing sound of bathers trying to hide themselves. Usermare laughed until one could smell His brandy in the air.

"Come out of the water and amuse Me," He said. "You've played long enough."

So they emerged, some more beautiful under the moon than they could ever be in the light of the sun. Some were shivering. A few of the most timid little queens had not been near to Usermare for the longest time. One woman, Heqat, named after the Goddess of Frogs, had been, on occasion, His companion and another, the fat one, Honey-Ball, had even been a Favorite until her toe was cut off. Now, she bowed before Him but with a flash of her eyes so intense that even in the night, the white of her eyes was whiter than linen. Although Honey-Ball was very fat, she carried herself as if she were the greatest little queen of them all, and did not look fat at this moment but powerful. Her hips were like the hips of a horse.

Then they were all out of the water, and their eunuchs put forward golden chairs so that they might sit about Him in a semi-circle, but Usermare asked, "Who will drink the *kolobi* with Me?" and of them all, only Honey-Ball reached forward her hand. He gave it to her and she drank and handed back the cup and I poured more *kolobi* for the Pharaoh.

"Tell Me stories," said Usermare. "I have been drinking this brandy of Egypt for three days, and I would have done better to swallow the blood of a dead man. I have awakened each morning with a blow in My head from the ghost, but I do not know which ghost."

The smell of His brandy lay on the night air, full of the wounds of the grape. Usermare had lungs to breathe the flames of fire itself, but the little queens sat with throats full of unseen smoke. Heavy was their fear of the invisible fire of the brandy.

"Heqat," He said, "amuse Me." He burped. The queens giggled hopefully as if the sound might lap at the edge of His fire and soothe it. Tonight, however, He had had so much of the *kolobi* that they laughed in great doubt, not knowing if their mirth was soothing His temper, or inflaming it.

"Great and noble Two-House," said Heqat, "I would wish to tell a story that

does not displease You."

"Tell no stories of frogs, then. You are much like a frog yourself."

Usermare always spoke to Heqat in just this manner. It was apparent He could not bear her appearance. She was the ugliest of the little queens, and for that matter could be the ugliest in many a group of women.

Now, in the darkness, by the bank of the lake, Heqat said, "In Syria, to the east of Tyre, the brides of many men are bought at auction. The most beautiful bring a good price to their family, but for ugly women in whom there is no interest, the father of the bride must pay the groom. So there comes an hour in the auction, when the passage of money changes its course, even as the tides of the Very Green wash out and then wash back. Much money is paid by the father of the ugliest bride."

The story had succeeded in capturing Him. There were murmurs from the little queens. "It happened," said Heqat, "that one woman was so ugly her new husband grew ill when he looked at her. Yet, one night soon after her marriage, she was befriended in a dream by the Goddess Astarte who said, 'I am bored by beauty. I find it common. So I take notice of you, poor ugly girl, and offer these words of magic. They will protect your husband and sons from every disease but the one chosen to kill them.' Then Astarte disappeared. The husband of this ugly woman, however, grew so rich in vigor that he made love to his ugly wife every night and they had many children who were also healthy. When at last the husband died of the one disease chosen to kill him, the woman asked to be auctioned again. By this time her power to take good care of those who lived closest to her was so well known that she commanded the highest price at the auction. More was paid for her than for the loveliest bride. Thereby, every principle of beauty was turned about on that day. Now, in my land, they cannot tell the good-looking women from the ugly, and they honor long, crooked noses."

She bowed. Her tale was done. A few of the little queens began to giggle, but Honey-Ball commenced to laugh. Her mirth came from a powerful throat, yet the sound was so rich at its foundation and spoke so well of the recollection of old pleasure, that I thought it beautiful.

"Have more *kolobi*," said Usermare. "Take a good swallow. Your tale is next."

Honey-Ball bowed. Her waist was as thick as the waist of any two women beside her, but she bowed well enough to touch her knee.

"I have heard of a goddess," she said, "who has rose-colored hair. None know Her name."

"I would like to see such a goddess," said Usermare. His voice was as powerful as her voice.

"Great Ozymandias," she said, and there was mockery as delicate as the lift of a wing in the manner she spoke the name, for it was the one by which nations to the East would call Him, "if You were to see this rose-colored goddess, You would hold Her, and then She would be a goddess no more but a woman like any of us."

The little queens giggled with great happiness. The insult was safely contained in the compliment, and Usermare could only reply, "Tell your tale, Hippo, before I give a squeeze to your belly, and the banks of this lake are covered with oil."

"A million and infinity of apologies," said Honey-Ball, "for delaying Your amusement. Oh, Great Ozymandias, the skin of this goddess with rose-colored hair was white, and so She loved to lie in a marsh by the green of the wet marsh-grass. There came one day a shepherd who was also beautiful, and stronger than other men. He wanted Her as soon as he saw Her, but She said, 'First, you must wrestle in My pool.' He said, thinking to tease Her, 'What if I lose?' Oh, She told him, he must give Her a sheep if he lost. The shepherd seized Her hair, and pulled Her to him. Her head smelled as sweet as the rose, but his hands were trapped by the thorns in Her hair. So She seized him by the thighs and threw him, and sat on his head. Then he discovered thorns in the hair of the other forest. Oh, his mouth was bleeding before She let him go. He had to give Her a sheep. Next day, he came to fight again, and lost, and gave up another animal. He fought every day until his flock was gone, and his lips were a sorry mouth."

Now, Honey-Ball began to laugh and could not stop. The power of her voice, like the first rising of our flood, had a strength to pull in all that was on the banks. One by one, other little queens began to laugh, and then the eunuchs, until all were sharing the spirits of this story.

Maybe it was the *kolobi*, or it could have been the whim of the King, but when the merriment of the little queens did not cease, He, too, began to laugh and drank half a goblet, and passed what was left to Honey-Ball. "Ma-Khrut," He said, "you are True-of-Voice, indeed," and by the way I heard it, resonant as a bell, I knew that Ma-Khrut had been her name in the days when she was slender and beautiful and most well regarded, for Ma-Khrut is a title given only to the greatest and wisest of priests, He-Who-Is-True-of-Voice, he who utters the sounds of the most profound prayers in the clearest and firmest tones (since in that manner he is able to send back in recoil, like an army in flight, all gods who might interfere with the prayer). None but High Priests are granted such a title of respect. Yet here was Honey-Ball given the name of Ma-Khrut. It could only
(continued on page 118)



"The public is not permitted to congratulate the performers before the end of the show."



GOING NATIVE

television's pamela bellwood visits another dynasty—among the masai of kenya

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



SHE'S ACTUALLY rather low class and economically deprived, and she's not very intellectually realized or thought out or satisfied. She's the kind of person I don't really know and never really will."

That's actress Pamela Bellwood talking about her video alter ego, Claudia Blaisdel, perhaps the only *certainly* demented character in the hugely successful ABC-TV serial drama *Dynasty*. If you know Claudia, then you haven't an inkling of what Pamela is like.

For instance, Claudia is now in an insane asylum, put there by a merciful team of writers. But her consignment to a padded pantry put Pamela on the bricks—for a while, anyway.

Strangely, there were no tears for Claudia in the Bellwood household, because while Claudia gets her head straight, Pamela is free to roam the world, a passion in which she unashamedly overindulges.

"I don't know why I love to travel so much," Pamela says, "but I really do. To me, it's very heady to just pack your bags and get on a flight and wind up just someplace you've never been. I *love* that. And the rougher it is, the better I like it. I love trekking through the jungle and coming upon a village that no one's been to and having pigs moved out (text concluded on page 92)



On a photo safari for *PLAYBOY* (top and left), Pamela meets the animals and the people of Kenya. From the *Dynasty* cast (above) are Charlie's newest angels (from left), Linda Evans, Pamela, Heather Locklear, Pamela Sue Martin, Jaan Collins and, in front, Blake Carrington, actor John Forsythe.

An experienced traveler, Pamela Bellwood goes native (below and right) in a special fantasy sequence staged for PLAYBOY. In the shot directly below, Pamela is greeted by the Masai warriors of Kenya and joins in their ritual jumping dance. Then, after being stripped, her body is painted by various members of the tribe, as a sign of her acceptance, with the ocher usually reserved for the male Masai.



The heads of Masai men and women are usually shaved and some of the men wear ochered and plaited wigs for ceremonies. While the men wear little, the women are always clothed. Only young, unmarried women are allowed to bare their breasts. The Masai are actually a collection of tribes in Kenya and Tanzania that speak Maa and live a nomadic life, existing mostly on the cattle herds they keep. Although our shoot broke a lot of their rules, the Masai apparently enjoyed the experience. Says Pamela, "They were wonderful actors. If you hired people, you couldn't get better reactions."

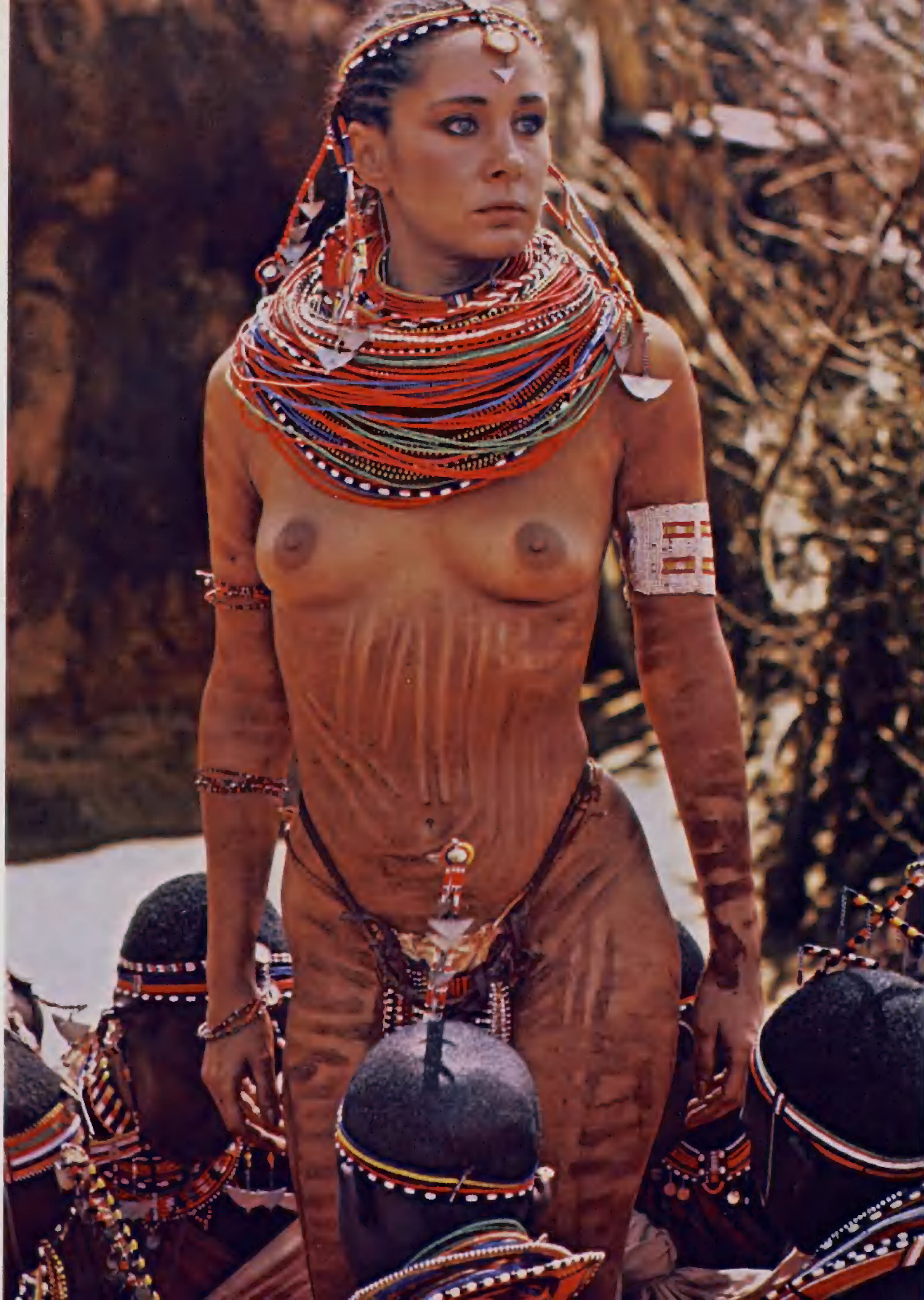






After going through the painting ritual, Pamela is transformed into a Masai tribesman, complete with the colorful beaded necklace, headdress and loincloth of the warrior. The beads are handmade by the tribes, but the metal spears and bracelets are imported, because the Masai religion forbids smelting and ironwork. Pamela engaged in some spear throwing and a game of bamboo-stick throwing with the men—all in fun, of course.







The reaction of the Masai to all this? "They didn't take offense," says Pamela, "they just thought it was very funny. I have to admit that I didn't look as good as they did in their costumes." As for Pamela, she's already contemplating a return visit on her next hiatus from TV.





of a mud-floored hut so I can sleep there. And eating with people whom I can't even communicate with verbally. There's a link that exists among people that's nonverbal. It's a behavioral link. And I've found that in so many places, and that's *fascinating*."

We caught Pamela on a refueling stop at her home in Los Angeles. In her particular neighborhood, a mud-floored hut is the result of a hot tub's overflowing. The house, though spacious, is not luxurious. It's almost Spartan by Hollywood standards. The one fairly rich-looking piece we commented on, an ornately carved bed from Thailand, was offered to us for sale. It is clearly the home of people who aren't home much.

Pamela lives there—when she's there—with Nik Wheeler, a British-born photojournalist. Along with Nik, and in her capacity as a writer for a French press syndicate, Pamela has covered the wild-mustang roundups in Nevada, East African wildebeest migrations, Filipino gun patrols, rhinoceros poaching in Kenya, river rafting in Thailand, swamp-buggy racing in Florida, World Cup soccer in Argentina, the Cannes Film Festival and the Holmes-Cooney fight, among other things.

We talked with her just after her trip to Africa and just before her junket to Japan.

In the manner of a true travel junkie, Pamela tells time by her shots: "It was about four days before we left for New Guinea, because I remember taking my malaria pills" or "It was the day before we were leaving for Japan and I had gotten my yellow-fever shots."

She calls herself an observer and makes no apologies for an insatiable curiosity. But there is more than observing going on in her. There is a lot of participating. And curiosity is a modest euphemism for her drive to learn. Her latest African jaunt was PLAYBOY's idea: a 36-hour flight to the Masai Mara, a game preserve in Kenya, and another hour and a half by Land-Rover to a remote Masai village—to shoot the wild Blwood in her preferred habitat.

The Masai, while dignified, are also fun-loving. But they are far enough off the beaten track never to have heard of PLAYBOY; i.e., truly remote. The cultural differences were immediately apparent.

"We found an old T-shirt," Pamela recounts, "and a baggy pair of green shorts that we were going to use for the shoot. We decided to cut the shorts to make them shorter and sexier. The Masai men were standing around watching. Then one of them, as we were cutting the shorts—and we were cutting them real high—came over and said, 'I think that is enough. I think that is more than enough.' It was sweet."

"They have a sense of etiquette. Only the unmarried women are allowed to show their breasts. Once you're married, you can't bare your chest at all. Most of the shooting we did was with married women, who

didn't mind the fact that I was bare-breasted. But then I put on this kind of loincloth, and all the women walked away and sat under a tree. They wouldn't come back as long as I was wearing that. Because, even though it's all right to show the upper part of your body, they never show their legs at all. The men show their legs, but the women wear skirts. Showing bare legs was very unnerving to them."

The Masai also tend to be very discriminating in what they pick up from Western civilization or, at least, from the little to which they're exposed. "For instance," Pamela continues, "the Masai cut their earlobes and stretch them into large loops. Sometimes, in the tribes that are close to the tented camps, you'll see them walking around with film cans in their ears. On the other hand, when they saw my hair [cornrowed with beads at the time], one of them came up to me and looked at my beads and just said, 'Plastic.' The ones who spoke English were very funny."

"The Masai are such a beautiful people. When you look at the faces of some we shot, they are so magnificent. And they're such a gentle people. Sensuous and colorful. If this pictorial makes them more accessible to people who will never get to see them, then it will be a good thing. I hope it shows their beauty, a beauty I couldn't hope to match."

If Pamela is smitten by the Masai, she is just as enamored of the land and the animals of Kenya.

"The earth is a magnificent color," she rhapsodizes. "It's ocher, bright orange-red clay. And the flowers are extraordinary. Bright yellows and oranges and pinks all in combination with the really fresh green, plus magnificent vistas, beautiful rivers and lakes. And amid all that, wildlife that you don't have anywhere else in the world. It's as close to Eden as you can imagine."

But Pamela saw trouble in paradise, too. "I saw all these impalas that were just dying. A lot of animals were dying because of the drought. Females were dying in childbirth because they didn't have the strength to deliver their calves. So you would see babies kind of half out of their mothers and both of them dead. Or hyenas just waiting for a mother to deliver. They're such thieves! They'll just snatch the baby from her."

"There are barbed-wire fences around the game preserve. I saw impalas jump through the barbed wire because the drought was so severe. They get caught and just push themselves through. It's very upsetting to see an animal disoriented like that. And yet, the first time I went to Africa, it was like going home. I don't know why, but I remember seeing a mountain in the northern part of Kenya that I felt I'd seen before—that I'd been there before. I remember getting up at dawn and having breakfast on that moun-

tain and feeling that I could spend the rest of my life there. I've never had that feeling any other place. So Africa is a very, very, very special place for me."

Pamela Bellwood is a native of New York. She attended a fashionable Eastern college that she refuses to name. She describes her family as "a middle-class family from the East Coast, business-oriented. My father is very involved in the stock market. An establishment family."

She began her acting career on the stage in Boston, London and New York successively. Her movie credits include *Two-Minute Warning*, *Airport '77*, *Serial*, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* and *Hangar 18*. You've seen her on the tube in *Mannix*, *Police Story*, *Baretta*, *The Hallmark Hall of Fame* and in the Faye Dunaway role in TV's version of *Network*, which was called *WEB*. (Pamela actually took the role of Claudia Blaisdel to avoid being typecast as the "hard-bitten female-executive type" she had played in *WEB*.)

Still, nothing in her background would explain her predilection for mud floors. The fact is, she lives two completely separate lives. The acting finances the travel and the travel broadens the acting talent. We wondered if it were the contrasting danger that attracted her to the wanderer's life. Pamela wondered where the real danger was.

"I'd much rather sleep in a tented camp knowing there are hippos or lions outside that can be very dangerous if you have to go to the outhouse at three in the morning—I'd rather deal with that kind of danger than with the element of danger coming from sophisticated hypocrisy and back-stabbing. We feel out of the bush and into the jungle when we come back to Los Angeles. One time, I was in a little village in northern Thailand at an elephant roundup. I had to fly back here to have lunch with this Beverly Hills lawyer in a Beverly Hills restaurant. And he told me that the stereo set that he put in his office cost him \$40,000, but it gave great music and it was the same kind that Barbra Streisand had. I was thinking that the entire gross income of the village I had just left 24 hours earlier was probably smaller than the cost of his stereo system. So if you ask me why I travel, why I like to go places, it's just to gain a larger perspective than you get here."

"I mean, I like my pretty house and I like nice cars and creature comforts. It's nice to be able to have them. But I think what is not nice is not to be able to live without them. I don't think that would be a problem for me, though I'm not yet ready to give them up. But I don't think you have to give up one thing for the other. I'm trying to achieve a balance in my life. So far, it's satisfying."





*"Now repeat after me—'A satyr is never too
tired, a satyr is never too busy.'"*





when the porn-film business' biggest male star went on trial for murder, it forced a remeasuring of the man

article **By AL GOLDSTEIN**

THE HARDER THEY FALL

One of the shadowy figures leaned over the body and, with his right hand, propped himself against the brass bedstead. The cocaine in him rolled his emotions into a tight, focused ball, so that, somehow, the coolness of the brass impressed him to about the same extent as the astonishing amount of blood flooding from Ronald Launius' mangled skull. He didn't feel panic—the coke took care of that. He felt the cool brass and watched the bright-scarlet blood.

The steady impact of the black poker on flesh continued upstairs. It sounded like a sock filled with sand being thrown against concrete. The figure heard someone say, "Give me some help with his legs" and idly wondered if it were Deverell's corpse they were moving. Someone—Lind's girl—was pleading not to be killed with a voice so terrified as to sound inhuman. There were low moans from Susan Launius. The figure heard them but kept quiet about it. When the others left the house, he did, too. They went through the wrought-iron gate, leaving it open even though the pit bulls had gotten loose and were at run in the yard. The group crossed Wonderland Avenue, got into their car and drove down Laurel Canyon toward Sunset Strip.

IT WAS AROUND FOUR A.M. on July 1, 1981, in the Hollywood Hills. What was left behind in the smeared-mustard-stucco box home at 8763 Wonderland Avenue was a grisly scene of mass murder.

Joy Audrey Miller, clubbed to death, had rented the house for \$750 a month. A fringe figure with a history of arrests, she had been observed actually doling out drugs in front of the house at least eight times—this according to police affidavits filed in the case for which she was, at the time of her death, being prosecuted. At 46, she was a bizarre cross between Ma Barker and Edie Sedgwick, the matron of a drug-and-burglary ring, her house a demotic Eighties version of a crash pad. She had been through bouts with cancer, had had both breasts removed but had battled physical exhaustion to continue trafficking. Neighbors thought she lived off money from her father, the owner of a liquor store

where Joy used to clerk. The 1969 280 SL Mercedes was an emblem of her success and its limitations. The recently purchased pit bulls were an emblem of her fear.

William Ray Deverell, clubbed to death, was Miller's lover. He, too, had a long string of arrests—13 between 1952 and 1958, seven for narcotics—but lately, police had been unable to arrest him at the Wonderland Avenue address, because Miller insisted on taking responsibility for all the drugs in the house. She was shielding Deverell, a saving grace in her life, a good, strong man. He was next to her on the floor when they found him.

Ronald Launius, clubbed to death, was a Sacramento import who passed himself off as something of a desperado. He, too, had a history of arrests, including one for murder. A Sacramento cop described Launius as "one of the coldest people I have ever met" and detailed a drug-smuggling scam that had Launius using teenagers to ferry drugs across the Mexican border in rebuilt cars. Witnesses in his court cases had shown a strange predilection for turning up dead. The ultimate irony about Launius, however, was that he was killed with a lethal case of blood poisoning in his veins. Left untreated, he would have died anyway from a dirty needle.

Barbara Lee Richardson, clubbed to death, was murdered for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. She was the girlfriend of David Lind, Launius' partner, and was crashing in the living room at Wonderland Avenue. Lind had apparently been one of the murderers' targets but had left before the killers arrived. Richardson was his replacement.

The killers had left four corpses littering the floors at Wonderland Avenue. The neighbor who discovered the scene described it as looking as if someone had taken a couple of buckets of blood and flung it over the walls. The police had a more cynical tag for it. They were calling it the four-on-the-floor murders.

The fifth victim, Susan Launius, had part of her face and skull bludgeoned, her neck torn and bruised, the tip of the little finger of her right hand severed in what hospital people were calling a classic defense wound. She had come from Sacramento in an attempt to patch things up with Ron, her estranged husband, and it was only by the most awful twist of fate that she was present that night. Susan was to be the cops' star witness if she survived; but when she did, she said she remembered seeing only "shadowy figures." Shadows don't kill, they told her. Only shadows, she said. She drifted in and out of consciousness for 12 hours after the massacre, until a neighbor finally heard her low moans and walked in on the aftermath of the killings. Her cries of the early morning before had not elicited a response.

It was not unusual to hear noise from 8763, neighbors said. There were a lot of late-night parties, jacked-up stereos, screams. Strange guests came and went at all hours. The landlady had once rented the house to members of Paul Revere and the Raiders. Neighbors thought the band had been quiet by comparison.

Laurel Canyon is the kind of place one expects to be an enclave. The wooded Hollywood Hills provide a sense of sanctuary. Every news account about the murders soberly reported the fact that Jerry Brown's house was only two blocks from where Launius, Miller, Deverell and Richardson were killed. Early in the investigation, the murders were characterized as Manson-style hacking deaths, terrifying everyone. The Manson business had been too random, too casual as to choice of victim. Everyone in Laurel Canyon hoped the deaths were drug- or business-related. No one wanted the specter of chance death invading his refuge.

Ten minutes from this refuge, down winding roads perfect for road testing a Ferrari or a Porsche, the Strip rolls out its shabby carpet of decadence. Here is another world—harsh, menacing, abrasive, impotent. It is the world of the locust, the poseur, the objectless hustle. One of its prominent denizens was Adel Nasrallah, a name he had Americanized—no doubt to give everyone an idea of his sense of taste—to Eddie Nash. A night-club owner—of the defunct rock showcase the Starwood, the soon-to-be-defunct Seven Seas, Ali Baba on the Strip, a lot of gay clubs (though authorities would charge that the clubs were only part of his dealings)—Nash was busted three times for drugs in the months surrounding the murders. Once, when police came up with \$1,000,000 in coke from his private safe, his lawyers argued that it was for personal use. After the murders, his name would crop up in the L.A. media with increasing frequency—in an arson ring of which he was the only one acquitted among four coconspirators, the others convicted of racketeering and mail fraud. Then there was an overdose death at Nash's Studio City home: one Domenico Fragomeli, Nash's driver and butler.

But it was the link to the Laurel Canyon murders that would prove most troublesome to Nash over the next months. Greg Dewitt Diles, his massive, blubbery bodyguard—at 300 pounds a mountain of black lava—would be arrested for the murders and then be released for lack of evidence. Even the prosecution would characterize the deaths at Wonderland Avenue as "the gruesome revenge of Eddie Nash."

The trial for the murders would not be that of Nash, however. Based on a palm print found on the premises and on statements made by the police, John Curtis Holmes, an X-rated superstar who gave

his trade as "actor and screenwriter," would be arrested and charged with the killings nearly six months after they took place. The press had a field day with sex-and-death porn-star headlines, and Holmes's arraignment would send shock waves through the tightly knit pornography industry in California.

Across the continent, the news about Holmes filtered into my office like a disease-carrying miasma. I reacted as strongly as the California porn community to the details of his alleged involvement with mass murder but for a different reason. It wasn't just dollars and cents to me. For a good part of my adult life, I have been obsessed with John Holmes. This was not simply porn's leading man who was in trouble but one of my personal heroes. And even though a jury, not convinced beyond a reasonable doubt, would eventually acquit Holmes of being one of Susan Launius' shadowy figures that morning in Laurel Canyon, I would soon find that John Holmes has been a shadowy figure all his life.

I had followed Holmes's career with an avidity that bordered on neurosis. As the publisher of *Screw*, I was in a position to observe and critique every prick in the X-rated business. As a Jewish male, I was unable to lose a simple fascination with size as a quotient of sexual prowess. And Holmes's prick was *huge*. I recall the first time my paper had remarked upon a certain newcomer on the smut scene, then anonymous, as "that schmuck from L.A. with the enormous cock. . . ." A star was borne between Holmes's legs.

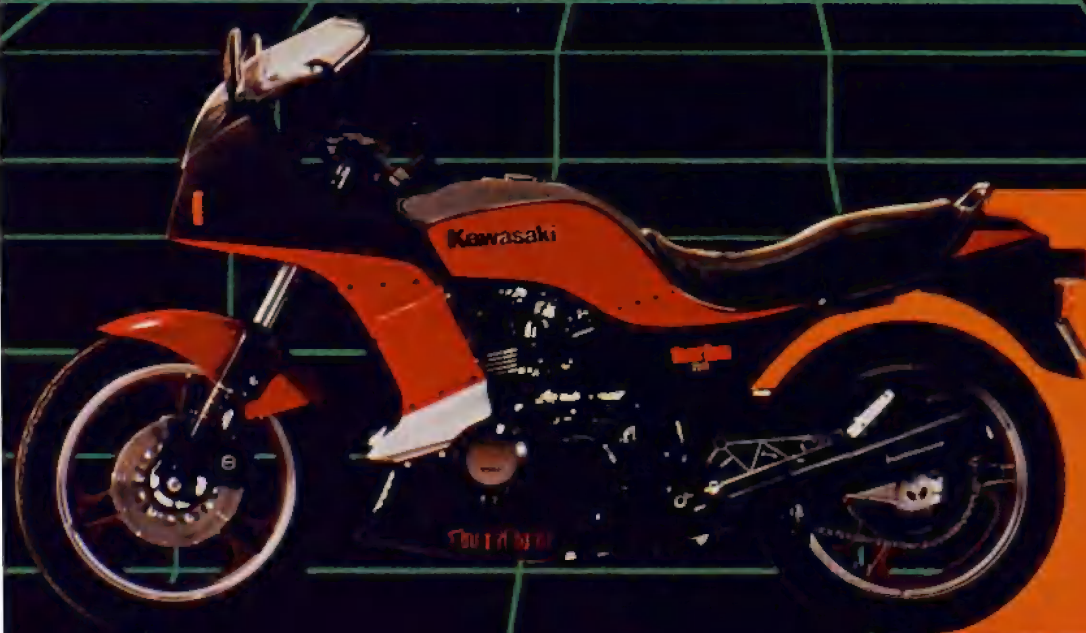
That was in 1972. Over the next years, as the sexual revolution blossomed and the number of porn stars and movies burgeoned, Holmes unleashed his "14 inches of dangling death" in 2500 films, loops and features, finally to become the brightest star in the rather murky firmament of smut. Now, as the connection between Holmes and the Laurel Canyon murders became apparent, I couldn't help marveling at the direction Holmes's life had taken. Johnny Wadd, one of his main personae in his films, was a sullen, *macho*, gun-wielding shamus—porn's parody of a hard-boiled dick—exactly the type who would be involved with characters such as Eddie Nash, Greg Diles and something called the four-on-the-floor murders. It all sounded like a lousy screenplay. There were bitterly satiric Holmes jokes circulating in the *Screw* offices ("Bludgeoning? I think he was just naked and turned around fast without warning anyone!"). Calls came in daily from porno and publishing luminaries with gossip about the case.

Through it all, I tried to graph the porn world's connection to the Laurel Canyon murders, trying to define the limits of porn's culpability. Were the moralists
(continued on page 100)

TURBO HAS BECOME the buzz word of the Eighties. Just about every car manufacturer has released a turbo model. There are turbo jeans, turbo pizzas—name it and they market it. Even Johnny Carson got into the act, with Floyd R. Turbo, American. It was only a matter of time before the men who make motorcycles went back to the drawing boards and machine shops. When Honda introduced a 500 Turbo at the Cologne motorcycle show in 1981, the whole world sat up. Early reviews of the turbo bikes followed a similar theme: These were Clark Kent/Superman cycles. You'd be riding along the street on an adequate sports bike. A challenger

The Kawasaki KZ750T is the latest entry into the world of turbo bikes. Expected to arrive midyear, the bike is a technological marvel, weighing 500 pounds, with an engine that puts out 110 horsepower. The bike features digital fuel injection and an antidive front end. We're talking serious adrenaline here. Estimated price: \$4000.

turbo



ROAD WARRIORS

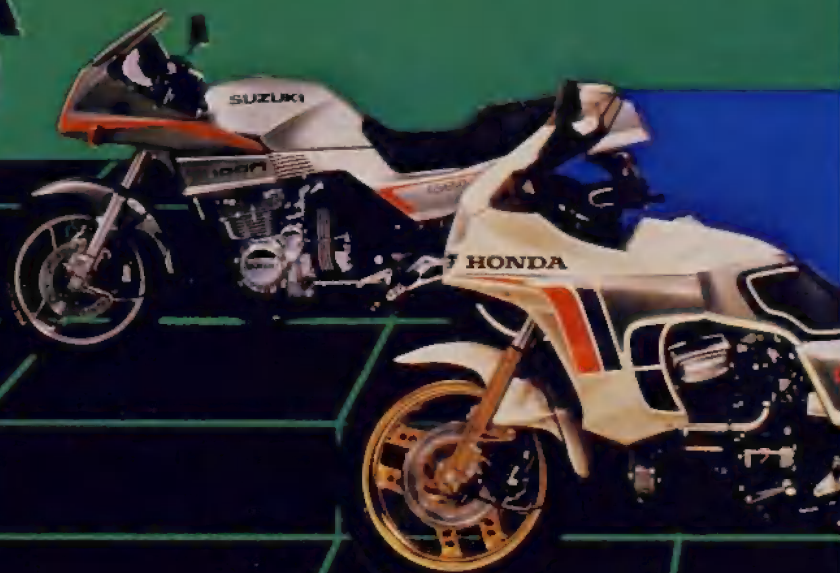
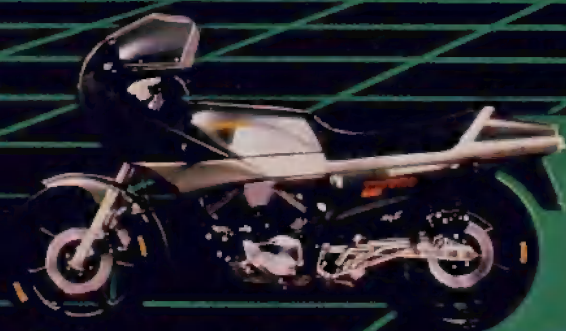
*the turbocharge
of the light brigade*

A generation of café racers preceded the Moto Morini Turbo 500 (below, far left). The result is light (403 pounds), powerful (70.5 horsepower at 8300 rpm) and fast (134 mph top). The turbo kicks in at the flip of a switch. It's imported by Herdan Corporation, Port Clinton, Pennsylvania. Estimated cost: \$5000. High Italian tech.

The Suzuki XN85 (second from left) may be the closest thing to a street-legal G.P. racer that money (\$4700) can buy. The bike features a 16-inch front wheel, prototype full floater suspension and electronic fuel injection. This canyon crusader is light (506 pounds) and powerful (the XN85 refers to estimated horsepower). Yikes!

The Honda CX500 Turbo (third from left) was the first in the field—a \$4898 machine so revolutionary that it warranted about 240 patents. Honda is not content to sit on its laurels and plans to introduce a larger version this year, boosting the liquid-cooled engine to 650 c.c. Triple disc brakes provide stopping power.

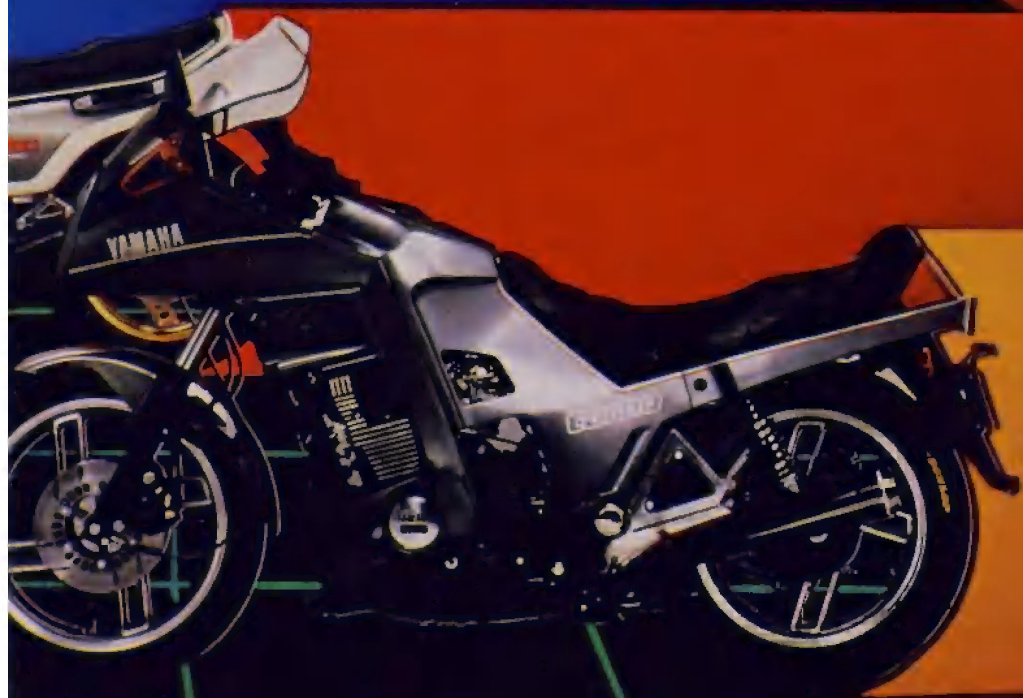
turbo



If George Lucas had designed motorcycles, the result would have been the Yamaha Turbo Seca 650 (below right). Sleek, stylish and swift, it features a four-cylinder turbocharged engine for speed, a shaft drive for smoothness and an on-board microcomputer to monitor malfunctions. A most visually pleasing bike. About \$5000.

would pull up next to you. A quick drop of the wrist and your motorcycle would change personalities, blowing that sucker off the road. Some writers compared the change to David Banner's transition to The Incredible Hulk. Twist the throttle, there's a heartbeat lag, and then your heart stops altogether. The turbo kicks in and you suddenly have the horsepower of an 1100-c.c. bike. The acceleration is not linear. You inhale the speed. One second you are doing 40, the next 100—*just like that*. Pull out to pass a car and, before you know it, you are in the next state. You may run out of road long before you run out of bike. The future is now.

turbo



SPECIAL EFFECTS ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GIBSON

HARDER THEY FALL (continued from page 96)

"I had always thought of it as a salami, but I've heard it compared to a woman's forearm, a cannon...."

right? Was this the domino theory of ethics—jerk off leading to smoking dope leading to snorting coke leading to murder and mayhem? Holmes and I had appeared together at countless sham celebrations of porn's success, the type of nonevents at which men with unclean fingernails glad-hand actresses whose perineas are more recognizable than their faces. Holmes and I seemed to share an insider's disdain for the porn establishment, he because he felt it had ripped him off, I because I was sickened by the bad-faith hypocrisy that infected it—that organization of bald-headed businessmen whose wives tell people that their husbands are in import/export, who call fuck films "erotica," who feel comfortable only when they can apply the word genre to porn. Had those pretentious, hypocritical moneymen distorted the ethics of poor John Holmes to the point that he thought it was all right to get involved in murder?

I had interviewed Holmes for *Screw* and had filled in what I had thought was a fairly accurate, if composite, portrait of the man. I thought we had become friends. And beyond friendship, there was always the psychological question of my attempted identification with him. The size of his prick brought out all the insecurity in me. With my oral fixation, I had always thought of it as a salami, but I've heard it compared to a woman's forearm, a cannon, a Sunday paper when the rest of us were just dailies. I had felt that if that prick were just attached to my body, this would be a very different world. I remember an exchange I had with my analyst:

GOLDSTEIN [*on the couch*]: I meet all sorts of people through my job, and they all have large pricks. I envy them. I'm intimidated by a guy like Holmes, because his *shwantz* makes mine look like half a pack of Tums.

THE SHRINK [*intentionally bland*]: What would your life be like if you had a larger penis?

GOLDSTEIN [*getting excited*]: I just feel that I would be laid a lot more often. Women would be begging for it. That moment of excitement when I dropped my pants. I wouldn't even have to show them my bankbook. Or the 700 issues of *Screw*. But I would drop my pants in the hallway somewhere and they would all drop to their knees and genuflect. I mean, instant power. It would be the same way the Pope feels with his cross. If I were panhandling in the street, selling pencils next to one of the guys run-

ning up to wash car windows, it wouldn't matter. A big dick would be a great equalizer.

THE SHRINK: Would you trade places with John Holmes?

At the time, I seriously considered the proposition. Holmes's prick was awesome. I had certainly seen enough of it in movies, and somehow, I thought that if you knew the prick, you knew the man.

But now I wondered. Details and contradictions began flooding in. Holmes began to recede in my mind into a strange sort of lacuna, until he was again, as he had been in the beginning, an anonymous schmuck with an enormous pecker. He became a shadow, an enigma, a cipher.

For five months, from the murders on July first to November 30, 1981, Holmes was unavailable to help me figure him out. Following the murders, Los Angeles police had immediately picked him up on an unrelated charge and kept him for some days, shunting him around to various downtown hotels under heavy guard, grilling him about Laurel Canyon. When they released him on his own recognizance, he disappeared.

I searched for ways to pin down his personality. There was, for example, a disturbing story from Gloria Leonard, the porn star. Discussing Holmes in the weeks following the murders, Leonard told me of the last time she had seen him. They had once worked together in France but had gone a couple of years without seeing each other when Holmes called her to set up a reunion at her new home in Los Angeles. He arrived at 9:30 in the morning. "He looked like he'd been going," Leonard told me. "Like he hadn't been to bed yet. He looked—well, he's so painfully thin; you know, he's all cock." In the course of two hours that morning, Holmes had free-based more than three grams of coke. A week later, he and Leonard were to meet at her home once again—at noon, since, as she told him, she had an appointment that morning. When she returned to meet him, her house had been burglarized to the tune of \$25,000—jewelry, electronic equipment, guns. Holmes never showed for their appointment.

"I had heard he had a serious cocaine problem, but it wasn't until after that particular encounter that I realized how serious it was," Leonard said. "I heard he lost a lot of his possessions. His cars, his house, his jewelry, everything else. He had obviously not worked in films for about a

year or more, because he was just so immersed in the drug culture."

It was while Holmes was on the lam that *Exhausted*, his last film before the trial, was pushed into release. Suzanne Atamian, a.k.a. Julia St. Vincent, a 22-year-old former girlfriend of Holmes's, produced the film and engineered a publicity campaign to coincide with the notoriety provided by the murders. It is a strange fuck film, a pastiche of interviews, clips and testimonials, a "documentary" on John Holmes the man. Watching it amid the hype of the murders—the screening was invaded by cops who thought Holmes might be there incognito—I felt unable to separate shadow from substance. In the film, the sex goddess Seka said that Holmes was the man who erupted with "the come of God." That was the Holmes I knew and idolized. But in one of the interviews slotted throughout *Exhausted*, I saw him groping for a sense of himself: "Everybody . . . sees into that character that I portray, which is not me. I'm just like everybody else. . . . [But] it's tough making the split sometimes." I knew I wouldn't get any answers from *Exhausted*. The film was fascinating but about as phony as the tip that had caused police to bust the screening. A good publicity ploy but nothing at all behind it.

Atamian was also the source of a few of the bits and pieces I gathered together on Holmes. She was convinced that he was a pathological liar, that, despite their romantic involvement, he had lied to her. "I caught John dead-faced in the middle of a lie," she told me. "It was a personal lie that he had told me, and he just sat there and did not say a fucking thing." Atamian also mentioned Holmes's younger brother, David, who owns a Los Angeles antiques store. He told Atamian, "John's main problem is the size of his cock." When I called David, he made it clear that he wasn't talking about his big brother to anybody in the press.

In the months that followed, I attempted to lend more substance to the man I knew as Johnny Holmes. I dug up the old two-part Holmes *Screw* interview, still definitive enough to support a rash of biographies in the men's-mag press but spurious enough to make them all wrong. It became clear that Holmes was an inveterate liar. His claims of a New York birth, of a rich aunt who raised him in Europe, of first getting laid by his nanny—it was all contrivance, I would learn. There were a few fascinating facts among the *dreck*: Holmes's cock measured 12 and three quarters inches when erect, not the 14 inches of the publicists. That, of course, was simply a rectification of an untruth and only showed how slippery—I shudder at the image—the footing around Holmes was.

(continued on page 176)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



*"movin' on" is miss ferguson's
theme song, but for her,
it's a ballad, not a blues*

Christina's World

*A*LFWAY THROUGH breakfast, you remember a quotation from an old Irish wit: The woman has at least a dozen pasts, and they all fit. Christina Ferguson understands the reference. She is an Air Force brat. She is fresh, remarkably wholesome yet worldly. She is 19 years old, but already she has lived in some 15 states. "I've lived in towns as small as Prattville, Alabama, and Lubbock, Texas. I've lived in large cities. Los Angeles. Las Vegas. Now I'm living in Dumfries, Virginia, while my father goes to War College. The town is so small it doesn't even have a video store. Can you believe that?" We discuss the effect of living in so many locations, on such short notice. Christina is remarkably poised. "Every time you move, it's a new lease on life. You can change what went wrong with the last set of goods. You can be mysterious. You know, I used to have a Southern accent. We moved from Las Vegas to Virginia and my sister decided to become a preppie." Christina gives a shrug, as though to say there's no accounting for taste. One has the sense that she has had

Christina has a regular schedule for her spare time: "I like to lie out in the sun, swim, jog, sew my own clothes, go shopping, run a few errands, then meet with my friends." Another rotten day in paradise.



Christina is an Air Force brat. "My father went to the Air Force Academy. He is a fighter pilot. He flew with the Thunderbirds. I've lived in about 15 states. It's 'An Officer and a Gentleman: the Sequel.'" Only better.

a lot of fun living the life of a gypsy. "Let's see. What were my favorite places? I liked Alabama. I lived there in my pre-shampoo age, fifth to eighth grade. I had braces. No boy-friends. My mother ran a bar. We had a lot of river-rat friends. Have you ever cooked a pig in the dirt? I liked Las Vegas. It's a big little town. Where else can you see a show or a movie or go skiing? Where else does your high school class hold its graduation at the Aladdin Hotel or its prom at Caesars Palace? I loved dressing up in gowns, being chauffeured around in limousines." And then there were the jobs available in Las Vegas. "I used to lie on a raft in the middle of a swimming pool. It was supposed to encourage the tourists to rent rafts. It was a very popular high school job." Suddenly changing the subject, Christina confesses, "I took my earnings and bet pro football. Boy, was I pissed at the N.F.L. strike! It really cut down my income." Did Las Vegas have any other effect on Christina? "Of course. You grow up quickly in this town. I recall a road trip. My girlfriend and I bought some dirty magazines at the bus terminal. We sat in the back of the





We asked Christina for ideas for a picture story. "I see myself in a warm and cozy place, a cabin in the mountains surrounded by handmade blankets and a fireplace. Outdoors in a meadow with fresh daisies and pine trees and cutoff shorts."



bus . . . she read the stories and I did the sound effects. I guess you had to be there. Las Vegas is definitely ahead of its time. I visited my relatives in Denver and went to church. I heard some girls talking about *Some Kind of Hero*. There is this terrific hot scene where Margot Kidder makes love to Richard Pryor. She is on top, making these incredible moves. These girls in church said to each other, 'I didn't even know you could do it that way.' I had to leave the room." Of her own sex life,

Below, Christina works on an old family quilt with her mother, Margaret. "She's great. I'd like to go into business with her, perhaps in fashion design."





"Someone from PLAYBOY called and said they wanted to take me to Martha's Vineyard. I thought they were talking about a restaurant. For all of my travels, I'd never been to New England. It's 50 degrees in these pictures. That's cold!"



Christina is discreet. "It was great the first time and I couldn't wait for the second time. Beyond that, if you want to talk sexy, try the bathtub-and-candle scene in *A Star Is Born*. That is sexy. I've seen that movie six times. It's great foreplay." You want to know about sexy, just follow Christina around for a day. The waitress at breakfast complimented her on her beauty and asked if she had made her dress. The doorman volunteered the comment that she was the best-looking young woman he had seen in weeks. We asked if that were usual. "Do you want me to be honest? Actually, it's a slow day. My girlfriend and I once walked down the Strip in Las Vegas and counted the number of times people honked horns at us—385 times. But you can't take this seriously. The only way to deal with it is not to deal with it. Nowadays, woman is a word that no one seems to be able to define. You can't think that being attractive makes you more or less of a woman. You have to define the word for yourself." Christina is already planning that stage of her life: She is taking investment classes in a program offered by the Small Business Administration. She wants to go into business, perhaps with her mother. The money from being a Playmate will help, but Christina says that she didn't do it for the money. "I did it for a lark. For the test shots, we took a couple of bottles of champagne out into the desert. It didn't matter if the pictures came out." But, as you can see here, they did.



"It was the off-season. We stayed in this terrific little guesthouse. I had a whole floor to myself. The bedroom was beautiful. If I had to decorate a bedroom, I'd do it like that." If we had to decorate a bedroom, we'd do it like this.







"What do I have to say about these pictures? Well, I've always enjoyed lying around naked with eight or ten people taking pictures. It was a fantasy come true. Just kidding. It was hard work."



"I don't know what I expected. I had this fantasy that a Playmate just took off her clothes, someone took a few pictures and the piece appeared in the magazine. We worked for weeks on this shooting. It wasn't like a vacation. I hope you like the results." We do.





MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Christina Ferguson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Christina Ferguson

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 3-18-64 BIRTHPLACE: Phoenix, Arizona

AMBITIONS: To be a successful business-
woman and financially independent.

TURN-ONS: Back, Bubble baths, eating,
good jokes, shopping, and traveling

TURN-OFFS: People who think all pretty
girls are dumb.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Best Friends, Tootsie,
An Officer and a Gentleman, E.T.

FAVORITE FOODS: Cheesecake, Chocolate ice cream,
pasta, just about anything fattening!

FAVORITE PLACE: Florence, Italy.

IDEAL EVENING: Monday Night Football, a six pack,
some potato chips and a close friend.

BIGGEST JOY: Eventually - Having kids
and being a good mother.



"Daddy's little girl"



Chubby Cheeks



"Cheeeese"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You mean you want twenty dollars for this artificial vagina?" reacted the sex-shop customer. "Why, it's nothing more than a few cents' worth of latex and a few dollars' worth of vibrator!"

"Let's just say," shrugged the pleasure peddler, "that the hole can be greater than the sum of its parts."

The Religious Appendix to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Calvinism* as the worship of designer jeans.



No, Harvey, no!" exclaimed the woman when her husband made a Saturday-afternoon sexual overture. "I had my hair done only this morning!"

"You're as practical and as right as ever, Edna," agreed Harvey. "There's absolutely no point in my ruining a ten-dollar hairdo for a two-buck piece of ass."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay naval officer* as a reared admiral.

**Cried a young whacker off, "I'll be crowned
As the champ when the word gets around
I've convincingly showed
That I'm first with my load!
I can beat any jerk, pound for pound!"**

A practical-minded father was lecturing his studious son on the necessity of getting to know and understand girls, so that he'd be prepared when the time came to think of marrying. "There's more to life, Johnny," he concluded, "than burying your nose in some volume or other."

"I realize that, Pop," replied Johnny, "and you'll be happy to know that there's a cute little thing in one of my classes who I've just learned to read like a book!"

Look, my specialty is live sex shows," the porno producer snapped at the underhung auditioner, "not the theater of the absurd!"

During a respite after a number of rounds of wedding-night activity, the apparently insatiable bride asked, "If I were to die tonight, dear, would you marry again?"

"Not immediately, darling, not immediately," groaned the bridegroom.

Really macho dykes are reputed to be employing a new vibrating dildo with a kick starter.

My, my, Congressman," whispered the shapely young female voter. "I must say you have a very personal approach to pressing the flesh."

But my elderly aunt was considered a highly respectable spinster!" the society matron protested. "Can't you find some way to cover up the shocking fact that she expired in bed while being simultaneously serviced by two paid studs?"

"You just leave it to me, Mrs. Van Pelt," soothed the police lieutenant. "What I'm going to put in my report is simply that she died at the stroke of two."

**A symphonic musician named Dorn
Was the target of audience scorn;
For the hapless chap's pitch
Had been queered by a bitch
With the Frenching she'd given his horn.**

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wandering guru* as a high-planes drifter.

I understand you had a blind date with a model," remarked the envious underclassman. "If you don't mind my asking, how did it turn out?"

"How much can you enjoy an evening," responded the fraternity biggie dryly, "with someone who turns out to be the Flat Earth Society's poster girl?"



Disconcerted hospital administrators are suggesting that the presurgical pubic prepping of male patients be performed with a shaving foam other than Rise.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a guy to whom a hooker tells she has a headache.

During World War Two, a quite high-ranking American officer was surprised by counter-intelligence agents while being felled by a seductive female Axis spy. He was thereupon court-martialed on the charge of insertion in the face of the enemy.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Goldang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little posse!"

"As I walked through the Gardens, I became another man and coveted the little queens for myself."

mean, She-Who-Is-True-of-Voice.

"Usermare-Setpenere," said Honey-Ball, "if I speak with clarity, it is because of the awe I know at the sounds of Your name."

The little queens murmured their assent. Their piety was added to the mist on the lake. To pronounce the many names of Usermare properly was said to be a power great enough to rock the earth.

"That is good," said Usermare. "I hope you always say My name with care. I would hate to cut off the toe of your other foot."

One of the little queens gasped so unexpectedly she could be heard. The others ceased to laugh. Honey-Ball turned her head as if slapped. Still, she murmured, "Oh, Sesusi, I will become twice as fat."

"No bed in the House of the Secluded will then be strong enough to bear you," He told her.

"Then there will be no bed," she answered, and her eyes flashed again. I was much affected. The power of her presence on this night was not like other occasions when she was merely fat and limped about on feet sore from her weight. Tonight, ensconced on a gold bench, for the golden chairs were much too narrow, she seemed massive, yet majestic as a Great Queen, at least in this hour. Certainly, if the story told by Honey-Ball had immediate power over my Monarch, it was to arouse His desire. One could almost feel the glow of His belly. It rose in my great Pharaoh like a fire beneath the flame of *kolobi*. The eunuchs began to chant. Their hands struck their thighs with many little taps in a rhythm so quick I could hear the chirping of the crickets and the hoofs of horses. One of these eunuchs even had a way of running his finger-tips over his knees with a slipping sound to give you the patter of a brook or the slap of the smallest waves. To this accompaniment came forth many moths and butterflies from the dark and they flew in and out of our ears as if we were water-grass and they as numerous as little fish. Honey-Ball began to hum, and her voice was so resonant that once again I could not recognize the woman I saw. Other times, she had seemed without shape in her clothes, yet from the moment she came out of the water tonight, her body looked firm, and she was not without beauty. Like some who are fat, her flesh was slack in dejection, but could fill with blood when she was happy.

Tonight, she sang a ballad of the love of a farm girl for a shepherd, a sweet and innocent song, and Usermare drank *kolobi* to the sound of it and wiped His eyes. Like

many powerful men, He liked to weep a little on hearing tender sentiments. But not for too long. Soon Honey-Ball sang the next verse. The melody was the same but now the shepherd had no interest in the girl, and looked instead at the buttocks of his sheep, a wicked ballad. Honey-Ball began to cry out in the pleasurable cries of the beast as it was taken. "Oh," she groaned in a voice to wake us all, "Oh," and the air throbbed.

Usermare was now ready. "Come," He said to her. "You, Heqat, Nubty, Oasis!" With a voice that did not bother to conceal the heat of His slow fires on this night, He added, "Let it be at the house of Nubty." Then, as if a thought had just come to His hand, like a dog licking His fingers, Usermare said, "Menenhetet, you are to come with Me," and He took my hand, and that way, we walked together.

I already knew that these hundred little queens did not always wait for an offering of pleasure from our divine Ramses, but sometimes ended by making love to each other. This discovery—true mark of the peasant—was objectionable to me, even if it should have been familiar. I grew up in a crowd of boys who were always on each other. Our expression for a powerful friend was He-Who-Is-on-My-Back. So as a boy, there was nothing I did not know of being on the others' bodies, although my pride, since I was strong, had been that nobody was on mine. Still I could not bear to think of these women with one another, nor the way by which the most powerful of the little queens often treated the gentler ones as if they were slaves. On those nights when His Chariot did not enter the Gates, and you would not hear the thunder of His fornication, there would rise up instead the sweeter cries and harsher screeches, the moans and music of many a woman in many a room. It was common whenever women were at such play that one would pluck a harp to accompany the others. And I, hearing such sounds, could not, in my mind, forswear the sights. To see a little queen at the sweetmeat of another was to gorge my blood. But then I did not have the royal disregard of my Monarch. We all knew that He liked to watch His little queens romp with one another. "Oh, yes," He would say, "they are the strings of My lute and must learn to quiver together."

I, however, used to think of this as part of the filth that rose on the flood, a pestilence. It seemed to me that for a woman to love another woman more than her Pharaoh was equal to praying for the plague. So marched the legions of all those

thoughts in me that were loyal to Usermare; but now as I walked through the Gardens with my hand in His, I became another man and was tolerant of their games and again I coveted the little queens for myself.

On this night, the little queen, Nubty, had a statue of Amon whose belly was no larger than my hand. Yet the staff that rose between His golden legs was not hidden, no, to the contrary, it was half as long as the god Himself was high, and Usermare knelt before this little god, and raised His own hands as if to say that all of Him was in service to Amon. Then, He put His mouth around the gold member of Amon.

"No man has ever penetrated My mouth," said Usermare, "but I am happy to kiss the sword of the Hidden One, and know the taste of gold and rubies." Indeed, on the tip of this gold member of the great God Amon, on the knob itself, was a large ruby.

Then, He rose, and Heqat and Oasis removed His neck plate and His skirt of linen. "Here, Meni," He said to me, "pray to Me as if I am now the sword of the Hidden One," and His phallus was in my face, and I did not dare but to swallow it, and felt the flood of the Nile rise in Him. My head was bobbing like a boat and the little queens giggled as the heat of His *kolobi* rushed into my throat and down the inside of my chest. There, I have told you the worst, the first of the humiliations I was to know on this night before my Pharaoh. It is this that has delayed me, this which is difficult to tell. Yet now I feel as if a stone is lifted. So I will tell you the rest. For much was done.

The little queens anointed Usermare. Tonight, as on other nights when I had not been there, He would sit like the God Amon, while the little queens would wipe all old cosmetic from His face and apply new rouge and eye shadow. They would take off His garments, and dress Him in fresh linen, then speak verses over the jewelry they laid on Him. Each piece removed was kissed by one of the little queens, as well as each garment they replaced. Since in those days I did not fully understand the difference between kissing and eating—which peasant could?—I thought they were making these small sounds with their lips to show that the taste of the linen of the Pharaoh was good.

To my astonishment He gave Himself up to the little queens as if He were a woman. He lay on His back with His powerful thighs in the air, His knees further apart than the width of His great shoulders, and my hand was held in His with such force I could hardly have freed

(continued on page 124)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

off with the cold and on with what's new in warm-weather wear

attire **BY DAVID PLATT** WHEN THE SUMMER WIND comes blowing in soon, it's going to bring with it the kind of tasteful, well-tailored looks that make good sense in this year of belt tightening and budget watching. Nothing trendy, nothing costumy—just solid styles to invest in at reasonable prices. Part of the fashion picture will consist of classic warm-weather fabrics, such as pin cord, seersucker and poplin, reconstructed in new cuts and colors. The other half of the story, of course, is how to combine



Above: Croquet, anyone? Our guy's game in a wool/silk/polyester herringbone double-breasted sports jacket with notch lapels and flap pockets, \$210, worn over a multicolor cotton dress shirt with a medium-spread collar, \$32, off-white cotton/linen slacks with belt loops, angled pockets and straight legs, \$58, and a multicolor silk tie, \$20, all by Calvin Klein. (In case you're wondering, that massive wooden croquet mollet he's holding is part of a four-person set by the English company John Jacques. The set is available from Abercrombie & Fitch, Houston, \$400.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE

Right: Two for the open road, and this traveling man is looking well tailored in a polyester/silk/wool herringbone suit with notch lapels and double besom pockets, about \$280, multi-color cotton lisle shirt, \$29, both by Pierre Cardin; and a striped silk tie, by Rooster, about \$18. Below: More horsepower and more great summer threads, including a cotton golf jacket with contrasting undercollar, about \$60, and matching slacks, \$38.50, both from Chops by Ralph Lauren; and a cotton boat-neck sweater with contrasting neck trim, by Conrad Bell for Barry Brooks, \$65.



individual elements to create an over-all look that's uniquely you. In tailored clothes, the trick is to do the unexpected while avoiding the outrageous—as exemplified in the Calvin Klein outfit (an oatmeal-colored double-breasted sports jacket combined with white-linen slacks) pictured in this feature. For more casual wear, designers have taken a styling cue from various sweat sports and have come up with a whole closetful of new threads that may never see a jogging track or play a back nine. Also be sure to check out summer sweaters in cotton and cotton blends and lightweight-leather looks (both smooth and suede) that are surprisingly comfortable, even on a hot day. All in all, it makes for a long, hot summer of solid styles that have a sense of timelessness.

Right: A beachside buss stop, and he's cooling it in a striped polyester/cotton suit with double-pleated pants, by Bonazzi Brothers for Larry and Jeff Roth, \$295; a cotton dress shirt, by Hathaway's Private Stock, \$43; and a patterned cotton knit tie, by Henry Grethel, \$13.50.



Above: Here's a look that definitely clicks—a linen semiconstructed ventless blazer with notch lapels, by Morgon Ayres, \$275; linen double-pleated slacks, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Contir, \$145; cotton sweater vest, by Ron Chereskin, \$35; and a raglan-short-sleeved polyester/cotton shirt with a notch collar, by Geoffrey Beene, \$28.50.




Above: Fast moves on the court with bird and birdie—and we like the clothes, too. They include a linen/cotton zip-front cardigan sweater with front pockets, baseball collar and rib trim, \$82.50, worn over a cotton boat-neck sweater, about \$75, cotton knit three-button-placket short-sleeved shirt, about \$40, and cotton knit sweat pants with elasticized waist and cuffs, on-seam pockets with contrasting color inside, about \$50, all by Bill Dittfort Designs.



Above: Suede for summer, in the form of a short-sleeved shirt with a band collar, about \$300, coupled with black-chino jeans, about \$56, and a cotton knit striped shirt, about \$36, all from Basco Sportswear, by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh. Below: The classic comfort of a lightweight seersucker suit, about \$350, that's combined with a multicolor dress shirt with a contrasting collar, about \$80, and a navy-silk polka-dot tie, about \$35, all by Alan Flusser.



A man and a woman are posed on a light-colored motor scooter. The man is seated on the scooter, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a light-colored, three-quarter-length cotton jacket over a colorful patterned shirt and light-colored trousers. The woman is standing behind him, leaning against his chest. She is wearing a white textured sweater and blue jeans. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, possibly a beach or a paved area with some vegetation.

Left: A mean motor scooter and some equally tough threads, including a three-quarter-length cotton jacket, by Christian Dior Monsieur Sport, \$95; and cotton twill slacks, about \$30, a cotton sweater, \$70, and a knit sport shirt with contrasting collar and cuffs, \$23, all by Boston Traders.

"I decided to seek the courage of madness and put myself in the bed of one of the little queens."

myself. Yet that was only at the commencement.

Toward the end, He held my hand softly and I could feel His pleasures as they swelled into Him out of the cunning mouths of the little queens; indeed, even now, I can tell you of all that was in Usermare as He grew ready to come forth. I was able to know Him in those moments as none who are not a Pharaoh can ever know so Good and Great a God. When the four little queens knelt before the great and beautiful body of Usermare, I came to know Him. Heqat had taken His feet in her mouth and licked between His toes like a silver snake that winds through golden roots, and Oasis, with the skill of long practice, had given light licks and long kisses to the sword of Usermare even as Nubty knew His ears and His nose and the lids of His eyes with the tip of her tongue, yes, all of these caresses from Heqat, Oasis and Nubty passed through His fingers into me and I felt more beautiful than all the flowers in the Gardens of the Secluded and lived in the air of a rainbow while there He lay, legs apart, His knees bent. It was then that Honey-Ball brought her lips to that mouth of Usermare which lived between his buttocks and she kissed Him there, her tongue coming forth into His gates, and she knew the entrance to His passage. He lay there, and with my hand, I was with Him. So I knew what it was to be in the boat of Ra going up the river of the Duad in the Land of the Dead, and that was a wondrous place to see from such a boat, with serpents and scorpions at every turn, flames in the mouths of beasts more terrible than I had ever known, and Blessed Fields whose grass was sweet even in the night. Usermare floated through the Land of the Dead and saw the sun and the moon as His cousins. Then the river began to rise into the ruby of His sword there in the sweet lips of Oasis, and I heard Him shout, "I am, I am all that will be," and even as the women cried out, He came forth and the ghost of the *kolobi* was like a fire with red and emerald light in me.

So did I come forth at His side, all the powers of His own rising having surged through His fingers into mine, but then my coming forth was blasted back as if I knew that soon I would be owned from mouth to anus, the great Monarch soon to command the two ends of the river that ran through me, and it was true, for Usermare was now ready to stand forth as a man and He was interested in none of the mouths that lived between the thighs of His four little queens, but took my poor anus in-

stead and before the women, made a woman of me. "Aiiigh, Kazama," they cried with many giggles, and it was then I learned that Kazama was their name for me. Slave Driver was the thought they held when they spoke the name to each other, but now the slave driver had become the slave. "Aiiigh, Kazama," they cried in their laughter. But I did not. Holding His hand, I had lived in the waters of paradise. Not so with His sword. That gave me no vision. I swore that this was the last time He penetrated my bowels even if He cut off all I had and left me in the compound of the eunuchs.

If I remember the night was without a moon when I left the house of Nubty and, to my unhappy eyes, as dark as the most awful of my thoughts. I could think of nothing but my shame. It was then I took a second vow. Shame, like any other poison, needs its own outrageous cure. I decided to seek the courage of madness itself and put myself in the bed of one of the little queens.

It was bravely itself to breathe twice on one thought such as this. For it is on the second breath that others hear what you think. Yet I knew I must speak the vow clearly. So I told myself, but I was certain every house in the Gardens of the Secluded would awaken. Then I began to think of Honey-Ball. Out of the breasts of that round woman rose a tenderness for me that was like the rise of the river when the earth is dry.

Let me not speak of the days it took until I made my first visit, nor of each fear I managed to conquer only to lose my footing on the next fear. All such tales are the same. On a night when Usermare did not visit the Gardens of the Secluded, I presented myself at her door. Although on that visit I did not even try to sit beside her, I asked on leaving if I could come tomorrow, and she led me out to a tree by her own garden wall over whose branches I might climb. That way I could enter without awakening her eunuchs, when I nodded she put her hand to my neck and rubbed it slowly, and a strength came to me from her plump fingers.

After I left, I could not sleep again. In the night, the power of her attraction was upon me. I had never liked women so heavy as herself, and yet the thought of such plumpness stirred like a sweet wind in my belly.

So I got up and walked through the Gardens, and climbed the tree outside her wall, crossed the branch and dropped

within. She was waiting for me, but I fell into her arms with such fear that my sword was like a mouse. She felt larger than the earth. I thought I embraced a mountain. On that night, I did not have the strength to enter a lamb. The trickle drawn forth from me had none of the serpent's flame or the radiance of Ra, I flew on the wings of no bird, but was dragged out of myself, and, indeed, she pulled me forth, her hand plucking me up and down until the waters were lifted to the end of my belly and beyond. I knew what it was to go forth in fear. I did not even feel shame when we were done, but much relief. Soon I could be gone.

She was not in the same haste, however, to see me leave. By my side, she gave a heavy sigh, heavy as the shadow of a large bird when it crosses your shadow, and said, "I will lead you out to the tree." Instead, we passed into a room that had many odors from the powders of beasts and animals long dead, and in a corner by a niche, was a small bowl of alabaster with oil in it, and a burning wick. By its light, she took three fingers of powder from a jar, stirred that in wine, drank half and gave me the other half. I knew a taste older than a coffin.

She laughed at my face. It was a laugh loud enough to wake others, but she put a heavy hand on my shoulders, as if to tell me that her servants would not be surprised by any noise she might make in the night, and I knew, since she was speaking to me with barely a word, that the drink we had taken together was a bridge from her throat to mine. Over it would pass my thoughts.

Indeed, my nose told me as quickly of little sacrifices performed in here. I could sniff the old blood of many a small animal who had given up its last fears on her altar. Then I knew that the powder in this wine must have come from the dung beetle, pounded, sifted, then altered by words of power, for why else would I think of it? We are so in awe of that beetle's strength, which can push balls of dung much larger than itself up a riverbank, that we do not study its subtler habits. But I, as a boy, had spent many afternoons on the river with no more for amusement than the beetles to watch, and I had seen them push the ball up the bank to the hole where they would bury it. That dung would serve as food for the eggs laid within. Yet if you confused two beetles and changed their balls, they still strained to the task and did it for the other's eggs. I tell you this because I understood, standing next to Honey-Ball, that she had been putting our purposes together and mixing our thoughts. Before I left on this night, as if she would own more of me than Usermare did, she cut off the ends of my fingernails with a sharp little knife, collected these parings and minced them small with her

(continued on page 162)

*how fast can a
man run? how high
and far can he
jump? as drugs and
technology help him
flirt with absolute
limits, does an athlete
become something
more—or less—
than human?*

THE ULTIMATE ATHLETE

article By MARK KRAM

ALBERTO SALAZAR was near death. That sounded a bit melodramatic, even for athletes, whose lives can often seem like B movies. But the rumor persisted as hundreds lingered in the cavernous Prudential Center after last April's Boston Marathon. There was just this morbid buzz, the kind of grim expectancy that follows the classic moments of athletic horror: the scythed matador; the driver flipped on a turn; the fighter who can't be revived; the hitter who takes a 95-mile-an-hour fastball in the ear.

By its nature, the marathon bears no relation to blood sport. Yet Salazar, the runner with the whiplike body of a cursorial animal, had spit in the eye of danger, had made an offering to the mythical figure of Ulysses, the archetype of exploit who can never abide a leash, or even death, and who refuses to be driven about by the whims of gods. He drives himself.

In Boston, Salazar had taken all his craft into the unknown, ever-changing algebra of time, mind, body and weather. He had fought off a ferocious, draining challenge by Dick Beardsley, who lost by a couple of strides, and he finished *(continued on page 128)*





PERSONAL BEST

*luxurious and
stylish accouterments
for the man of taste*

C

lockwise from one: That jewelry box of Italian calfskin with a suede lining, from Britches of Georgetowne, Alexandria, Virginia, \$225, holds a 14-kt.-gold pen that comes with a matching pencil (not shown), by A. T. Cross, \$1200; 14-kt.-gold bookmark, by Soulligner, \$420; collapsible pink-yellow-and-white-gold ring, from Bulgari, New York, \$600; sterling-silver-flask key ring, from Fortunoff, New York, \$60; 18-kt.-gold-and-ruby cuff links, \$700, and matching studs, \$1100, by Charles Gold and Co.; 14-kt.-gold-and-crystal cuff links, by Steuben Glass, \$800; 18-kt.-gold money clip fitted with an original bronze Roman coin, from Bulgari, \$2100; and an engraved silver-plated folding shoehorn, by Leonore Daskow, \$16. Proceeding clockwise: Cut-crystal old fashioned glasses, from Tiffany, New York, \$45 each. Lizardskin-and-24-kt.-gold 8x21mm wide-angle binoculars, by Tasco, \$149, including a leather carrying case. Rechargeable sterling-silver microshaver, from Tiffany, \$140, including a black-leather case. Sterling-silver-and-ostrichskin-covered antique Dunhill table lighter, from San Francisco Clothing, New York, \$250. Cigarette holder of 18-kt. gold, by Gubelin, \$550. Brass collar stays in a calfskin case, from Britches of Georgetowne, \$15. Edwardian sterling-silver cigar case, from James II Galleries, New York, \$525. Brass replica of an antique lighter, from Britches of Georgetowne, \$15.50, including monogramming. Crocodileskin belt, from Peter Barton's Closet, New York, \$95. Sterling-silver dish, from Bulgari, \$295. Sterling-silver-and-leather flask, from Fortunoff, New York, \$49.95. Leather address book with pencil, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$28.50. Lizardskin check holder, from Les Must de Cartier, New York, \$460. Pigskin key case, from San Francisco Clothing, \$12.50. Engraved silver-plated matchbox cover, by Leonore Daskow, \$10.50. Clockwise from four on the oval black-lacquer tray: Silver-plated ice tongs, from Fortunoff, \$8. Ostrichskin card case, from Indlex-Antiques, Ltd., Coral Gables, Florida, \$50. Silver-plated octagonal ice bucket, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$65. Sterling-silver prism desk clock with disappearing face, from Cartier, \$4900. Sterling-silver drink-mixer set, from Fortunoff, \$35. Antique crystal-and-brass inkwell, from the Sentimento Collection for Bergdorf Goodman, New York, \$165. Left of the oval black-lacquer tray: Leather document case with brass closure, from Peter Barton's Closet, \$90. Proceeding clockwise: Rosewood-and-sterling-silver tobacco humidor that's lined with white cedar, from the Brentwood Company, Silver Spring, Maryland, \$400, including initials. Ivory shoehorn, from the Sentimento Collection for I. Magnin, \$150. Calfskin luggage tag, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$6. Brass shaving mirror made in England circa 1850, from James II Galleries, \$375.

ULTIMATE ATHLETE

(continued from page 125)

"The real labs for limits are world competitions, where the dice of mind and body are thrown."

by setting a new course record of 2:08.51. Salazar had been there before, escaping without trouble when he set a world record (2:08.13) at the New York Marathon a few months earlier. Even so, no two marathons are ever the same, and now the bright sun, low humidity and crisp breeze along the 26-mile, 385-yard course had cunningly lured him over a metabolic edge—then swacked him. By the time he was helped to his recovery cot, he was in a whirlpool of dark trouble.

Salazar had, once more, gone nose to nose with the limits. While his father talked about how his driven son might one day kill himself, the greatest long-distance runner of our time was being intravenously fed a dextrose-and-sodium-chloride solution for dehydration. His eyes were vacant, his black hair soaked, his body trembling and his legs paralyzed with cramps. The attending physician recorded his body temperature at 88 degrees; you can't go closer to hell and get back.

Who among us has never asked himself: What on earth am I doing here? The men who climb mountains have always asked that question, and so do athletes like Salazar, who prepare to take their bodies and minds to new extremes. But where are the limits? How fast can a man run? How high and far can he jump? Is there a limit to what muscles can endure under stress? Is there a point when the skeletal structure must collapse, when the cardiovascular system might sigh?

Human beings have spent their entire history trying to conquer a triad of limitations imposed on them by fate, by God or by sheer biological accident. The late psychoanalyst Robert Lindner conceived of human limits as an iron triangle composed of the medium in which we must live, the equipment we have or can fashion with which to live and the relentless fact of our mortality; those three sides form a prison cell.

Like so many before him, Salazar, in his own way, had flung himself against the triangle, spending three and a half quarts of fluid and all his will for a race and a record. Why he punished himself—indeed, had been doing so for some time—seems incidental compared with the side of human character that he so typifies: those who have always traveled the blade of limits, the species that wants no part of a prison cell.

Personal glory and obsession aside, their slashing at the bars is an attack on mortality. The Greek poet Homer did his best

to clarify that drive with his story of Odysseus. Ever since, men have sought the limits on the crags of mountains, in the dark of ocean depths or in the loneliness of a singlehanded vessel at sea. The Ulysses factor is what it was called by J.R.L. Anderson, who first applied it to such explorers and adventurers as Sir Robert Scott. Ulysses implies that there is some factor in man, some form of special adaptation, that prompts a few individuals to exploits that may seem purposeless but are ultimately of value to the survival of the race. Desire and incomparable will lead a compendium of qualities essential to such individuals.

Though less romantic than the iron men of whom Anderson wrote, the modern athlete who reaches for the limits communes with his own sense of adventure: How far can a mind and body under stress and pain be pushed? The results are best measured in the pure sports that pit man against himself, and they come in the form of records, which hang for an instant, then get lost amid the swamp of agate type in books for trivialists and statistics collectors. The figures mark only the perimeter of the limits, not the gritty core of the assaults—the interminable hours of painful training, those moments of disbelief, that shock of recognition of the physiological leap forward.

Numbers are inadequate in the burning light of Bob Beamon's long jump of 29'2½" in the Mexico City Olympics of 1968. In an event whose records had been chipped away only in small fractions over the years, Beamon surpassed the previous limit, the world record, by almost two feet. It was a physical achievement so stunning that analysis failed, leaving only slack jaws and poised pencils. How can numbers reflect the desire behind the steady erosion of marathon records, first by Bill Rodgers, now by Salazar, until the two-hour marathon may be seen before the turn of the century?

It may be seen, yes, but only through a Palomar telescope, an educated body of dissenters say. Still, there are those who lean toward William Blake's words: "What is now proved was once only imagined." Those words from the 18th Century have since been repeatedly supported and often in sports—by Roger Bannister's dramatic bench-mark mile of four minutes (a theretofore-much-derided prospect), for example, and more recently by the stirring international duels between milers Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe, who seemed as if they were going to stomp

the event into shards.

Salazar, for one, is clearly of Blake's persuasion. By the year 2050, he told *Runner's World* magazine, there would be a two-hour marathon. If he is right, how is it that we have come so far in the marathon and the mile, reached the point that would hardly have seemed possible as recently as 1965? Trying to hook up the intricate connections, big and small, is like trying to locate our precise breakout toward the moon landing. Did putting a man on the moon become a real possibility when the Wright brothers lifted off at Kitty Hawk or when Wernher von Braun began work on the German V-2 rocket?

The evolution of the new disciplines of biomechanics and sports biochemistry, as well as the sheer numbers of people newly aware of fitness, is at the fulcrum of athletic progress. The marathon—and jogging for health—led the way and seemed to create an atmosphere that detonated research. The age of the sports laboratory, of athletic enlightenment, was upon us.

Ovett and Coe appear to have fastened attention and sharpened focus on human limits at a time when Americans have never before been so preoccupied with their bodies. People seem angry at death and look expectantly toward medical technology while at the same time being apprehensive about the ominous dawn of the robotic age. Records used to fascinate, then fade. But now—with the advent of sports medicine and biomechanics—the breakthroughs support those who take for granted that perfectibility of the human body is out there waiting for the right generation to inherit or to seize it.

Questions provoke only other questions. If Mark Spitz, who took a gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle in Munich in 1972, were still swimming at the same pace today, he could not even qualify for the Olympics in that event. How, in just 11 years, has a superman apparently become a relic?

To find the answers, scientists all over the world are experimenting in labs full of strong young men and women, gazing at muscle tissue, poking at conformation and examining the physiological mechanisms of those athletes who convert food into energy better than others—a vital element of physical excellence. Given the unpredictable nature of athletic contests and the caution of science, answers tend to resist concrete form. "The real labs for limits," says Dr. Ernst Jokl of the University of Kentucky, "are world competitions." That is where the dice of body and mind are thrown.

Yet there can be no doubt that a great deal of knowledge from sports science has helped world-class athletes get where they are today. For one thing, the labs have yielded useful information about muscles and how they function.

Pre-eminent as a human-performance
(continued on page 194)

DEPRESSIONS JUST AREN'T what they used to be. As our wise leaders ponder the economic situation, more and more of them agree that the idea of putting some of the nation's 12,000,000 unemployed to work in a new version of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration is virtually irresistible. But when those advocates of a new WPA get specific, they tend to mention such uninspiring jobs as filling potholes and cleaning sewers.

During the original WPA era, millions went to work on loftier tasks: building Hoover Dam, Fort Knox, the Lincoln Tunnel and

A

30,000 other projects. Artists and academics were hired to chronicle the histories of small towns, states and rivers. The Pennsylvania Railroad was electrified. Two million youths planted 200,000,000 trees. A mammoth ski lodge was built on Mount Hood. And a new definition was added to the English language by irate editorial writers after a handicraft teacher testified that he'd been spending Government money to teach unemployed men how to produce woven belts, baskets and other handmade items known as boondoggles.

Surely, we can do no less.



FOR THE EIGHTIES

humor **BY JOHN TIERNEY**

it takes a great depression to inspire great ideas for public works



RAKE UP, AMERICA! CAMPAIGN

Background: The President, while rightly concerned about severe air pollution caused by trees, has ignored an even deadlier menace: the hazardous wastes spewed daily onto the forest floors. These leaves, as they are known in ecological jargon, release chemical odors into the air, are highly flammable and constitute a national eyesore. No homeowner would allow them in his yard.

Proposal: Annual Rake-off in all national parks and forests. Equipment to cost 9.95 billion dollars (for one billion Sears rakes or one very large "smart rake" from the Pentagon). Long-term savings possible with conversion to Astroturf and vacuum cleaners.



MASTERPIECE HIGHWAY PROGRAM

Background: Engineers have calculated that if the unused median strip on just one highway, Interstate 80, were laid end to end, it would stretch from Coast to Coast. Yet this and the rest of America's vast reserve of median strips have been sadly wasted. The only serious attempt to use this valuable real estate—the New Jersey Turnpike's Vince Lombardi Car Wash and Wildlife Sanctuary—is generally conceded to be a failure.

Proposal: The Drive for Literature, a succession of Burma-Shave-style billboards spaced every 50 feet, to forcibly introduce every driver to America's classics. Major works will appear on interstate highways (fiction on east-west routes, nonfiction on north-south), with footnotes confined to rest areas. Short stories and works of local interest will be on state highways. Passing out *The Story So Far* booklets at entrance ramps should heighten new drivers' interest and minimize confusion over characters who last appeared 650 miles before. Some writing (the anatomy chapters in *Moby Dick*, perhaps, and all of Henry James's late work) will have to be omitted to minimize the danger of driver fatigue.

STATE IDENTITY ENHANCEMENT PROGRAM

Proposal: Paint each state a different color. Hues to be allocated by the Attorney General, in consultation with Rand McNally & Company, to meet goals of improving aviation navigation, demonstrating commitment to the New Federalism, increasing public interest in Landsat satellite photographs and providing new employment opportunities for adolescent artists of the New



WAR ON HORNINESS

Background: "Despite generous Federal programs, including the controversial ceiling-fan subsidies in the Omnibus Fern Bar Act, the fact remains that each night, at least 87,000,000 Americans go to bed horny." So warns the President's Task Force on Personal Lifestyles, which estimates that 17,000,000 of these people enjoy being horny and another 15,000,000 deserve to be. "But this leaves a sizable remainder," notes the panel, "who, when the lights are out at one A.M., would settle for any body capable of bipedal locomotion and heavy breathing."

Proposal: A national late-night telephone hotline, computer matching network and van service to bring anonymous partners together under the cloak of darkness.

Additional option: To encourage participation, arrange for President to deliver late-night radio bedside chats.



TUXES FOR TOTS PROGRAM

Background: Despite the pleas of garment-industry officials, previous Administrations have ignored repeated studies showing that tuxedo owners are between five and 27 times less likely to become unemployed than nonowners or renters.

Proposal: Establishment of Neighborhood Formal Clinics to offer etiquette instruction and grant a basic tuxedo to every child entering first grade, as well as to any adult classified as "truly seedy."

Additional option: Eveningwear Police with powers to arrest disturbers of public taste (such as wearers of white dinner jackets before Memorial Day) and shoot owners of ruffled salmon shirts.





GLACIER DEFENSE AGENCY

Background: A new ice age could send glaciers back across the Northern United States, altering terrain and rendering current lake-front property worthless.

Proposal: The Great Wall of Duluth, a 500-foot-high barrier spanning the Northern United States.

Additional option: Incorporate 400-foot Window of Vulnerability in the wall, to be opened and closed in accordance with nation's defense posture. (Pentagon analysts believe there is a possibility that during a nuclear war, the Soviet Union would be sufficiently confused to target all missiles at the open window.)



TEFLON BUREAU

Proposal: Require all cities to install Teflon strips on sidewalks to facilitate removal of pet wastes and encourage monitoring of summer temperatures.



NATIONAL COUNCIL TO PREVENT BOREDOM

Proposal: Establish agency to investigate dubious stories told in taverns or at dinner parties, with authority to force fabricators to sit next to one another. Agency will have access to all Americans' financial and academic records, golf scores and anatomical measurements. Research staff will be asked to determine such issues as:

- the complete crew roster of PT 109;
- the maximum number of human orgasms possible in one night;
- the current occupation of Eddie Haskell;
- the meaning of the stars on PLAYBOY's cover;
- the names of all insurance salesmen who turned down offers from professional sports teams;
- the possibility of inventing a light bulb that lasts forever;
- the holders of shares of Xerox in 1962;
- the actual gasoline mileage of every foreign car;
- the effect of a microwave oven on a wet poodle.

Additional options: Operate a hotline to supply forgotten joke punch lines; hire police to enforce a ban on all discussions of personal activities on November 22, 1963.



EARTHQUAKE PREVENTION PROJECT

Proposal: Insertion of 60-mile-long screws to anchor tectonic plates and stop continents from drifting. Aside from preventing tremors along the San Andreas Fault, the action will stop the dangerous sliding of United States territory toward Asia. "With Russia and China as neighbors," the International Stop Continental Drift Society has warned, "it would be difficult to stop Communists from infiltrating our country, joining our country clubs and marrying our sisters."

LEOPOLDO GALTIERI INSTITUTE OF MANHOOD

Background: No Government programs, not even the ones outlined above, are guaranteed to end a depression.

Proposal: An educational institution to train an elite corps ready to pull America out of this depression the same way it got out of the last one: by going to war.



20 QUESTIONS: AL McGUIRE

the guru of college roundball waxes eloquent on greed's place in sports, the importance of the neighborhood saloon and why couples need to be apart to stay together

Al McGuire finished his 20 years of college-basketball coaching by leading the Marquette Warriors to the N.C.A.A. championship in 1977. Now, at 54, he's the busiest one-man media conglomerate in sports. In addition to his uniquely colorful courtside philosophizing on NBC's televised college games, he hosts the weekly "Al McGuire OnSports" magazine series on that network, handles a daily syndicated radio show and even moonlights as a sports reporter for "Entertainment Tonight."

Bill Zehme caught up with McGuire in Chicago and followed him through a day of segment taping for "OnSports." Zehme reports: "The coach doesn't waste any time in letting you know who's in charge. He decided to take the wheel of my Toyota and drive to a taping site while I asked the questions. He proceeded to lock the transmission into third gear on the expressway as his mouth raced along in overdrive. Later, he confided to me that he believes that all successful people have holes in their underwear. If that's the case, his must be in tatters by now."

1.

PLAYBOY: You once claimed that extremely intelligent people don't make exceptional athletes. Is education at odds with physical prowess?

McGUIRE: No. Athletes are smarter than the eggheads—but it's a different type of smartness. The more academically sound an athlete is, the more he's apt to know the pressures of a particular game situation. If you put a Rhodes scholar on the foul line with the score tied and with five seconds to go, he couldn't get the ball over his shoulder.

An athlete's intelligence is one that society does not accept, because it's not the norm. The guys with street intelligence have gone through high-pressure experiences many times. For them, it's a flow.

2.

PLAYBOY: Is basketball still the best way out of the ghetto?

McGUIRE: No, basketball hurts the black race. It puts a veil or a cataract or mucus in front of all those hundreds of thousands of little black boys and girls thinking that their world is the hoops. But only one out of 25,000 will ever become a pro. It gets

handled backward. Blacks truly have governed only poverty and basketball. And basketball has become an afterburner for a very, very small percentage of them. By being glamorized so much, it leads a lot of young black people into a dreamworld that will crush them. They end up in tapioca.

3.

PLAYBOY: Why are blacks better basketball players?

McGUIRE: Because they play. Their neighborhoods are usually one-sport oriented. Basketball is a city game. It's inexpensive. It can be played all year round. There isn't any difference in the natural ability; it's the specializing. Every time you ride by a blacktop, you'll see black guys out there playing. If the weather is right and the time is right, then you may see some white guys. But if it's a little chilly or uncomfortable, the white guys are not there. They have too many other things to do.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is greed ruining sports?

McGUIRE: No, because greed is human. Everybody wants more. That's what America is all about. Very seldom do you hear anyone say, "I have everything I want." Moses Malone breaks through the sound barrier and it doesn't take more than six months before 15 or 20 more follow. Because no matter what a Malone or Magic Johnson gets, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is worth twice that.

The dollars are there for most sports but not for basketball. In basketball, the owners are ego-oriented. They like to smoke their cigars and walk around the arena and talk about "my boys." They don't run their teams as a business. Usually, the dollars involved are family dollars or dollars from another business. The sport is the owners' mistress. It's something exciting that they run to, something that quivers. The little redheaded guy in the corner may be a multimillionaire and he may be running four shoe factories, but who knows him? Now, all of sudden, this guy has \$30,000,000 and he wants someone to blow smoke rings at him. He wants someone to hug him and feed him eggplants. The guy says, "Hey, how can I get this?"

The only way is to own a pro team. So he parlays a tax write-off, buys a pro team and, suddenly, he has an identity.

You know, it's very lonely to be an extremely wealthy person and have nobody pay homage to you. It's like getting off a private jet: It always lands at a side hangar and there's nobody there to greet you. What good would it be to date Jacqueline Onassis if no one saw you? That's why owners like to stand up in their private boxes through the whole game. They don't sit down, because if they do, no one can take their picture.

5.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about putting college players on a payroll? Would that wipe out under-the-table recruiting abuses?

McGUIRE: No, it would create bigger problems than there are now. More often than not, the college athlete would have to pay the school, because there's no money. See, everyone looks at the top 40 or 50 schools. When you hear about something going wrong in recruiting, it's always about a coach in the top 30, a coach who has everything. He is not recruiting, he's *selecting*. The tradition of the school is there, whether it's the University of Nebraska or Virginia or UCLA. But if you start naming the Loyolas, the Northern Michigans, the Bowling Greens—hey, they count every sweat sock and every jockstrap; they're playing in the minus pool with finances and recruiting.

Solving recruiting-abuse problems is very easy: The president of the university says, "Thou shalt not cheat. If you cheat, you will be fired." That's all.

6.

PLAYBOY: How widespread is cheating today?

McGUIRE: Two percent would be a lot. You're always going to have a percentage of people who go beyond the rules. I don't care what it is, religion or sex, it's always two percent. In the collegiate world, the cheating becomes a crutch for the coaches who are losing. They always say, "If I cheated, I'd be winning." So the public forms the opinion that 50 percent of the schools are cheating, and it's not true. You

will find, in fact, that when they get down to investigate, there'll be five schools on probation. When you put the numbers into your computer, you'll find out that it's two percent. That's all it ever is.

Remember, you're dealing with a 17-and-a-half-year-old ballplayer when you're recruiting. Who the hell would put his life on the line and trust a 17-and-a-half-year-old kid?

7.

PLAYBOY: Would we be safe in saying that not much under-the-table business went on while you were at Marquette, then?

MC GUIRE: Everyone would like to think that it went on, but no. My guys got degrees. I'm not saying that they were Einsteins; they were marginal students. But every ballplayer who ever touched me has moved up his station in life. And the players moved up my station. No school ever made a Rhodes scholar; they're born. You can't show me a coach who has made an all-American. God makes those.

8.

PLAYBOY: Does God have a place in the locker room?

MC GUIRE: I've never had that question asked of me before. Yeah, I think He's there. If there weren't a God, those guys wouldn't be in there. Other people can't do what they can do, just in terms of their abilities, their talents and ballerina moves. At Marquette, which is a Catholic school, we always said a pregame prayer in the locker room and a priest always traveled with us. As long as my players believed in something, I didn't care. I've had a hard enough job saving myself. I can't save anybody else.

9.

PLAYBOY: Fans will always remember you weeping on the bench as Marquette clinched the 1977 N.C.A.A. championship. That moment might have been a watershed in the new age of male sensitivity. How do you feel about men's crying?

MC GUIRE: Well, you'd rather cry alone. It was a thing pent up after all the years of my jerking around in sports. It was probably a million-dollar cry. I think it changed how I was perceived by a lot of people throughout the country. But I was never ashamed of my emotions. Coaches usually show emotion. Some don't. The ones who don't, end up with ulcers.

10.

PLAYBOY: In terms of levels of emotional satisfaction, what's the difference between winning over the other team and slaughtering them?

MC GUIRE: Amateur coaches—those who are not of quality and who aren't going to stand the test of time—believe in burying opponents. They believe in winning a football game 40 to nothing or in winning a

basketball game by 34 points. You're obviously gladiating, but you're not looking to cost someone else his job. Coaches are your brothers; you help one another. So a coach who tries to bury someone doesn't belong in the profession and won't have a long stay in it. He doesn't understand that coaching is a profession, not a hobby.

I personally would never involve myself and another coach in a vendetta. It's not worth it. All I wanted was to get a W. During time-outs, I would say, "Win, for Christ's sake! Win! What are you jerking around for?" I was not a physical coach. I worked on your mind, not your body. People who are tough in the head are champions. Losers learn by losing and winners learn by winning. I never said a word to my team after a loss. I just left them alone. I've never given an excuse and I've never accepted an excuse. It's important to win, because someone is keeping score. But as far as being realistic goes, the only important things in life to win are surgery and war.

11.

PLAYBOY: Now that your coaching days are presumably over, you don't have as much at stake. What gets your blood up these days?

MC GUIRE: It gets me up to go into Bloomington or South Bend or Lexington, where each town tries to prove that it's the basketball capital of the country. They'll Windex the backboards, and the cheerleaders have had their hair in curlers all night and they press their outfits. And the bands get me up. And, to be honest with you, the cheerleaders kind of turn me on, too. But if my wife is in the audience, I don't look at them.

12.

PLAYBOY: Who has the best cheerleaders in the N.C.A.A.?

MC GUIRE: As a group and as a rhythm, the UCLA Bruins have a lot of true keepers out there. They remind me of that old country song that goes, "*You know I'm not that strong when you shake that thing.*" To me, even the worst college cheerleader is better than the best pro cheerleader. The pro cheerleaders put on a little too much rouge and seem to have too many places where you can hang your hat. But in college, they just seem to be turned on. It seems to be a legitimate, genuine concern. They don't seem to be looking for the red light on the camera.

13.

PLAYBOY: A lot of viewers think you're full of it and don't hesitate to say so. How does Al McGuire answer to the charge?

MC GUIRE: Well, I am full of buffalo chips, but I know it. Which makes me much further advanced than the ones who are and don't realize it. At least, I know I'm a

ham. But I enjoy it. The only thing is, when I'm with more than four people at a time, I think I should be paid.

14.

PLAYBOY: Did tending bar at the McGuire family's tavern in Queens early in life prepare you for the kind of on-mike shirt-sleeve psychoanalyzing in which you specialize now?

MC GUIRE: Yeah, but I didn't know it at the time. I used to think that I was going to be a bartender for the rest of my life. I was even learning how to clip out of the register, which means take some money out for yourself. I didn't realize that I was being educated, that this was equal to a scholarship to Princeton. As a nighttime bartender, you learn to judge people very, very quickly. You can feel a room and know who the shysters are and who the hookers are. You know who the phonies are and who the sincere people are. You learn not to rate people if their name is Gabor or Shalakis, or if they wear a cap, or if they slur, or if they spill a drink. You learn to know what the devil it's all about—and it's not the cloth napkins and the limos.

A bar is a clearinghouse. People open up there. You never go into a bar where people are postdating memos. They're usually exchanging and sometimes there's sadness, but there's still an exchange. There is a nice feeling at two in the morning to see a beer sign. It's somewhere you can place a bet or have an affair or play a jukebox or whatever. Of all the places I know on earth, it seems to be the most wholesome. You're not walking into anything that you have to prep yourself for. When you go in, you know what's there and what's expected of you. If you want to join in, you can. If you want to slip down to the end of the bar and cry in your beer, you can do that, too.

I never got into this before, but I hope the neighborhood saloon never leaves us. It's something like the porch on a house. But there are no more porches.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've been married for nearly 32 years. What's your secret to making it last?

MC GUIRE: Being separate. I don't understand the doctor and the nurse who go to work together. I don't understand that type of love. I didn't marry to have a bodyguard. I married for a companion. My wife has her life and she enjoys it. We enjoy our time together. But when I retired a few years ago, I thought I'd do my wife a favor by hanging around the house. I didn't realize that I was on her turf and that she needed those four, five, six hours for whatever she did. So now, once that guy from Notre Dame comes on, the guy who does the interviews—Phil Donahue—

(concluded on page 214)

BERNARD AND HUEY

1

YOU SEEM IN PRETTY
GOOD SHAPE, CONSIDERING.

HEY, I'M
GREAT!



WAS IT LONG IN COMING,
THE BREAKUP, HUEY?

SHE WENT
FEMINIST
ON ME.
MAD. CAN
YOU
BELIEVE
IT?



WHAT A
BUMMER!

AFTER FIFTEEN GOOD YEARS.



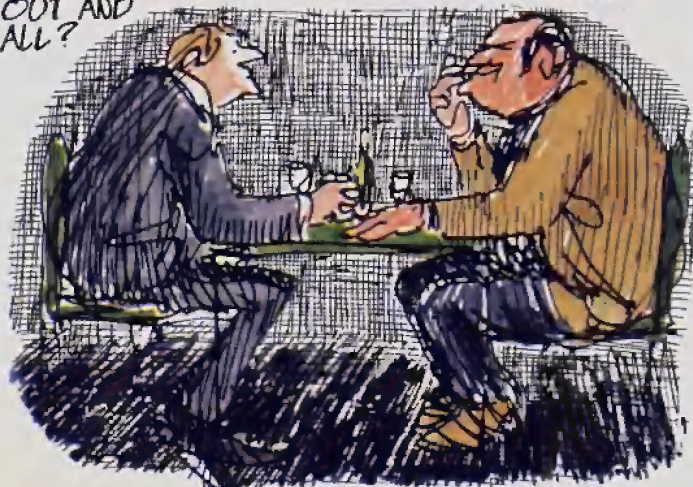
HOW ARE THE
KIDS TAKING
IT?

COULDN'T
BE BETTER.



REALLY? THEIR
FATHER MOVING
OUT AND
ALL?

NO PROBLEM, MAN. I TAUGHT
THEM TO BE INDEPENDENT
FROM THE BEGINNING.



HOW'D YOU DO THAT?

I NEVER
SLEPT HOME.



JOE
FESTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR

LADIES

YOU'VE HAD this dream in the back of your mind: a tall, dark woman, her face half hidden in the folds of a black-lace mantilla; a mysterious promise in smoldering eyes. But there are several obstacles between you: a stone courtyard wall breached only by a wrought-iron gate, heavily padlocked; a stocky, dour duenna swathed in shapeless black; a stern father who suddenly snatches a gleaming Toledo blade from its sheath....

Wake up and smell the *café*, fella. The ladies of Spain are still, to paraphrase the song, adorable; but they are not now, if they ever were, creatures of such stereotype. (Lots of them are blondes or redheads, for starters.) And while it is true that until the death of Generalissimo (text concluded on page 146)



Carmen Mariche Real (above) lives in a Barcelona residence run by nuns, but her own attitudes are liberal—except when it comes to football, which she detests. It's hard to upstage the scenic beauty of a place like Ronda, one of southern Spain's "white towns," but Swiss-born Jolanda Egger (right) manages it nicely. When not inspiring photographers, Jolanda jumps horses.



OF SPAIN

*those once demure
señoritas have really come
a long way, baby*

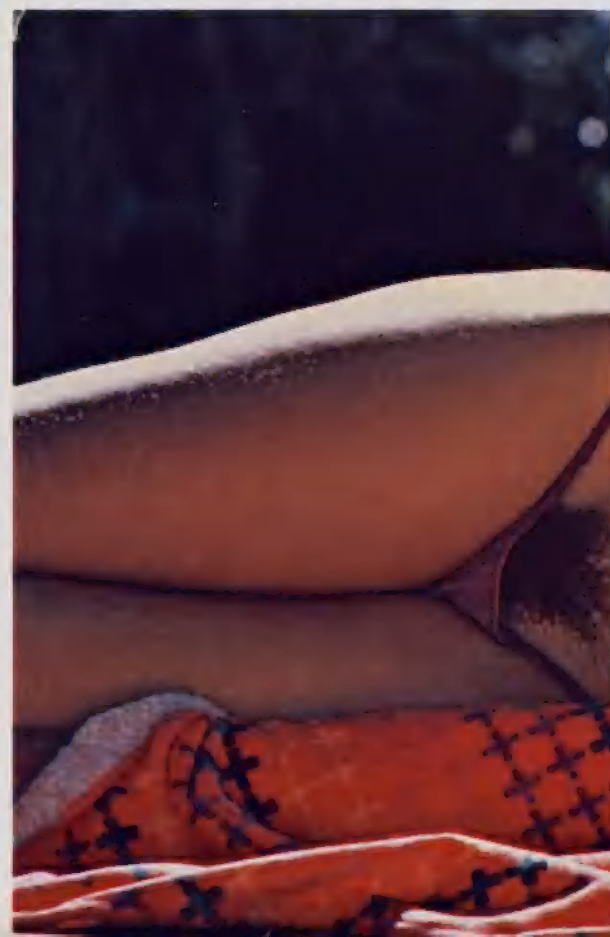




Barcelona's Nina Ferré (above) is a promising young actress who's currently appearing in her third film. She's hard at work studying English so she can try to fulfill a childhood ambition: "Since I was very small, I have always wanted to be a Hollywood actress."



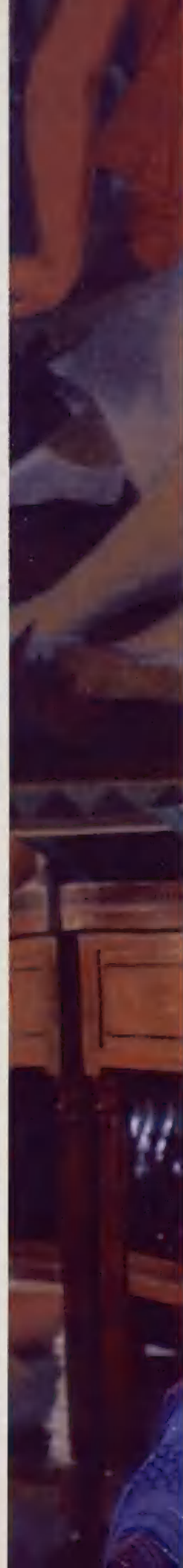
Life on the Balearic island of Ibiza lured interior decorator Petra Machalinski (below left) away from her native Germany. Petra's hobby is painting; she's decorative herself.





Also happily settled on Ibiza is Elena Romero (above), who was born in the northern Spanish seacoast city of San Sebastián. A secretarial school graduate, she works as a public-relations consultant for an island night spot. Profesora Petra Sonneborn (below) teaches art history and physical education in Madrid; she has recently taken up a second successful career as a model, doing fashion shows and a number of television spots.







Yacht stewardess Rena Edmonds (far left) basks in the sunshine that bathes Marbella most of the year; there's good reason to call this shore the *Costa del Sol*. At near left is Madrid's Adriana Azcue, who combines a modeling career with work in public relations and admits to liking "serious, elegant, attractive men." A genuine castle in Spain provides the backdrop for Marta Elena Jimenez Perer (above), who won the title Miss Tenerife ten years ago, when she was only 14. Ana Maria Codina Pujol (below) has lived in Spain all of her 20 years; here she poses in Seville's Plaza de España, a picturesque relic of 1929's Ibero-American Exposition in that city.





Still another *Fräulein* who has elected to become a *señorita* is Heike Wesenberg (above), who, when we asked for her opinion of men, said simply that they're "the best thing in the world." Madrid model Uschi Hu (below) turns in a performance on the plains of La Mancha that, we're convinced, would have made the legendary Don Quixote forget his tilt toward windmills. It did draw the attention of curious policemen, who rubbernecked. ¿Cómo no?





At ease beside one of Barcelona's most famous landmarks, the sculpture *La Pedrera*, by Gaudi, is local economics student Alicia Garcia Moller (above). Alicia told us that she likes jealous men, "because then I know they're not uninterested." Brussels-born Diane Beaussillon (below) spent two years in France and three cruising on a sailboat before moving to swinging Ibiza, where she works as a hostess in her father's restaurant. She appreciates men "who know what they want."





Actress/model Lola Farcada Mateo (above) is from Barcelona; one of her favorite pastimes, not surprisingly, is going to the movies. Carmen Gil Bayana (left, harborside at Marbella) also acts and models—but she prefers the latter. Carmen, who also lives in Barcelona, travels around Spain, often modeling bathing suits in fashion shows; she has had small parts in four films and somehow still finds time to teach make-up classes, swim, play tennis, dance and engage in gymnastics.

Jacqueline Lana Marcan (below) came to Barcelona from her native Manila by way of Indonesia and France. She tells us that her ambition is to become a magician. After being educated in England, Swiss-born Caroline Webb (right) spent one year in Venezuela, two in New York, then came to Spain "because I didn't know it." Now she does, and she's a language teacher in Madrid, where in recent years she has noted a marked loosening of restraints on everything from freedom of speech to entertainment ("Now you can even see transvestite shows").





Francisco Franco in 1975, nearly all freedoms, including that of sexual expression, were repressed—PLAYBOY was outlawed, for instance—in 1983, some of the *señoritas* of Spain are among the freest spirits in all Europe.

What's astonishing about this sea change is that it has taken place so profoundly in less than a decade. Or, to hear some Spaniards tell it, in less than a week. One bachelor scientist described the scene after the dictator's demise thus: "One week, all you could see was a woman's ankle. The next week, total nudity."

The scientist, who conducts research for Spain's burgeoning wine industry, has had ample opportunity to study developing Spanish womanhood. He has five sisters and several girlfriends. "I see the differences in women by five-year age spans," he told us. "It's difficult for women over 30, for example, to adjust to sexual freedom. The 25-year-olds are more liberated—and the 15-year-olds are doing everything."

We were reminded of Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's film *Maravillas*, released a year or two ago, in which a 15-year-old girl has sex with a series of men in the flat she shares with her widowed father—while her father is at home, observing the bedroom traffic. Not the sort of scene you'd expect to see in Dubuque. When asked, at a Chicago International Film Festival press conference, if *Maravillas'* behavior were typical of 15-year-old Spanish girls, Gutiérrez Aragón replied, "Perhaps not, but it's the way most would like to be."

Such changes haven't taken place without a rent in the country's social fabric, of course, and more than one observer feels that the pendulum is about to swing back again. But it will never return to the days of the *duenna*. And today, the chances of striking up a conversation—and, with luck, entering into more intimate companionship—are just as good in Spain as they are anywhere else in the world. Spanish girls are dancing in discos, working in offices and stores, studying law and medicine, doing everything their peers in England, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States are doing.

Spain is a country of immense contrasts, from lush, semitropical Andalusia to the austere plains of Castile and the unique flavor of Galicia and the Basque country to the north. It's in the big cities—Barcelona and Madrid—and in the resort-cum-artist's-colony atmosphere of Ibiza that most of the action takes place. For one thing, there are more jobs there, and a girl is more likely to be able to afford her own apartment or, at least, to share one with girlfriends. In a smaller village, just as in East Snowshoe, Nebraska, she's more likely to live at home with the folks. Economics, in fact, has a lot to do with sexual freedom in Spain; when a woman works,

as most now do, she's more independent.

Carlos Martorell, an international-public-relations expert who describes himself as "the first guy in Barcelona, years ago, to have refused to become a lawyer and moved to Ibiza to live like a hippie, surrounded by Americans," has a lot to say about regional differences in mores.

"Ibiza is still the most open place in Spain," he says, "partly because there are so many young tourists here. It's the Sodom and Gomorrah of 1983.

"Next most liberal is Barcelona, perhaps because it's near France. The most conservative areas are Asturias and Zaragoza, in the north. As for Andalusia, there's sex there, but much of it is underground. All the society ladies are criticizing everybody else while they're fucking their chauffeurs.

"Still," he concludes, "I think we'll go back to romanticism soon. Spaniards have always been extremists."

He may be right, at least about the romanticism. Like many of the young women in Spain who posed for PLAYBOY, Barcelona's Carmen Moriche Real told us that romanticism was the quality that most pleased her in a man. But neither she nor the other young women with whom we talked want to turn the clock back to the heyday of *machismo*.

Another outsider who has adopted Spain as her homeland is Petra Sonneborn, who hails from Hannover, Germany, and now teaches in a private German school in Madrid. She was surprised at what she found: "Women are more liberal here in Spain than elsewhere in Europe; often, the younger Spanish girls will make the first move. Which makes it difficult for the rest of us, because many men think we're all fair game."

Although the liberation of women—sexual as well as economical—is pretty much a *fait accompli* in Spain, the news hasn't leaked out to many parts of the world. Even Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar was skeptical. A letter he got from a friend didn't help: "Spanish women don't even undress before their husbands! How are you going to get through this assignment?"

When he left for Spain, Pompeo took along a powerful ally in the form of Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses (who, in the process, fell so deeply in love with Spain that she made three trips to the country, on her own time, within months).

"We started out in Barcelona, where the offices of PLAYBOY's Spanish edition are located," Janice recalls. "And that should have given us an inkling that the job was not going to be impossible. The streets of Barcelona were filled with girls in very short skirts, ruffly, romantic blouses, high heels or sexy boots. It was obvious that those girls were aware of themselves and of their sensuousness. In Barcelona, we met Ignacio and Estrella Ribo—she's a journalist and he's a successful attorney by day

and owner/operator of the popular disco Up & Down by night—public-relations man Carlos Martorell and the brilliant sculptor Xavier Corberó, who allowed us to use two houses in his 300-year-old castlelike complex for our shootings.

"Those introductions helped us in other cities, such as Madrid, where we found more beautiful girls at the disco Pachá. This place reminded us of New York's Studio 54 in its heyday. If you're a night person, by the way, you'll love Spain: People never dine before ten, get to the discos at one or two and don't roll home before four or five in the morning."

Pompeo and Janice continued their odyssey through sun-baked Andalusia and the Costa del Sol, where they headquartered in Marbella's Hotel Puente Romano, with side trips to such sites as Ronda, with its ancient Roman bridge, and other spots filled with evidence of Spain's mixed cultural heritage (400 years under the Romans; nearly 800 under Moorish conquerors whose level of culture was astonishing). Next came Seville, where the Plaza de España and other remnants of the Ibero-American Exposition of 1929 pre-empt what's to come in 1992, when Seville and Chicago, PLAYBOY's home base, will each host a world's fair in commemoration of Columbus' discovery of America.

A two-hour flight took our team to the Canary Islands, Spanish provinces off the west coast of Africa. In Santa Cruz de Tenerife, a popular spot, they had scarcely settled into their hotel before the phones started ringing with calls from girls, agents who wanted appointments for their model clients and television stations asking for interviews. Exulted Janice, "Who said it couldn't be done?"

Last stop was Ibiza, long the bastion of nonconformity in Spain. There have been nude beaches on Ibiza and its neighboring Balearic Island of Formentera for some time, and the steady influx of tourists (many of whom decide to stay) has carved chinks into conservatism, even during the days of Franco. Many of the most attractive girls who posed for PLAYBOY, in fact, were born elsewhere but have settled into Spanish life in recent years. They probably wouldn't have found it congenial before.

By the time they had to hop their Iberia 747 for the flight back to the States, Janice and Pompeo were satisfied that they'd done their job. We trust you'll agree.

(For information on travel to Spain, write to one of the Spanish National Tourist Offices: 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Suite 915 East, Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; One Hallidie Plaza, Suite 801, San Francisco, California 94102; 4800 Galleria, 5085 Westheimer, Houston, Texas 77056; or Iberia Airlines of Spain, 9777 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York 11374.)





Rowland
Wilson

PLAYBOY

MUSIC '83

TO THE MAX, TOTALLY

THE YEAR IN MUSIC: In case you thought there was nothing sporting in rock 'n' roll this time around, we wish you could have heard April Wine's *If You See Kay*, which for the most part was off the radio because of what it spelled phonetically. Actually, last year, you didn't have to listen to the radio to hear the hits. Survivor's number-one tune *Eye of the Tiger* was the theme from *Rocky III*. Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes similarly soared with *Up Where We Belong*, from *An Officer and a Gentleman*. The Waitresses became a top draw after cutting the theme for CBS-TV's *Square Pegs*. See what we mean? Another current event: solar recording. Styx went into a solar-powered studio last year. Meanwhile, Ozzy Osbourne did his part to save the whales: He preferred to gnaw on the heads of bats and doves. And A Flock of Seagulls came up with a new hairdo that very closely resembled the doors of the late, lamented DeLorean sports coupe. Really, gag us with a spoon.



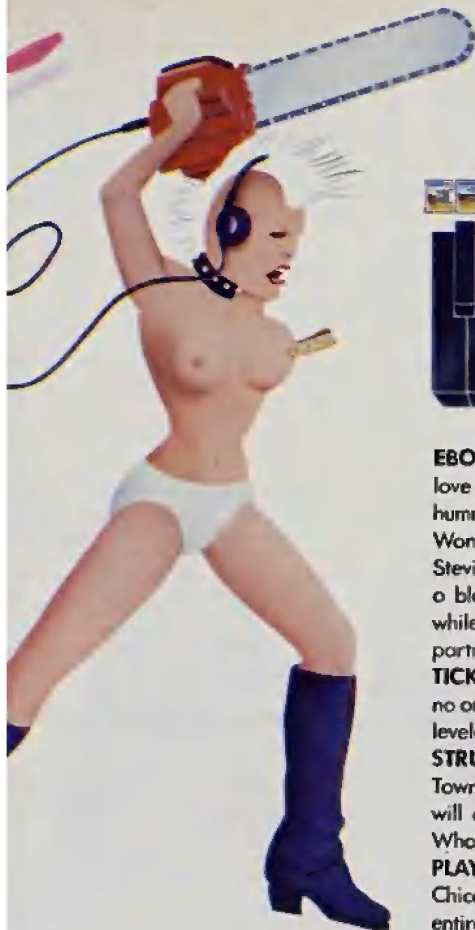
CHOP ROCK: It wasn't enough that Julian Lennon, Emma Townshend, Zak Starkey and Maan Zappa premiered their acts this past year. Now Lisa Popeil, daughter of Sam Popeil, the maker of the famed Veg-O-Matic and the Packet Fisherman, has cut her first album, in Hollywood. No, it won't be marketed by K-tel.

HURTS SO GOOD: Bloomington, Indiana's, Jahn Caugar (nee Mellencamp) ought to hit the TV-commercial scene (Hertz sa gaa-ood . . .). That's got to be better than hitting his supporters. Not too long ago, Caugar plopped a female publicist into a cake and dumped a drum set and a few amps onto his fans at a concert in London, Ontario. We'll bet first-row fans are not likely to dispute that sometimes "love don't feel like it should."



A NUTTY, MAH-VELOUS GUY: Paul Shaffer may have played every lounge in Canada—both men's and women's. Now, as musical director of David Letterman's *Late Night* show, he's responsible for some of the heppiest music on TV. His oversize smoked glasses, his wardrobe of chemically induced fabrics and colors and his forced but wan smile all contribute to the best parody of showbiz in showbiz. We love you, Paul. You're really a fabulous guy. We mean that sincerely.





EBONY & IVORY

EBONY AND IRONY: First it was brotherly love and racial harmony. Even little kids were humming along with Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder's Top 40 hit. Next thing you know, Stevie canceled his ChicagoFest booking during a block boycott sponsored by PUSH. Meanwhile, Paul went out and found himself a new partner—Michael Jackson.

TICKLING THE IVORIES: Liberace swears that no one is tickling him, despite palimony charges leveled at him by a former employee.

STRUMMIN' ON THE OLD PIANO: Pete Townshend says that in ten years, synthesizers will entirely replace guitars. Is that why The Who want to quit?

PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC, WHITE BOYS: A Chicago band, Occupants, kick out their jams entirely on Cosias. Are they plugged in or what?

PUT THE PEDAL TO THE METAL: No fewer than four books about him are now on the rocks. They're turning his life story into a movie. Johnny Carsan even got him into a tux. But nothing can stop The Killer—not bad booze, bad girls or bad luck. There's still a whole lotta shokin' going on.

ROCKMAN HIT LIST: Some performers don't deserve an audience. They deserve a Rockman, the new toy that enables musicians to listen to themselves via a headset, saving the world from useless slaughter. Our Rockman hit list: The Plasmatics, Scott Baio, Billy Idol, The Psychedelic Furs, and Sammy Hagar.



BEATLES XX: The Beatles' 20th anniversary was in 1982. Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth and Paul McCartney celebrated at Royal Albert Hall. MGM/UA Home Video issued a chart-topping two-hour documentary, *The Complete Beatles*, and a West Coast band changed its name from The Bongos to The Bongles.

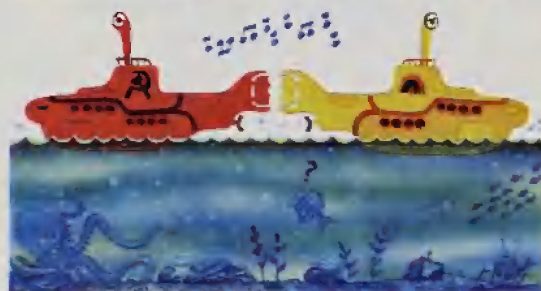
The new fob four, at left, sound Beatley but are definitely the female of the species.



STRAW-MAN: Billboard reported that when record stores start stocking video games, record sales increase. And Maxell found that its audio-tape customers buy twice as many records as average record buyers. So what's eating the music biz, anyway?



NAME THAT CROWD: Sure, you know the performers, but can you tell their audiences apart? To find out, match each crowd with the description of what they're watching: (a) Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, (b) The Blues Stage at ChicagoFest, (c) The Police at the Us Festival, (d) Dave Brubeck, (e) The Who, (f) Dean Martin on TV, (g) Porlioment/Funkadelic. Look for answers on page 190.



BUT WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE: A Russian submarine sailed into Swedish waters, but when the Swedes failed to net the ostensible red herring, they blamed rock music. Technicians' ears, said navy brass, were so damaged by high-decibel rock 'n' roll that technicians had trouble listening to sensitive sonar equipment.

ROCK-'N'-ROLL COUPLE OF THE YEAR: On the screen below, Chicago radio personality Steve Dahl hugs his leading lady in *Falklands!*, a rock video tape about a lonely soldier and his war bride. We liked the part where the sheep learns to play drums. Tragically, by war's end, she becomes the featured attraction in a back-yard barbecue.



GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

they sing hot; they write smart; heck, they even play their instruments. to put it another way: the girls got ripe this past year

Joan Jett

Laurie Anderson

COLLAGE BY ANN KORACH

Girlschool

Go-Go's

Karla DeVito


Tanè Cain

Cindy Wilson

Dale Bozzio



You've heard talk of the *women* of rock, but we think our headline, from Marshall Crenshaw's song, belongs here. After all, if The Who are the *kids* and Brownsville Station smoked in the *boys'* room, then the significant troops of hot new female rockers must be girls, huh? Fortunately, like the boys of rock, the girls of rock don't grow up, either. When they do, they talk about retiring. Of course, we'd talk about retiring, too, if our competition were looking and acting this good. From the *avant-garde* electronic noodling of Laurie Anderson to the chirpy, sock-hop fun of the Go-Go's and Toni Basil, there was nothing the girls hadn't tried this past year. Girlschool and Catholic Girls outheavied the boy heavy-metalists, while Exene, lead singer of X, wrote songs about rubber sheets and marriage. Grace Jones, who's actually a girl, and Prince, who's actually a boy, made fascinating theater out of sexual ambiguity. (Sorry about the picture, Prince—we're confused.) Talking Heads bassist Tina Weymouth toured last summer with her very pregnant tummy sheathed in a supportive sling. As you can see, traditionalist Wendy O. Williams wowed us with her old-fashioned feminine accessories—clothespins. And Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson of the B-52's are keeping the beehive alive. When we saw The Motels' Martha Davis taking healthy whacks at her Telecaster, we tried to keep in mind that she is the mother of two teenaged girls. Josie Cotton's single *Johnny Are You Queer?* brought out the pickets against a radio station that played it. Former Playboy Bunny Dale Bozzio emerged as lead singer for Missing Persons. And among all the newer faces, the veterans have been surviving in style: Grace Slick, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks, Linda Ronstadt, Pat Benatar and Joni Mitchell. Any day now, a new graffito is going to pop up: BONNIE RAITT IS GOD. But to really put this in perspective, just remember that Big Mama Thornton's was the voice that first gave you *Hound Dog*. We'd say it's taken a long time for females to get into the male-dominated rock arena, but we're glad they did.

A vibrant collage of female rockers from the late 1970s and early 1980s. The artists are depicted in various poses, some singing into microphones, others playing instruments. The style is reminiscent of classic rock magazine spreads. Labels for each artist are placed directly on or near their images.

Wendy O. Williams

Deborah Harry

Linda Ronstadt

Stevie Nicks

Pat Benatar

Bonnie Raitt

Josie Cotton

Grace Jones

Martha Davis

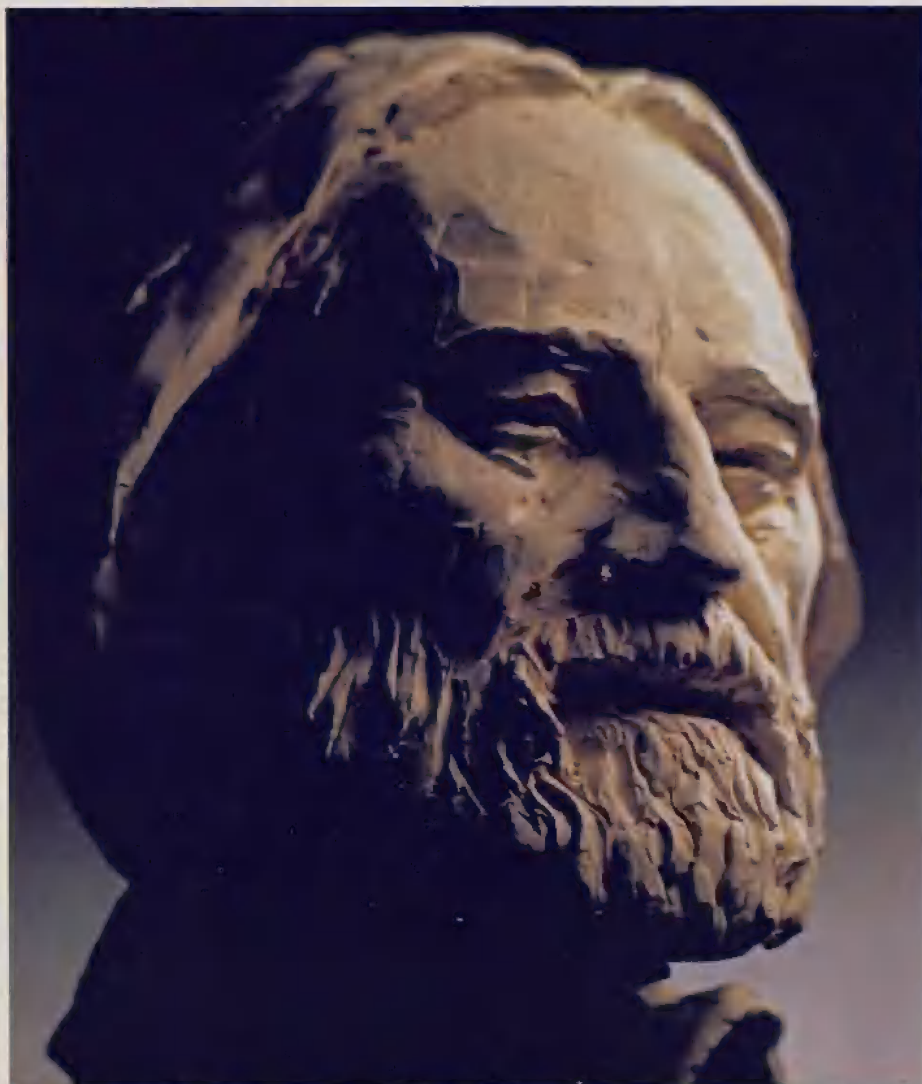
Kate Pierson

Exene

Grace Slick

Prince

HALL OF FAME



W I L L I E N E L S O N

more than anything else, Willie Nelson is a country songster—in singing, in writing and in style. He is white country Gospel, Texas honky-tonk, black rural blues; well, it goes on and on. He and his band have been called healers and dopers and joggers in these pages. He summons up the infamous outlaw period when country music briefly danced away from its origins. He brings to mind the disparate influences his band has wrought to rally the clans, from grandparents to grandchildren, and to nurture the white-collar discovery of Western music. The late, great Lefty Frizzell was at one end of the spectrum, Hoagy Carmichael at the other. Maybe it was his *Stardust* album that brought Willie up through the ranks from Texas and Nashville to national acclaim, from being a man with a “purty voice” to true stardom, from musical picnics for the faithful to prominence in films. What inspires fans to create a star? Is it loyalty to a band that, despite its ups and downs, keeps going through its paces? Is it loyalty to a performer who, however rarely, will tear a door off its hinges instead of using his God-given key? Maybe it's just that his admirers appreciate that ol' Willie is into a transcendental mood after all these years, that he has had it and now he's doing what he wants to do, what he has to do to keep himself from going down the tubes like so many of his brethren. And there's that communicated sadness over the passage of time that has been the key to Willie's future and his present fortune. We're glad this angel isn't flying too close to the ground. He isn't as wild as people like to think. He's solid. Honk if you love Willie.

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESULTS

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP / ROCK LP

1. *Asia* (Geffen Records)
2. *Tug of War* / Paul McCartney (Columbia)
3. *Mirage* / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
4. *Freeze-Frame* / The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
5. *Ghost in the Machine* / The Police (A&M)
5. *It's Hard* / The Who (Warner Bros.)
7. *American Fool* / John Cougar (Riva)

7. *Escape* / Journey (Columbia)
7. *Pictures at Eleven* / Robert Plant (Swan Song)
10. *Combat Rock* / The Clash (Epic)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *Original Musiquarium I* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla / Motown)
2. *The Other Woman* / Ray Parker, Jr. (Arista)
3. *Lionel Richie* (Motown)
4. *Street Songs* / Rick James (Gordy / Motown)
5. *Jump To It* / Aretha Franklin (Arista)

6. *Gap Band IV* (Total Experience Records / PolyGram)
6. *Donna Summer* (Geffen Records)
8. *The Dude* / Quincy Jones (A&M)
9. *Raise* / Earth, Wind & Fire (ARC / Columbia)
10. *Throwin' Down* / Rick James (Gordy / Motown)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *Offramp* / Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
2. *Breakin' Away* / Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)

(continued on page 188)

*townshend, daltrey, entwistle
and jones talk about
their de-ge-ge-generation*

DANTE HAD IT all wrong. The outer circles of hell are definitely not populated by traitors, cads, bounders or any such curmudgeons. They are, I'm quite certain, staffed by people without backstage passes desperately trying to argue their way through the heavenly gates past the Rent-A-Saint Peters.

Elbowing my way through the hopeful throng toward the stage door, I keep one hand hovering protectively over the coveted blue-and-white adhesive patch that identifies me as ARTIST/GUEST THE WHO '82 TOUR MEADOWLANDS ARENA. As I reach the stage entrance, I flash my pass at the burly guard and start through the open doorway.

"Hold it, buddy," barks Mr. Security, jabbing a pudgy finger into my pass. "This is no good without the little mushroom." What mushroom? I follow the trajectory of the pudgy finger toward a photocopied sheet on the stage door that purports to explain the ranks and privileges of the eight types of passes considered valid on the Who tour. At the bottom of the pecking order are the AFTER SHOW ONLY chits that allow you the privilege of hanging around the lounge, where you can play Pac-Man and toss down free drinks. On the high end, there are the special plastic-laminated photo and chain jobs that permit you to sit in John Entwistle's lap or follow Roger Daltrey into the men's room. Halfway up the list, I spot my blue-and-white number. It is clearly marked INVALID WITHOUT MUSHROOM STAMP. For a brief, shining moment I entertain the idea of explaining to the gentleman that I'm here on assignment from a major magazine, that I've interviewed Pete Townshend twice before, met his wife, we're buddies, he said to make sure we got together in New York, I'm an eagle scout and. . .

No, he's heard all that before—and worse. Instead, I rifle through my pockets until I dredge up the spare pass I'd been given by one of the three or four record companies, management firms, promoters and PR agencies responsible for tour security. Sure enough, this little bugger is identical to the first pass, except that this one has a funny little mushroom tattooed across it. I quickly slap it on over the invalid pass in full view of the security guard, who shrugs and ushers me through without further ado. Dr. Pavlov, call your lah.

As I walk down the long corridor leading to the band's dressing rooms, irony is everywhere. I mean, this is The Who, isn't it? Rock's original angry young punks, right? Agents of chaos and anarchy. The lads who, in a frisky mood, could make the Stones look like choirboys. How did the band that wouldn't get fooled again end up in the center of an interlocking web of promoters, record companies, concessionaires, publicists, film companies and God knows what else? When the Last Poets smugly sang about how "the revolution will not be televised," they sorely underestimated the marketing powers of the American media/entertainment complex. If The Who's final tour of America is any indication, not only will the revolution be televised—it'll be simulcast on FM radio, wired for pay TV, chronicled by an official biographer and brought to you by Schlitz beer.

No wonder Townshend, Daltrey, Entwistle and Kenney Jones decided to pack it in as a touring

THE WHO'S LAST

article

BY VIC GARBARINI

band by the end of last year. In a sense, they have become hamstrung by their own success—in danger of gaining the whole world but losing their souls to the mindless juggernaut of today's megabucks-oriented music business. Not that there's necessarily anything wrong with making a few bucks, mind you. But when you reach the rarefied heights of a superstar band such as The Who, you begin to operate under a different set of dynamics than a garden-variety bar band. That special communion between band and audience often can't sustain the transition to the arena circuit. Quantity begins to replace quality, communication devolves into spectacle and rock 'n' roll loses its gift to inspire, challenge, mirror and question.

When I ran some of those ideas by guitarist Townshend in London, shortly after he'd announced that the 1982 world tour would be the band's last, he agreed wholeheartedly. "The Who," he said, "are probably as responsible for the degeneration of rock as anyone else. Basically, it came about because of the opportunity to make large amounts of money and the Western obsession with achievement as measured by quantity rather than depth. Musicians have actually started saying, 'What's the point of making a really good record when we know that a well-constructed piece of (continued on page 188)'

Rock WINNERS

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES



EARTH, WIND & FIRE group

STEVIE WONDER male vocalist,
composer / songwriter

DIANA ROSS female vocalist

POP/ ROCK



CARLOS SANTANA guitar

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

FLEETWOOD MAC group

BILLY JOEL keyboards

PAUL MCCARTNEY male vocalist,
bass, composer / songwriter

STEVIE NICKS female vocalist

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

ALABAMA group

ROY CLARK string instrumentalist

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

WILLIE NELSON male vocalist,
composer / songwriter

JAZZ

STANLEY CLARKE bass

BUDDY RICH percussion

HERB ALPERT brass

CHICK COREA keyboards

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. woodwinds

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

GEORGE BENSON guitar

QUINCY JONES composer / songwriter

ROBERTA FLACK female vocalist

AL JARREAU male vocalist


MANHATTAN TRANSFER group

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar",
0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per
cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.

**Salem
Spirit**

A man and a woman are shown from the chest up, smiling and embracing each other. The man is in the foreground, wearing a yellow long-sleeved shirt, and the woman is behind him, wearing a light blue long-sleeved shirt. They appear to be outdoors, possibly on a boat, as there are some mechanical parts visible in the lower left. In the foreground, three packs of Salem cigarettes are prominently displayed. The leftmost pack is green and white, labeled 'Salem Menthol Fresh'. The middle pack is white with green accents, labeled 'Salem LIGHTS'. The rightmost pack is light blue and white, labeled 'Salem ULTRA LIGHTS'. A single cigarette is shown emerging from the top of the Ultra Lights pack. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green, suggesting foliage or a natural setting.

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

Menthol Fresh

Salem

FILTER

MENTHOL FRESH

Salem
LIGHTS

Menthol Fresh

Salem
ULTRA
LIGHTS

"The blue-eyes stuff is offensive because of the implication that you'd be a failure without them."

simply seem to be able to slip close to the edge of things.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there also a time when you were racing that a car fell onto the roof of your car?

NEWMAN: That's a highly exaggerated story. A car fell onto the hood of my car. There are two Newman's laws, you know. The first one is, "It is useless to put on your brakes when you're upside down." The second one is, "Just when things look darkest, they go black."

PLAYBOY: Judging from that, you've rolled a vehicle or two.

NEWMAN: [Smiles] Yeah, I rolled a '73 Porsche once in Louisiana. A few years earlier, I had a motorcycle accident and lost a 650 Bonneville Triumph. I sold all my cycles the next day. I wasn't wearing a helmet that day—and that was also Newman's luck.

[The locale shifts from Fort Lauderdale to Newman's home in Beverly Hills.]

PLAYBOY: Define Newman's luck, once and for all, as it has affected your looks, your career, your personal life.

NEWMAN: It starts with the luck of genetics. In the business I'm in, I seem to have the right physical appearance. It's not just a question of attractiveness or unattractiveness. It means I have a metabolism that keeps me thin. I'm also shy, and shyness is strictly a genetic trait. Now, how people deal with shyness is something else. Will it make you try harder the next year? With me it was . . . well, if I were a dog, I would be a terrier. I always see them as dogs that are trying to handle bones that are much too big for them, trying to dig up bones under fences when the fences are too deeply embedded. I am lucky to a fault, but I am also very determined. I will somehow get that bone. I will get someone who weighs 300 pounds to stomp on the bone! I'll get a Mercedes-Benz to drive over the bone! Anyway, if I ever write an autobiography, it will be called *The Way It Looks from Up Here in the Plum Tree*. [Smiles]

PLAYBOY: Why a plum tree?

NEWMAN: I don't know. I guess a plum tree has always been where kings and queens sit.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you written it?

NEWMAN: I suppose if I really wrote an autobiography, I would have to get into who did what to whom, when I did what and how, and I don't think that's anybody's business. This is the great age of candor, the age of the *New York Post* and *The National Enquirer*, but my theme for the Eighties is "Fuck candor." It even inspired me to write a poem—just one. I call it *The Age of Candor*. Want to see it? [He

goes into another room and returns quickly, putting on a pair of reading glasses] Allow me to read it to you:

"Is mystery there?

Penthouse—

Hustler—

Spread—

Wide.

World Wide

Viva, Screw!

Do these invest a head
with magic speculation?

Well . . .

I talk more to lust

with veils and shadows

In darkness

layers peeled

Each tactile step

Read not in kilowatts

The intimation of . . .

suggests

my private wonder."

PLAYBOY: That's appropriate, because we were going to dip into your unwritten autobiography and ask you about some of the episodes in your life you've never talked about. Such as the period in 1953 when you were already married, with three children, and you met Joanne.

NEWMAN: Yeah, and that's why I say fuck candor. It's simply nobody's business. What happened to us during that period is not gonna help anybody live a happy life—it's not going to help people's marriages, it's not going to destroy their marriages—and it's simply nobody's business.

PLAYBOY: Although since that time, you have certainly set a showbiz record for endurance in happiness and marriage.

NEWMAN: And that also is nobody's business. You know, there are a lot of things in our business that seem to have become hard-and-fast rules. One of them is that no matter what you're doing—if you're having a romantic dinner with your wife, if you're shooting the bull with the kids, if you're discussing a script with a friend, if you're just walking happily down Fifth Avenue, no matter what you're doing—you must, if somebody asks you, stop and put your name on a piece of paper. Now, that may not be in the area of invasion of privacy, but it is in the area of violation of human rights. There is a human right that you should be allowed to speak with your wife without interruption if you care to; I care to. I care to walk down Fifth Avenue without—sometimes on request and sometimes on command—putting my name on a piece of paper or standing for a photograph with someone's favorite dog or family baby. When people say, "Smile," or "Take off your dark glasses," I immediate-

ly think of a drill instructor ordering me around. So when a media person says, "Tell me about your difficult year of 1953," I say, "Why? On whose recognizance?" I believe I can say that with the full support of most of the human-rights organizations around the planet.

PLAYBOY: All right. But your complaint about autograph signing is a common one among celebrities. Why did you feel you could stop?

NEWMAN: I can tell you when I stopped. I was standing at a urinal at Sardi's in New York and a guy came through the door with a piece of paper and a pen in his hand. Since that moment, I've thought about the foolishness of it and the indecency of it and realized there was no situation that could not be violated. Thinking back on that moment, I wonder, What do I do with my hands? Do I wash them first and then shake hands? Or do I shake hands and then wash up?

PLAYBOY: Still, don't you feel you owe something to those who pay five bucks to see one of your movies and support your stardom?

NEWMAN: Sure, I owe them a lot. I owe them the best performance I can give; I owe them an appearance on my set exactly on time; I owe them trying to work for the best I can, not just for money. But if somebody says that what I owe him is to stand up against a wall and take off my dark glasses so he can take a picture of my baby blues, then I say, "No, I don't owe you that." I try not to be hurtful. I say something like, "If I take off my glasses, my pants will fall down." Or, if they're insistent, I say, "Sure, I'll take off my dark glasses if you'll let me look at your gums." Fair's fair.

PLAYBOY: So the blue eyes still are a concern to you. The old joke about your greatest terror being a tombstone with the words HERE BUT FOR HIS BLUE EYES. . . .

NEWMAN: The blue-eyes stuff is offensive because of the implication that you'd be a failure if you didn't have them: "That's how you made it, so take off your glasses so we can see your famous baby blues." It's like with Bo Derek, you know: "Take off your brassiere so we can check your boobs." It has exactly the same connotation; there's something of a put-down to it.

PLAYBOY: Essentially, what you're saying is that after all these years, you're still pretty embarrassed by your celebrity.

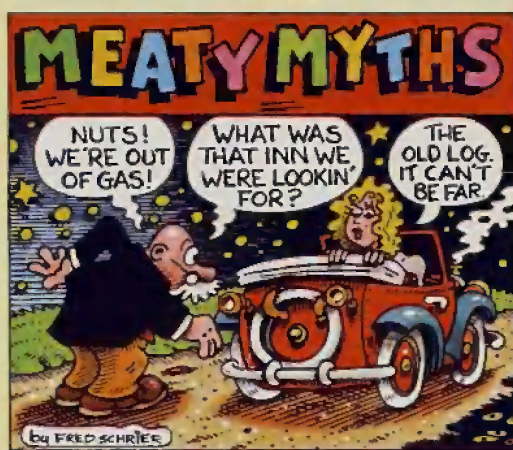
NEWMAN: Suspicious is a better word. It just comes from knowing that it all has to do with my appearance on the screen, which has nothing to do with me. So I am suspicious. I suppose that's why most of my friends are people I've known for 20 or 25 years.

PLAYBOY: Does that suspicion ever veer into paranoia?

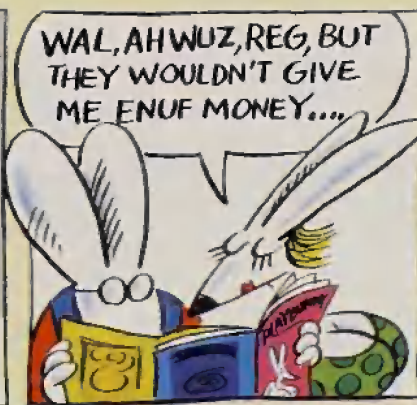
NEWMAN: Well, John Foreman, the producer, once gave a description of me that I love and cherish. He said, "Paul Newman gets up every morning, walks to the window
(continued on page 202)



Playboy FUNNIES



REG'LAR RABBIT



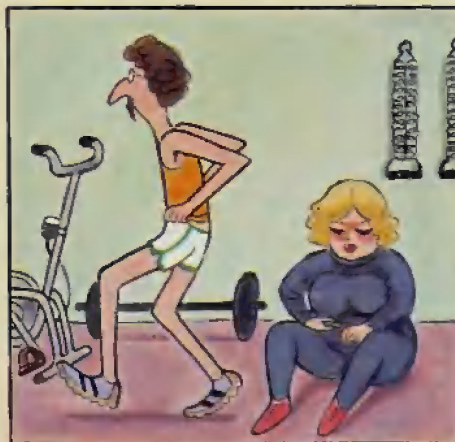
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



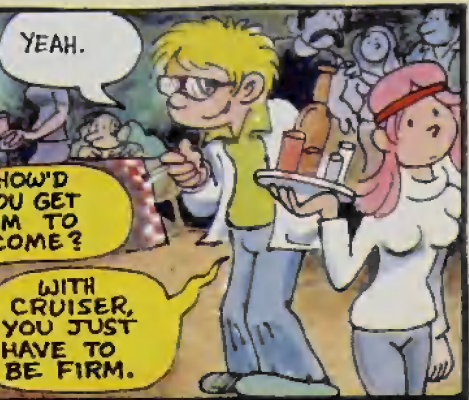
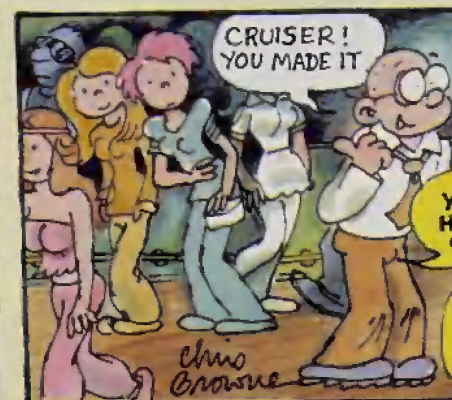
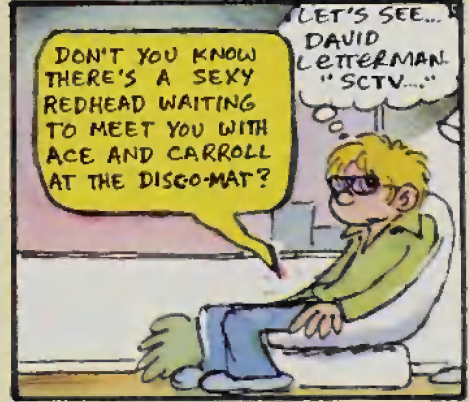
HOLISTIC HARRY

BY J. DELMAR



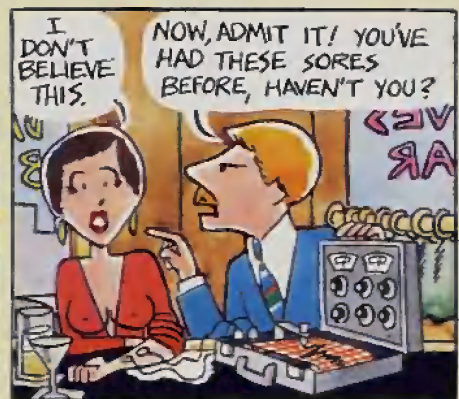
CRUISER

Christopher Browne



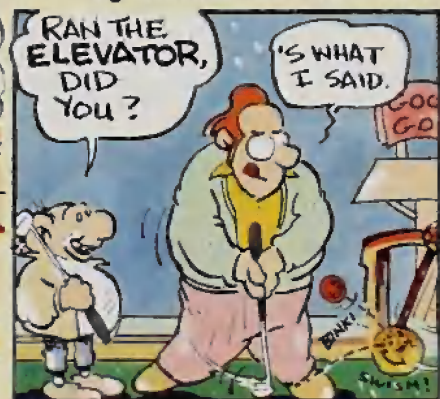
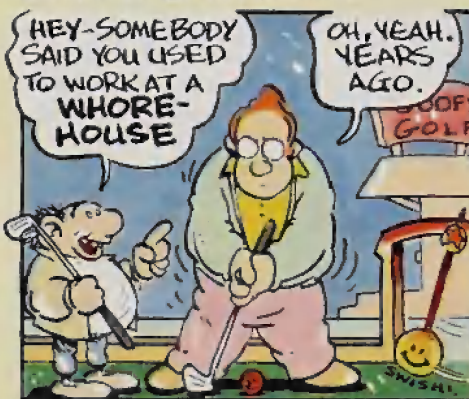
Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



"Her tongue was sweeter than any finger, and yet like a small sword when it pressed into my mouth."

knife. Then she ate them in front of me. I did not know if I was with a woman, a goddess, or a beast. "If you are here for love of me," she said, "your hands will learn caresses. But if you were sent by Usermare, your fingers will share the pain of the leper before they fall off." Again, she smiled at the expression on my face. "Come," she said, "I trust you—a little bit," and she kissed my lips. I say kiss because that was the first night I could truly try it. I had known the secret whore of Kadesh and my woman in Eshuranib and many a peasant girl, and I had known the sharing of our breath which is agreeable. Peasants tell each other, "Nobles eat from plates of gold, so they also know how to touch each other's mouth." Here, she laid her lips on mine and kept them there. I felt swathed like a mummy only it was in wrapping of a cloth finer than any I had ever felt. Her tongue was sweeter than any finger, and yet like a small sword when it pressed into my mouth. No, say it was like a little serpent that undulated in honey.

"Come to me tomorrow night if He is not here," she said, and led me to the tree. I had no sooner departed than my desire was back. Yet when I returned on the following night, I was weak again. Her hand, like the shaduf, was there to lift me above myself. Once more, I knew only the walls of her body, and could not enter her gates. But she was gentle on this second night and said, "Come to me when you can, and on one good night, you will be as brave as Usermare Himself."

Now, I was, as I say, the only man living in these Gardens who was not a eunuch. So I did not wish to think of the amusement that would be stirring in every house as these little queens, one by one, heard of my night with Usermare. I stayed behind the walls of my own garden and no longer went visiting through the day from one home to another. Such visits had been most agreeable for the gossip they offered, but then, by way of the eunuchs, there was no story about any Prince, Governor, High Priest, Royal Judge, Third Overseer to the Vizier that did not come back to us in the Gardens. I say to us, but the eunuchs knew the gossip first, the little queens received it next, and I was lucky to hear it last. Even so, I knew more of the good and bad fortune of everyone in Thebes than in the old days when I was a charioteer galloping through the city. So, it had been agreeable to visit the little queens, and eat their cakes, smell their different perfumes, admire their faience or their golden bracelets, their necklaces, their rings, their furniture, their gowns, their children, their own gardens, their servants, the exploits of

their great relatives (since often they were daughters from the best family of their home); but then, all compliments given, we would come to our greater interest which was gossip, and I would hear much about Queen Nefertiri and Rama-Nefru. The little queens had their preferences, of course, like schools of priests who worship in different temples, so you could hear that Queen Rama-Nefru would only be the favorite for this season or, as easily, that She would be His beloved for many years. I soon saw that these tales of the Pharaoh's Great Consorts were only a reflection of stories the little queens told about each other. For you could count on it. To listen to the tale of one was to believe that another little queen had just lost favor.

Thereby, I came to know quite a few of their secrets, and even before I began to visit Honey-Ball at night, I had an understanding of her that came in part from her friends, as well as from little queens who were not. Long before I climbed over her tree, or heard Honey-Ball sing by the lake, I knew of her loss. I had seen men killed by the thousand, but that might weigh less in the balance of Maat than the woe felt by these little queens for the amputation of one toe. In the Gardens of the Secluded, Honey-Ball had been His Favorite—on that, her friends and those who did not like her, were nearly ready to agree. She had not been fat then, and even the eunuchs did not dare to look at her when she bathed, so voluptuous was her beauty. Ma-Khrut was her name for all occasions. But she was vain, vain even for a little queen, indeed, after all I heard of good and bad about her, it became my conclusion. She was vain. So she traded to Heqat—the ugliest of the little queens!—a necklace that once belonged to Usermare's mother. Then she dared to tease our Pharaoh. She told Him she had exchanged the necklace for a bowl of alabaster, and could Sesusi find her another bowl to match? They were alone in her bed when she said this. He stood up, seized His knife and holding her foot by the ankle, severed the toe. Mersagert, that Goddess of Silence who never shut her mouth, told me that the screams of Ma-Khrut can still be heard over many a pond on a still night, and her enemies spoke of how she rushed to have the little toe wrapped, and then embalmed. Some said that after this night she was constant in her study of magic. She grew fat, and her garden sprouted rare herbs and rank ones, her rooms were filled with stuffs she collected. Where once she had had the finest alabaster of any little queen, now the bowls were chipped. There was much handling of the roots and skins

and powders that moldered in them. Foul smokes were always rising from the firepots in the chamber where she performed her ceremonies and you could sniff the dung of birds and lizards or snakes in cages of all sorts. Needless to say, she not only had names for these beasts, but also for various stones and branches she kept, not to speak of her wrappings of spider web, her spice, her herbs, her snakeskins, whole and minced, her jars of salt, her dried flowers, her perfumes, her colored thread, her consecrated papyrus, and many jars of oil, native and foreign, some from plants and trees strange to me, some to be used beneath the light of the moon and others at the height of the sun. She knew the name of many a rare root of the fields that I had never seen before, and hair of all description including a curl from the brow of many a little queen and more than a few of the eunuchs.

Each night that Usermare remained away from the Gardens, I would awake in the dark, and with a heart that beat worse than any bird you might seize in your hand, I would be drawn to the branch that carried me over her wall and, with a good look to be certain no eunuchs were near, would leap up from the land where I was Governor and drop over into that garden within the Gardens where so much grew that was strange, and I had no power. Each night I would hold her in my arms, but my sword was like a snake with a broken neck, and when she kissed me, I did not know how to live in the pulsing of her lips. The full weight of her mouth had the heaviness of honey poured upon itself.

In such moments I could not taste the pleasure. Too full was my recollection of her face at the gates of Usermare. Warmth rose at the memory of her mouth on Him, and I was like a woman again, so rich was my pleasure, but nothing like a man—so little was I able to stir myself. All this pleasure only turned around in me like oil that is never poured from a jar. I began to hate how clearly I could see her mouth on Him and even began to dislike her, that dull weight of her body, the odor beneath her arms as it came through the perfume. Like that of many another fat woman, it seeped out to the damp eaves.

But on one night, after seven nights of failure, she said, "You live so much in His wrath that I must take you away. I will make a boat to rise above Him." Upon my closed eyelids, shut in weariness, and close to despair, she drew with her fingernail, lightly but firmly, the hull of a ship. In the darkness I saw these lines she drew on me, and they were as clear to my closed eyes as fire, yet without flames, only the brightness of the lines. And as I saw each part of the ship, so did she say its customary name in her own voice, but reply with a whisper for the Secret Name. The sound of this second voice seemed to come out of the straining of the wood, the pull of the ropes, or the smack of the sail when it went full



Bacardi dark.
It tastes good mixed
because it tastes good unmixed.

The next time you're ready to mix your favorite Bacardi rum drink, discover this new one. Just splash Bacardi dark rum over ice. Swirl it a bit. Then sip it before you mix it. That way, you'll taste



Bacardi dark as it really is. Very, very smooth. Very, very light tasting. And it may surprise you to discover that it's dry, not sweet. The new drink? Bacardi and Ice. Cheers!

BACARDI rum. The super sip. Made in Puerto Rico.

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out. I heard the groans of the oars in their locks, and did not dare open my eyes for fear I might lose the pleasure of seeing this vessel under full sail.

"I am the Keel," she said and, in her second voice, replied, "My Secret Name is Thigh of Isis." Then the first voice said, "I am the rudder," and the answer came, "In my hidden name is Leg of the Nile."

The more closely I listened, the shorter became her speeches until she had to say no more than "Oars" and the reply would come from the creaking of the boat itself: "Fingers of Horus."

Soon, she was saying the first name to one ear, and I was hearing the Secret Name in the other. "Bow," said she, and "Chief of the Provinces" was the response. "Sail," she said. I heard the whisper: "Sky."

"Pump," declared Honey-Ball, and then her own deep voice spoke out: "The-Hand-of-Isis-wipes-away-the-blood-of-Horus." With that, she took my poor dead snake and pumped it in her hand, but then the word for my member was almost the same as the word for pump.

Like a wind that touches the water as lightly as a finger-tip, so did the breath from her nose blow over the top of all she held in her hand, until at last she said, "Mast" and, without moving, muttered, "Bring-Back-the-Lady-Before-She-Leaves." On those words, she put her mouth on the blunt head of my poor snake, but it was dead no longer and more like a wounded sword. Then as the boat moved forward in the water, so did her mouth go up and down as we rode the waves, and I do not know if it was Ra I saw in my body, or the royal pleasure of Usermare, but I was ready to sail, and at that, she lay back, and pulled me over her. It was so quick, I plunged. I even screamed. Fire and rocks threw me about, then cast me out of her as I came forth, but my boat flew over the edge of the sky. She was kissing my mouth. So I knew. My flesh had dared to enter where only a Pharaoh could dwell. I was still alive. So soon as Usermare read my thoughts, I would certainly be dead. Yet I had never taken a breath with such exaltation.

Quickly, she drew the circle of Isis about my head—a double circle—and the gates to my mind were closed. "Go," she said, "and come back tomorrow."

No risk in the Battle of Kadesh was ever the equal of this, for when the battle was over, it was done, but now I would be on guard every day of my life. No matter. I could not wait for the next night. Through all that morning, as I discharged the little duties that came my way, I was also possessed of a vigor which had me near to laying hands on several little queens. I felt as if I were still on the boat—or what was left of my boat!—and sailed with the sun.

At evening, He arrived, so I could not see her. Usermare spent His time with other queens, but still I could hardly take

the chance to visit Honey-Ball. His presence kept the eunuchs awake and stirring in every bush. Besides, the little queens were also listening to each sound. The night was like a dark ear. I could still have made the attempt, yet with Usermare only a house or two away, I might find myself as inert beside her as the heat of this darkness itself, and that shame I could not risk again. So, through the night, I had to hear His loud laugh, and the grunts that came from His throat.

Next night, Usermare stayed away, and I was with Honey-Ball, and ready. So soon as we lay down, I was in her, so soon as she moved, I could not stop, and before her body was in a gallop, I had ridden through. This time it was I who heard the whimper, the cry, the small moan of rage and the fall reverberating through her.

Still, there was a difference most agreeable for me. Until this night, I had no more than to come forth and I was left in fear, I wanted only to flee her arms. Tonight, however, I was ready to do it again, and did, and it was better. At last I could feel master of my feelings. The knowledge that her mouth was a slave to Usermare gave me sufficient disdain of her (and of myself) to remain within my bounds and, most nicely, able to rock back and forth as if lolling on a boat, even to take her hips through the pounding waves, indeed, take her on a voyage of both our bodies through the river of the night until the small stirrings of every caged animal in her garden became like the sounds on the riverbanks, and even the mice in fascination ceased running through the cracks in the walls. I tried this art of kissing at which she was adept, and although she was but a few days removed from the taste of Usermare's parts (which gave me a great revulsion insofar as He was a man) still He was also a god and nothing may issue from a god that is not fit for a feast, indeed, it used to be said that our flesh is formed from Amon's leavings, and perfume is the sweet smell of His corruption. So I was able then to keep turning in my heart between admiration and disdain, bringing myself back each time I was ready to go forth, and we galloped at the end in equal bounds, throwing each other about, and afterward felt true repose in the circle of our arms around each other.

From that night on, I could speak of a sweeter warmth. For I thought she was beautiful. Even the great weight of her lips spoke of the power of large beasts, and her waist had the vigor of a tree. I adored her back. It was strong, and Honey-Ball's thighs when I took them one in each of my arms were as full of satisfaction as the waists of two young girls I might hold at once. I always felt as if I were in the embrace of more than one woman.

Each time, then, I knew her better and thereby underwent more misery on those evenings when Usermare came to visit. One night, when He chose Honey-Ball in company with several little queens, the

sounds of their pleasure so disturbed me that I came near to bursting in. Such an end would have been peaceful compared to the cruel state of listening. For I was crawling with ants in the hot baked desert of my heart.

On the next evening, He was there again, but I could recognize the little queens' voices and He had not chosen her. Uncertain whether to be pleased, or to despise her lack of charms to capture Him a second time, I overcame all caution, climbed her wall, entered her bed, and knew jealousy when she spoke. She told me she had been witness to all He did last night, yet entered none of it. When He asked why she stood before Him in such chastity, she replied that she had been communing with demons in preparation for a holy ceremony, and wished to avoid the risk of attaching these unseen ogres—who might be near—to His divine flesh. When He asked the purpose of her ceremony, she replied that it was for the Life, Health and Strength of the Two Lands. At which He grunted and said, "You could have chosen a better day" but asked no more.

That was the story she told. I did not believe it. The night before, in my suffering, I had heard her laugh many times. Besides, Usermare had small patience toward anyone who could not please Him. When I was ready to tell her so, she put her fingers to my lips (and, I promise you, we were speaking in tones next to silence itself) and whispered, "I said that if I did not touch His flesh on this night, I would be twice full of Him as a result." Honey-Ball giggled in the darkness. Although she had made the double circle of Isis about us many a time so that not one fleeting thought could depart into anyone else's thought, still she did it again for laughing at Him. "What did He say?" I asked.

"Oh," said she, "He told me He would pay double attention when next He looked at me," and with a bawdy grin, she spoke in the language of the streets, her mouth in my ear. "He said that since He was Lord of the Two Lands and twice King of Egypt, He would have me next by my cunt and my asshole."

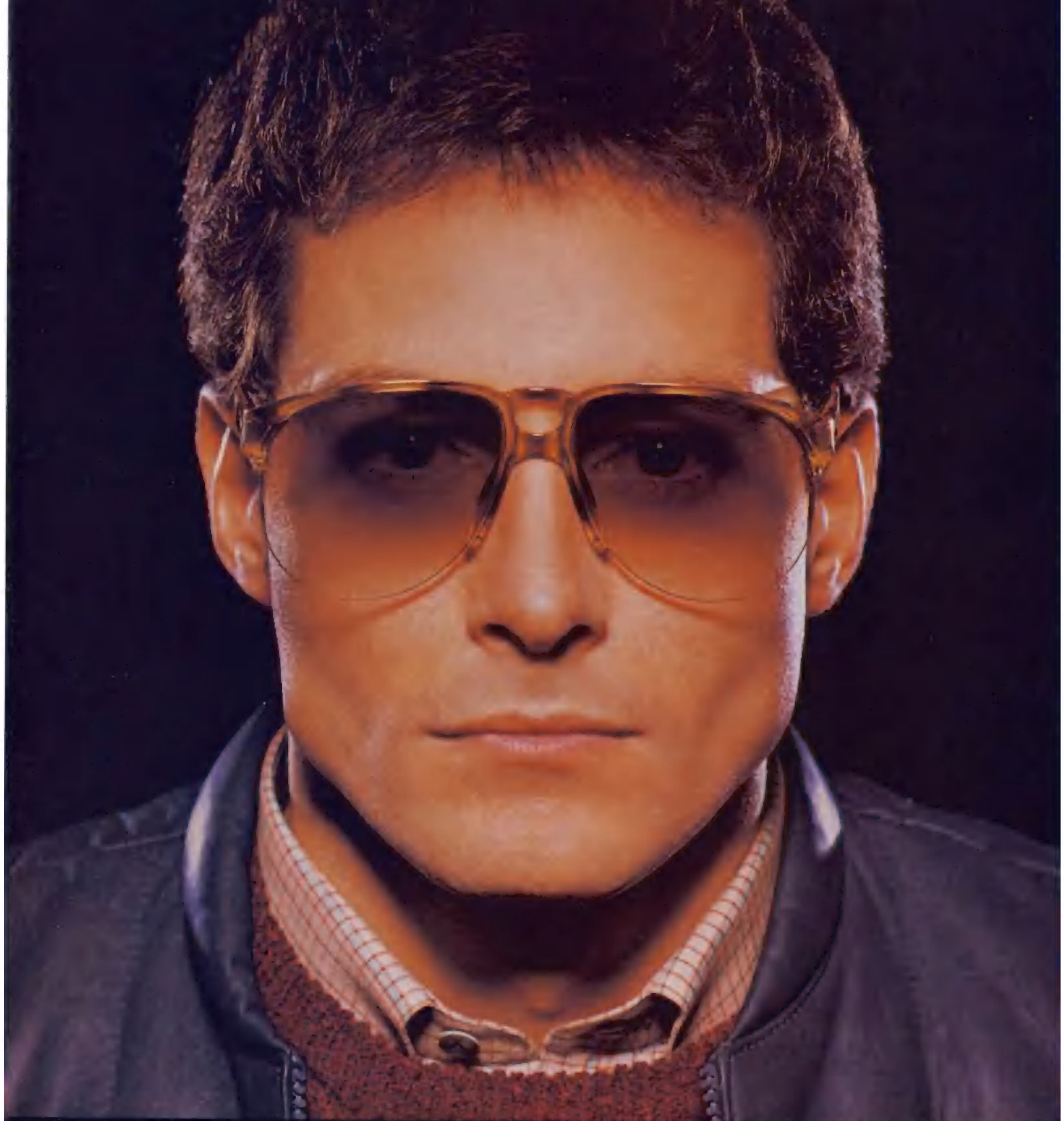
"And what did you say?" I whispered.

"'Great Two-House, it will take all of us to kiss You clean.' He started laughing so hard He never stopped. It almost ruined His pleasure. That is the only way to speak to Him."

"Will you do that?" I asked.

"I will do my best to avoid it," she said, with the same bawdy mirth on her mouth, and I was tempted to strike her.

Now, no matter how else we held each other, she had never let me near her feet. They were tiny for so big a woman, that much I could see, tiny like the feet of her mother, the most elegant woman among the rich and noble ladies of Sais. Honey-Ball told me that was the mark of a noble family, feet more delicate than others, and when I asked why, she looked at me with



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scorn. "If our hair is able to feel the whisper of the wind, we can have thoughts as delicate as birds." "Yes," I replied, "but by the balance of Maat, our feet should be sturdy like the earth." She laughed. "Spoken like a peasant!" she said, and laughed again and opened the circle of her thumb and forefinger so that I could enter her thoughts. I now saw myself jiggling like a doll at the tip of Usermare's sword. That made me angry enough to strike her, but I did not. She would never let me enter her thoughts again. "Sweet Kazama," she said, "the deepest thoughts are held by the earth. Through our toes—if they are fine enough—enter the cries from the Land of the Dead."

Simple enough. A good reason for delicate feet. So I would never have touched them, but now she mocked me again with her laughter. I seized her foot.

By the way she fought back, it was clear that I had committed some terrible act. But I was too busy wrestling to understand in our silent fury (for in all of this we did not make enough commotion to wake

one servant) that the foot I had grasped was the one with the missing toe. Then, since I held it with both hands, and she was kicking at my wrist and head with the other leg, it was all I could do to explore the poor missing place where the little toe had been, now as shiny to the tips of my fingers as the amputated nub on the wrist of a thief, yet as soon as I truly held it, I knew this rape was the only true seduction I would ever have of her, and feeling by now strong as a tree myself, I merely offered my skull to each of her kicks, while deliberately kissing this shiny little place. But my head was ringing so much from these blows of her leg that I saw her family pass before me in a noble boat, a golden panoply on the broad waters of the Delta, and then her fight was gone, and Honey-Ball burst into tears. Her sobbing became the loudest sound of the night in all these Gardens, and it was as soothing to the heavy silence as the washing past of waters, for where was the house with a little queen who had not wept? Usermare would never be con-

cerned with such a sound. Honey-Ball's body became soft again, and I lay holding my captive foot and imbibed all the sorrow that came up from it, even the odor of the little caverns between her toes was sad, and so I knew with what misery she lived, and rose up at last and kissed her on the mouth to taste the same sorrow, ah, there was a feeling of tenderness in my chest such as I had never known before.

From that hour I began to see her as a sister. We had a saying in my village: "You can sleep in a woman's bed for a hundred years, but you will never know her heart until you care for her as a sister." I never liked that belief, I find no pleasure in sentiments that take care of matters forever, but now I thought I understood why Honey-Ball had grown so fat. One had only to touch the stump of her little toe, as I alone had done, to feel the loss within her—the nub of that toe was like a rock in a silent sea, and I could feel her thoughts beat upon it. So I came to learn how her feelings toward Usermare might have only a little love to mix with a hatred larger than mine. Holding her as she wept, her heart spoke to me, and we were of the same family—you could not find another man and woman in all of the Gardens of the Secluded as consumed as ourselves with the heat of revenge. For when Usermare took out His short knife, grasped her foot and promptly took away the toe with one stroke of His blade, He then handed that bloody little half-worm back. They say she screamed and fled, all true as she told me, but she also embalmed the toe in natron for seventy days and kept it in a small gold case that had the shape of a sarcophagus. That is the act of a woman who puts immense value on herself, but you must understand that to her family she was not a little queen, but a Queen. Her mother used to say, "After Nefertiri, comes Ma-Khrut." It was never true, of course, yet to the eyes of her family, it was. So the insult to her foot disturbed the heavens. It is no small matter to descend the royal steps from First Favorite of the little queens to a woman whose name He speaks twice a year. Like a mummy I think she had to cover herself with three coffins.

Besides, she had brought great dishonor upon her family. In Sais, she told me, the good families gossiped so much about her toe, that one of her sisters, engaged to a young noble, received word most suddenly that he would now marry into another family. Honey-Ball sighed as she told me this and said, "They might as well have buried me in a sheepskin."

With our growing familiarity, she had become more modest and did not always seek to display her powers, indeed, there were nights when she was my sister, and spoke of small pains and miserable little sorrows. So I began to hear from her lips the old saying one heard often in Thebes about people in the Delta: "Those who inhabit the swamps, know not." The meaning had always been so obvious that I



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never questioned its truth—to live in the swamps was to be wet, pestered with insects, and weak with heat. Everything grew too easily. The balance of Maat was missing. One lived in stupor and knew not.

"It is true," said Honey-Ball. "It is true except for those about whom it is not true." And she went on to tell me how her family, of twenty generations in the city of Sais, had had the pride to overcome the apathy of their swamp country. "Our desire," she said, "is to stand in balance to our neighbors who know not." Then I would be obliged to listen as she repeated, "Sesusi does not value me because I am from Sais." The pit of this drear mood grew so deep that she decided to avenge herself against Usermare's indifference, and for the next few nights she gave much to her rites, but, I must say, she received little. Each night, she performed a ritual to Turn-the-Head-of-Usermare, and cried forth the names of gods with much weight, her voice quivering with exaltation. Yet next day, nothing had happened and the sum of all she had exhausted in herself, was most visible on her face.

I began to ask myself how any magician could turn His neck. Usermare was able to call on a thousand gods and goddesses. He had a myriad above, and now, after His marriage to Rama-Nefru, a Hittite myriad of gods below.

Yet, each night, as I lay beside her, much as if her magic could turn my neck far better than our Pharaoh's, I was not bored with her unhappy moods, and loved her. We could each drink in the other's sorrow and shame. I would lie beside her, my face between her breasts, and they came to tell me of the solemnity and deep resolve of her heart until I did not think she was silly for suffering over how she had injured her family. I was coming to understand that this family was raised higher in her heart than Usermare. In her two great breasts lived all that she would cherish, her father, her mother, her sisters, and myself. Feeling myself in her flesh, I thought that if she were slow to stir, and I might never again enjoy the liveliness and wickedness and love of the dance that women with small breasts might bring to bed, that could not weigh against our sweet deep silence, its warning in one's flesh that the love I would find in these heavy breasts would not be small nor soon pass. Listening to the secret intentions of her heart as its beat came to me out of the depth of her flesh, I knew she had decided against all caution to trust me—which could only mean that she must work her spells from out of my heart as well as her own, bind us so closely that an error in any magic I learned could cause a great rent in hers. So I also knew that if I did not stand up straight away in the dark and leave her room, never to be alone with her again, I would lose the power to command what was left of my will. Yet so strong was the power of her heart that I felt no panic to

move, and indeed, was a slave already, and close to her.

Finally, on one night, she initiated me into these matters that are so full of treachery and peril. For I knew the intent of our magic—it was our magic now—could be no less than to take away the strength of Usermare.

Of course, if I were to be the great servant of her magic, I must be ready to die. That she told me often, and always added, "But no longer like a peasant." No, now I must learn to die in the full regalia of embalming. Like the art of learning to kiss, death belonged to nobles. I used to laugh at her. Did I need this strengthening of the will?—I, who had looked at a thousand axes—but she knew better. She understood, as I would soon, that to die peacefully can be the most perilous way of all, since one must then be ready for the journey through Khert Neter.

Over and over, she wished to assure me that no servant of her body and heart, certainly not I, would lose Ma-Khrut's protection. Neither in this world nor in the next. I told her that in my boyhood, in my village, we knew it was only nobles and the very wealthy who could travel in the Land of the Dead with any hope of reaching the Blessed Fields. For a poor peasant, the serpents encountered were so large, the fires so hot, and the cataracts so precipitous that it was simple prudence not to try, indeed never to think of it. Easier to rest in a sandy grave. Of course, as I also began to remember, many of our village dead did not accept such a rest, and came back as ghosts. They would pass through the village at night and talk to us in our dreams until the burial practice in my region became so harsh as to cut off the head of a dead person and sever the feet. That way a ghost could not follow us. Sometimes, we would even bury the head between the knees and put a man's feet by his ears to confuse him altogether. She gave a silvery laugh when I told her this. The light of the moon was in the tenderness of her thoughts, whatever they were.

It was then she rose from our bed, and picked up a sarcophagus no longer than my finger, yet Ma-Khrut's face and figure were painted upon the lid. Within was a mummy the size of a small caterpillar, so carefully wrapped in fine linen that it needed no resin, indeed, its touch was as agreeable as the petal of a rose. I was holding the carefully embalmed mummy of her little toe. Yet before I could so much as decide whether it was of great value, or disagreeable to behold, she began to speak of the travels of her little toe through the gates and fiery courses of the Land of the Dead, and when I babbled that I did not know how any part of the body, much less a toe, could travel by itself, she gave her silvery laugh once more. "By way of a ceremony known only in my home," she said. "Sometimes those who are from Sais do not know so little," and she laughed

again. "My family had the Ka of this toe betrothed to the Ka of a fat and wealthy merchant from Sais. Yes, they even provided him with the appropriate rolls of papyrus." I knew her well enough to understand she was serious, and at last she told me the tale. On receipt of a letter from her mother, Honey-Ball learned that this merchant died on the night she lost her toe. So even as her toe was lying in its little bath of natron, so was the merchant lying in his large bath, and both of them to be steeped for seventy days. Messages were exchanged to make certain they were wrapped on the same afternoon, and installed in their separate sarcophagi, the large and the small, even on the same evening, the toe in Thebes, the fat merchant in Sais ten days' travel away on the river, yet such is the natural indifference of the Ka to distance that her toe was ready to take the voyage to Khert Neter with him.

Then Honey-Ball spoke of how her mother had assisted the fat man's family during the preparations. "It is terrible when a family makes its wealth so quickly that no knowledge adheres to the gold. The widow couldn't name which rolls of papyrus to buy. Nor did she understand that she was obliged to buy the Chapter-of-the-Negative-Confession."

"The-Chapter-of-the-Negative-Confession," I repeated wisely, but Honey-Ball knew I was as ignorant as the fat man's family.

"Yes," she said, "the widow complained about the cost. She was stingy! Finally my mother had to pay for it herself. She was not about to let the Ka of my little toe go wandering through Khert Neter unless this fat man had bought a Negative Confession. The night before the funeral, my mother was obliged to hire two priests, and it took them until dawn to inscribe the Confession properly on thrice-blessed papyrus. But now at least the merchant could show all the gods, demons, and beasts that he was a good man. This papyrus testified that he had never committed a sin. He had not killed any man or woman, nor stolen anything from any temple. He had made no violation of the property of Amon. He had never uttered lies or curses, and no woman could declare he had committed adultery with her, any more than a man could say he had made love to other men. He had not lived with a heart full of rage, and he never eavesdropped on neighbors. Neither had he stolen desirable land, nor slandered anyone, and he did not make love to himself. He had never refused to listen to the truth, and could swear that no water supposed to flow onto the property of others had been dammed up by him. He never blasphemed. He had not even raised his voice. He had committed not a single one of the forty-two sins, not one. Most certainly he had never worked any witchcraft against the King."

Now Honey-Ball laughed with as much

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pleasure in her voice as I ever heard. "Aiiigh, Kazama, what a foul man we helped! There was no sin he did not commit. His reputation was so putrid that everybody in Sais called him Fekh-Futi, though not to his face.

"Yet, do you understand," Honey-Ball said to me, "that the powers of this Negative Confession are so great the Ka of my toe is safe?" She nodded. "In my dreams, that is what I am always told, Fekh-Futi thrives in the Land of the Dead, and my little toe beside him."

"Thrives?" I said to her. I was much confused. The night before, seeking to impress me with how much wisdom she had acquired from these travels of her toe, she said that no priest could instruct me as well in what to say to the fiery beasts and the keepers of the gates. She not only knew the names of the serpents, but was familiar with the apes and crocodiles on the banks of the Duad, and her Ka had spoken to lions with teeth of flame, as well as to lynxes with claws like swords. She could use the words of power to take you past lakes of burning oil and had learned the herbs to eat when travelling through the quicksand in the darkness beyond each gate.

"You're equal to the Royal Library of Usermare," I said.

"I would do all of this for you," she told me. I could hear how much love was in her

voice. She would, indeed, take true care of me in the Land of the Dead. She wished me to have no fear of that place. That way, I would have less terror in her ceremonies.

I was now altogether confused. With it all, Fekh-Futi had been given one little piece of papyrus full of lies, blessed by who knew which drunken priests fondling one another through the night, yet he was safe? He was forgiven?

"Oh," she said, "the thrice-blessed Negative Confession was not written for Fekh-Futi alone. It is also for the Ka of my little toe."

"Can you say that you have committed none of those forty-two sins?"

"The virtue of the papyrus is not to be found in its truth but in the power of the family that purchases it," she admitted.

Her words sat heavily on me. Ma-Khrut might claim to be able to do much for me, but the more likely truth was that we were both in peril.

I told her this. I hardly had to. She knew my thoughts.

"We could be killed together." She said this calmly, even as we lay side by side in her bed. "Usermare could come through that door while I am listening to your heart."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I want," she said, "that you commit some prayers to memory for use in the

Land of the Dead."

"Can I do it?"

"It can be done."

"You have done it," I agreed.

Ma-Khrut might know how to memorize all the prayers she would need, but her memory was mightier than my muscles. I did not even feel the desire to try such feats. She might be as wise as the Royal Library, but she was also so stupid as not to know there was going to be no bath of natron for me. If He found me here, Usermare would cut my body into forty-two pieces, and strew the parts.

As soon as I left her side and was back in my own house, I began to drink from a jar of *kolobi* and soon swallowed most of it. The sad truth was that I did not even know if I wished to end in the Land of the Dead with her. Did I desire to be the eternal companion of a woman who had tasted the leavings of another man?

It was then I knew how much I was married to Honey-Ball, and how much I was oppressed by her. Even in my own room, I did not dare to have any thoughts. Saying this to myself, the near-empty jar of *kolobi* in my hands, feeling as drunk as the Good and Great God Usermare, I made the circle forty-two times about my head and fell away from vertigo. The trials and ambushes of the Land of the Dead had become as twisted in my mind as the entrails on the battlefield of Kadesh.

When I awoke next morning in the stupors of *kolobi*, I turned over on my bed and said to myself, "The evil spirits of the night are abroad." For behind the protection of my forty-two circles, I still hated Honey-Ball and was most happy with the few thoughts she could not reach. My mood was as sour as the taste of blood in the mouth.

Still, that was not all of what I said to myself. Aware of all the thoughts that she could certainly hear, I took pains to tell her of the love I held. Nor did I lie altogether. The recollection of what she had done with Usermare was like a fire in my groin, but not all of the heat was evil.

All this while, the cries of children playing outside my house were in my ears. How many there were! Retching over the ghost of the *kolobi*, I could hear (as I had never before) the sound of their games through the morning, larger even than the cries of the birds. These children's shouts flew in all directions. Now I heard them as they bathed in the pools and chased the geese, or climbed high in the trees to talk to the birds. Over my head came a gabble of nurses scolding, mothers scolding, long whimpers and every kind of laughter, all these children, every one, sons and daughters of Usermare. Watching, there were tears in my eyes as strange and sweet as a fall of rain in a desert. I was moved by the observation that Honey-Ball was one of the few little queens who had not borne any of Usermare's children. Could it be that she was one who did not love



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His loins, and might, in truth, prefer mine? I felt so close at this instant that I could hate her no longer. She had been ready, after all, to die with me.

So, if I had awakened with every oppression, now I could breathe again. My heart stirred at her generosity. It was as if I understood, and for the first time, how no one could provide for my future travels so well as this woman. It brought me to understand the true power of a family. As Ra had His godly boat for travel through the dark river of the Duad, so were a wife and children our own golden vessel on such a trip. Honey-Ball and I had been wed by the secret ceremony of marriage—knowing each other's buttocks, we shared the property of our flesh. Now, I would have children with her. Yes, I told myself, we must escape from these Gardens. I would flee with her to the Eastern Desert. From there, we might travel to New Tyre. How could we fail to prosper in such a curious city with her great knowledge?

It was then I remembered the story Heqat told of the ugly woman who kept her husband free of every disease, and I laughed aloud. Honey-Ball's face could be beautiful, and her body was as great as the wealth of Usermare, yet I knew she must be the ugly woman of whom Heqat had spoken. I would never suffer any ill while living with her, nor would our children. She would protect them all. So I loved her for these riches and could not sleep for the clarity of the sentiments I felt. I could smell the keen air of every morning we would know in the mountains on the long road from Megiddo to Tyre, and even the perils appealed to me as pleasures. I could show Ma-Khrut the resources of my knowledge once we were in the forests. More than ever before, I felt bold as a god.

On the next night, therefore, in the sweet silence that followed love, full of honor, and most content that we had embraced for once without any ceremony of magic, but had come forth in all the quiet yearning of a brother and sister, I held her face between my hands, much aware of the great sky above where the gods might be listening, and whispered of how we would yet be wed and live with many children. But as I spoke, I knew the perils of the journey, for I perceived how much we would need her magic to reach any other land.

She answered, "It is better here."

I had a clear view through her eyes of all she would give up: the jars and boxes that held her amulets, her powders and her animal skins. She saw them as equal to a city, even as the fortress of her powers, but so soon as I was ready to tell her that she would have all of that again in another place, she asked, "How dear will children be to you?"

"We must have many."

"Then you do not want to run away with me," she said. Her eye had no tears and her voice no sorrow as she told the

story, yet when she finished, she began to weep. The child of Usermare had been in her belly, she said. And she had lost that child, her first child, on the night Usermare cut off her toe.

"I do not believe that," I said.

"It is true. I lost the child, and I lost what was in me to make other children." Her voice was as firm as the roots of the largest tree in the Gardens of the Secluded. "That," she said, "is the true reason I grew fat."

In the pain of listening to her, my thoughts ran past like riderless horses.

She got up from the bed and lit a pot of incense. With every smoke I took into my throat, I had the certainty that my life was shorter by each one of these scents, and the hour of my most unlucky hour was coming in, even as my breath was going out. On the inside of her belly would my last seed expire.

Unable to bear the misery of our silence, I began to make love to her again, but felt thick with stupor, and I came forth into the muddy banks of the Duad and lay beside her, wondering whether the power of the circle drawn forty-two times around my head might keep her from knowing how foul were the pits of my mood.

She did not speak, but upon us, sour as the odor of old blood, was the weight of her purposes. No love would ever be so near as the triumph of her craft. Lying silently by her side, I spent the night waiting for that hour before the dawn when I must leave. I did not wish to stay, but the depth of her thoughts (which I could not enter) lay upon me like the carcass of a beast, and indeed we passed the night like two much-wounded animals.

Yet, in this last interval before I left, she allowed me to come close once more to her thoughts. As a traveler on a barge can listen to the murmurings of the Nile and know the spirit of the water, so did I perceive that she was searching through her wisdom for a ritual that could strike Usermare with force.

Now was I surprised in the morning when I returned to her house and the eunuchs were busy cleaning her altar. This gave me so much uneasiness that I visited her again despite any attention this might cause and by the nature of her preparations, I saw that she was preparing an Address to Isis.

Honey-Ball had spoken of how solemn was this invocation of the Great Goddess and now I was moved by the seriousness of her choice. The decision was as bold as my own plan to escape, and a breath of love returned. My daring might have inspired hers. So I passed over all food offered to me this day, touching neither melon nor beans nor goose, and went early to the house of Honey-Ball. It was common to take my dinner with one or another little queen, even a good omen. The appearance of the Governor might induce a visit by Usermare Himself. On this evening, however, neither I nor Honey-Ball took

more than a dish of cooked wheat on a plate made of papyrus. Then, in full view of her eunuchs, and of any little queens strolling by the house, I left, even lingering in the lane outside her walls while I spoke to other little queens and waited for the darkness. There would be no moon, and a visit by the Pharaoh was unlikely. As soon as the eunuchs of Honey-Ball were dismissed, I came back over the wall.

Honey-Ball was wearing white sandals and a gown of transparent linen. Her perfume spoke of white roses and her breath was sweeter than her perfume. I wondered if it was the presence of Isis rising from the wheat we had eaten. Honey-Ball had a breath that could come forth like a blossom, or reek of foul curses, and on many a night, I knew the stench of the Duad. On this evening, however, her breath was calm, and the red amulet of Isis she wore about her waist gave her composure.

Soon, she entered upon the invocation. Honey-Ball would call upon Isis in the voice of Usermare's father, the Pharaoh Seti the First. Ma-Khrut might be esteemed by many powers and spirits, but only a Pharaoh would be admitted to those elevations where Isis dwelled and, indeed, Honey-Ball had found a spell in the Royal Library of Usermare that would call forth the full powers of the Goddess if spoken by a King. So she must summon the Ka of a dead Pharaoh. Enveloped in His presence, she could speak to Isis.

She stepped outside the circle, therefore, to remove her gown, opened a chest, and took out a white skirt appropriate to a Pharaoh as well as golden sandals, and a golden chest plate large enough to cover her breasts. Then, to my astonishment, she opened another chest and withdrew a Double Crown of fine stiff linen made, I realized, by her own hands, and it was more than a cubit in height. She placed this upon her head, with a chin beard to her mouth, and by the time she stepped back into the circle and installed the red amulet on the altar, her face had transformed itself as well. The shape of her full mouth had altered into the stern lips of Seti—at least as I knew him by many a temple drawing.

While I lay on my back, head against the altar and her foot upon my chest (so that I looked up at a body and face as fierce and as massive as the great Pharaoh who had been the Father of Usermare) Honey-Ball began to recite a poem:

*"Four elements
In their scattered parts,
Will bring their hearts
To these events.
May the Ka of Seti come to birth,
May the Ka of Seti know our earth.*

*Air, water, earth, fire,
Seed, root, tree, fruit,
Breathe, drown, bury, birth,
Air, water, fire, earth,
O Seti, come to me."*

She said it, and lying beneath her, I



"Are you undressed yet, honey?"

repeated each word, our voices in unison, and the lines were said many times. As she spoke, she took pinches of incense from a bowl on the altar, and laid them on the pots so that the room was heavy with smoke, and the heat of her heart rose higher, and the weight of her foot was greater. Her voice moved through air so thick her breath shifted the smoke like clouds.

"O, You," she said, "Who were the greatest of Pharaohs and sits at the feet of Osiris with Khufu and Thutmose, You Who are the Father of the Great Usermare, know, then, the sound of this voice that calls to You, for I am Ma-Khrut of Sais, who was born in Your Reign.

"Great Seti, Greatest of all Pharaohs, let Yourself be known by Your Power, by Your Rage, and by the Glories of Your Reign. For Your Son, Usermare, has torn down Your Temple in Thebes. He has turned all the great words to the wall that are spoken of His Father Seti. In these Temples, praise for His Father is silent. The stones have been choked. If You hear me, may Your Ka descend upon me like a tent." She was silent. Then she said, "O, Seti, come to me."

She spoke in the clear and perfect tongue of a Pharaoh, her left hand pointing out before her North to the altar, North to the lands of Sais on the Delta, and I felt the Ka of the dead Monarch descend upon her like a tent of the lightest linen. I saw how the green circle on the floor burned with the red of the amulet on the altar. The cries of birds came across the silence of the sky from the time of Seti, and I sat up so

that the hand of the Father of Usermare could grasp my hair and indeed my hair was seized, and I felt the great force of the Father of Usermare in the hand that was on my hair, and it lay like the weight of a bronze statue upon me.

Then I heard the voice of the Ka of Seti. He spoke to Isis: "Oh, Great Goddess," said this voice, "You are the Mother of our grain, and the Lady of our bread. You are the Goddess of all that is Green. You are stronger than all the Temples of Amon." Now a mist arose from the altar, and a smell of the sweetness of the fields was in the air. "The Moon," said the voice of the Ka of Seti, "is Your Temple. All mountains come down to You. The swamps flow at Your command."

High above the hand that gripped my head, I could hear Ma-Khrut speak in the voice of the Ka of Seti:

"Great Goddess, hear the shame of Seti the First. For His Son shifts the stones of His Temple. The blocks of marble are turned. The glories that have been written of Seti are turned to the wall. What has been to the front is now to the back."

"It is true," I said aloud.

"Old odors stir from these stones. They speak from the earth that has buried them. Let these stones fall upon Ramses. Let His Heart be crushed by the stones of Seti."

Waves went out from the Ka of Seti and passed through me, and great contortions of the flesh.

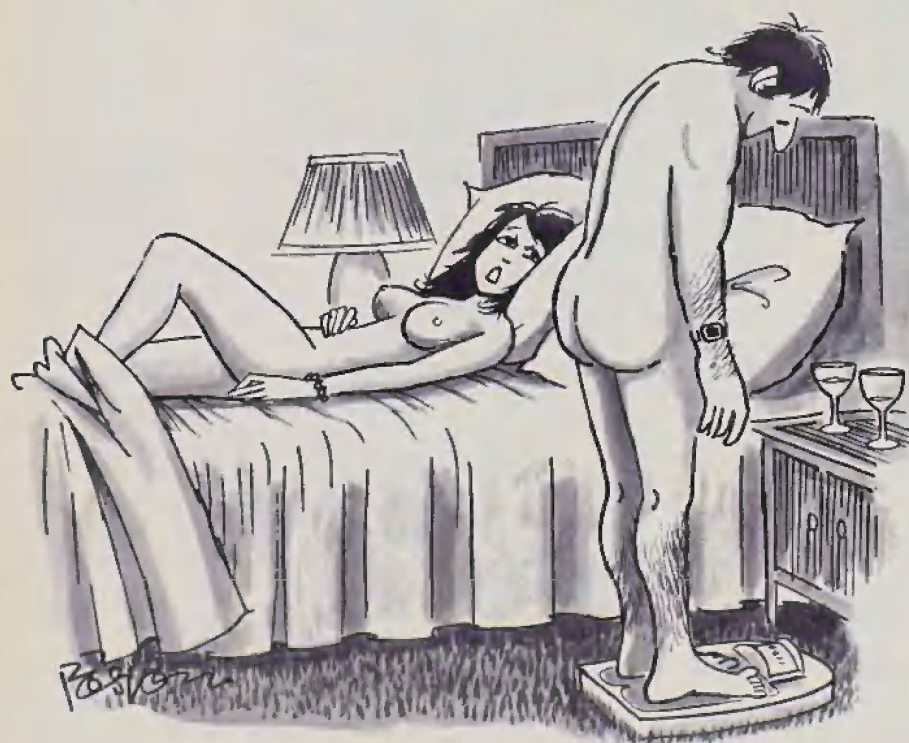
"Your mouth commands Ra. The Moon is Your Temple. All mountains come down to You.

On the altar, the amulet was glowing with a molten light white as the fires of metal. Now, I could not breathe. The altar trembled and tottered and crashed like the stones of the Temple of Seti. The cry of a captured bird shrieked in my ears, and I was shaken by a great fury. I felt the Ka of Seti pass from her to me, even as the altar had toppled, and though I had been told by every one of her instructions that I must remain motionless at the end (and thereby assist the departure of Isis) and then must thank the Ka of Seti, I made a sound instead like a beast, and the Ka of Seti that was in me became as fierce as a wild boar. There, beside the shattered altar, I mounted Honey-Ball and made love as never before, and she was as sweet beneath me as a young girl of the fields, and even as I came forth in a great voice (so that in the morning, more than one little queen would say the serpent of all evil must have traversed the Gardens last night), still, I knew that the hands of the thousand and one Gods who surrounded Usermare were no longer joined. For in the sound of my own great roar was the voice of Seti thundering in wrath at the overturning of the stones in His Temple, and I made love in a fury to Ma-Khrut, and turned her about so as to know each mouth, the Mouth of her Flower, the Mouth of her Fish, the Mouth of the Seat, and gave both of my two mouths to her so that she knew me well. Beyond the walls of the Secluded, in the great plazas and gardens of the High Palace and the Little Palace, out to the city of Thebes itself, and down to the river, I could feel the wrath of Seti enter the mutilated stones of the new temples, and Usermare was disturbed in His calm, like the water of the sea before a storm.

Yet when all was done, Honey-Ball said, "I do not know what happened. The Ka of Seti the First was not supposed to pass from me to you."

By the next evening, however, there was no one in the Gardens who had not heard what had come upon the Pharaoh. Visiting the Palace of Nefertiri in the middle of the day, He had been eating with His Queen when a butler spilled on Him a bowl of steaming soup. The servant fled to the kitchen pursued by the King's Guard who, hearing the Pharaoh's roars of pain, proceeded to beat the poor steward so brutally that he died before the sun went down. Among the Secluded, there was no end of talking on this matter, and Honey-Ball laughed with the sweetest gaiety I had heard in her voice for many weeks. "The powers of Isis work directly," she said.

The second part of the excerpt of "Ancient Evenings" will appear next month.



"Is that all I am to you, Eddie—exercise?"

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HARDER THEY FALL (continued from page 100)

"They had obtained his Sunday-school attendance record. It showed perfect attendance for 12 years."

When I knew him during the period of the interview, there were no paranoiacs, no rolling up in an embryonic ball, no coke habit to dwarf all other elements of his life. He was able to attend to the superficial niceties of existence to the extent that I thought of him as a friend. That was the period of Johnny Wadd's greatest success, with literally hundreds of Holmes films lighting up the splattered screens of peep shows and theaters across the country.

But looking back at the interview, I am reminded of a man who was shown a Rorschach blot by his shrink and was asked what he saw. "I see the penumbra of a silhouette of a shadow of a simulacrum of a puppet." Holmes keeps fading beneath a mask of mendacity and dissemblance.

Take, for example, the question of his early years:

GOLDSTEIN: At what age did you become aware that you were "abnormally" large?

HOLMES: When I was eight. When I lived in Florida with my aunt, she was always running to Europe to get married or get divorced. . . . I had a Swiss nursemaid. And whenever my

aunt was out of town, she would give me head. She taught me to give head. It was just great. I loved it. We had this huge house all to ourselves. We had a gardener and a cook and a butler, altogether, and then we had a maid who cleaned the place. . . .

I now know the entire aunt story to be fabricated. Being charitable, I can imagine the famous Johnny Wadd's contriving the ruse to shield his family from the awful truth. But it is odd how conveniently the ruse aligned with Holmes's self-aggrandizement, his need for a more romantic, less mundane personal history. Yet, at times, the adjustments of reality in the interview were such that they embraced typical American-male fantasies:

GOLDSTEIN: Did you have any sexual experiences involving . . . the girls you went to school with?

HOLMES: Oh, yeah. I fucked a lot in high school. I think I got everybody but three girls in my class, and then the class before, quite a few of 'em; and then the senior class ahead of me, I got most of them.

I have spoken with a woman from Holmes's high school, the head of the alumni association, an ex-cheerleader, Miss Popularity. She graduated the same year Holmes would have. She didn't remember him, she said when I called her, but she was going to a meeting later in the day to organize the 20th class reunion. She would ask the people there. When I got back to her, she reported that Holmes was in none of the yearbooks. One girl had vaguely remembered his "walking to school all the time." This was in a graduating class of fewer than 100 people.

It was then that I decided to check things out myself—at a place I usually make it a point to fly over, preferably asleep while cruising at high altitude.

Ohio is, for me, an utterly foreign and almost surreal sector of America. Listening to news reports in Columbus on New Year's Day, I heard that the year before, there had been four murders on the first day of the new year in that city alone. The locals were evidently tuned in to their radios to see if the record would be broken. The murder vigil sounded like something out of the South Bronx. The countryside around Columbus was impoverished, blank, vaguely menacing.

It was into that almost border-state environment that John Holmes was born, as John Curtis Estes, on August 8, 1944. Two years later, the birth certificate was corrected to list the child's name as John Curtis Holmes. The original listed Carl L. Estes, railroad laborer, as father. The correction listed no father at all, though the man from whom John took his surname was evidently a carpenter named Edward Holmes. John seems to have been born and raised in rural, depressed Pickaway County without anyone's particularly remarking upon his existence. The only man I could find who remembered the Holmes clan told of the large family "across the tracks. . . . We used to call that type of folks something that rhymes with 'might clash,'" he said. The only remarkable information about Holmes's Ohio upbringing was to come later, from his lawyers. They had obtained his Sunday-school attendance record. It showed perfect attendance for 12 years. I got goose bumps when I heard that, as a quote from the *Screw* interview surfaced in my consciousness: "It's totally insane," Holmes had said. "The perfect child that always goes to church and goes out and cuts 50 people's throats."

The Ohio experience merely deepened my depression and added to the list of shadow figures I was tracking. John Curtis Estes, born in rural-Ohio poverty. John Curtis Holmes, perfect Bible student. Johnny Holmes, all-around good guy, a sculptor, a Greenpeace supporter, in love with women, a man who just happened to be the proud owner of one of the largest schlongs in the world. Johnny Wadd, porn star/private dick/tough.



"Understand, when I speak of Internal Revenue, Miss Lavern, I'm referring to the Federal Government, not your earnings."

And there was the rumor that circulated later, in the mid-Seventies, that proved what a chameleon the Holmes persona was. The rumor was to the effect that John Holmes was actually Ken Osmond, the actor who played Eddie Haskell on the old *Leave It to Beaver* television series. Osmond does resemble Holmes to some degree, and people were obviously indulging in an irresistible poetic justice in believing that Eddie Haskell had ended up a porn star. Osmond even sued the distributors of Holmes's films in an attempt to halt the rumor, and the whole bizarre situation concludes with a twisted irony: Osmond is now a Los Angeles cop.

My desultory investigations were interrupted when, on November 30, 1981, Holmes was arrested in a Florida hotel on a fugitive warrant from California. He was taken in on a charge unrelated to the Laurel Canyon murders but on December ninth, as soon as he was extradited to Los Angeles, he was charged in the deaths. Three days later, I flew out to see him.

What I found was a terrified man looking out at me from behind the thick prison Plexiglas with strangely bulging eyes. It seemed astounding to me that this was the man I had idolized in those flickering screenings all those years. He wore a nondescript uniform and complained wearily, when we spoke on the phone intercom, of the lousy prison food and the lack of bail. I resisted an impulse to ask him whether or not the famous Holmes cock was being used in jail. Even at that meeting, as long as he managed to hold together the mangled shreds of his personality, we were comfortable with each other. I was moved and slightly astonished when John asked me how my son was, *by name*, after what was nearly a seven-year gap in our relationship. Again, the appearance of a Holmes I could not possibly imagine committing murder: a man who remembered the name of my child, casually mentioned, years later. It put our meeting on a basis of friendship. I don't have the investigative reporter's aggression, so I worked the conversation gingerly around to the question of the murders. It was a mistake.

I had thought that the best way to find out what went on that July morning was to talk to contacts in the Los Angeles porn world. It's a tightly knit community, but I found that it had turned its back on its favorite son with surprising alacrity. The murders, coming after a year or two of behavior made erratic by coke, made Holmes a pariah in his own back yard.

I finally connected with someone who had only good to say about him. Bill Margold is a talent scout/actor/producer in X-rated movies and loops, a self-styled renaissance man of porn. His agency has its offices in the crumbling Cineart Building on Sunset Boulevard, across from the Chinese Theatre, and from there, Margold had placed Holmes in a number of films. He told a story of giving him \$1500 up front for a one-day shoot in a swimming

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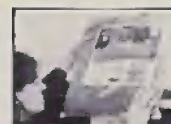
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pool. When the temperature of the pool proved to be too cold for the Wadd's liking, he backed out of the shoot. "He actually gave me back the \$1500," Margold recalled. "All of it and at once. After that, no one can tell me that Holmes isn't a straight guy." With a final touch of irony, Margold noted that the Cineart Building, with its fading Chanderlesque glamor, is owned by Eddie Nash.

I had no idea where to fit Nash into the mosaic. Police identified him as a suspect in the case, and authorities hammered away at the Nash-Holmes connection.

"I have personally heard of his [Nash's] name since the mid-Seventies," Bob Schirn, the head of the L.A. district attorney's organized-crime-and-narcotics division, told the *L.A. Herald Examiner*. "I know of law-enforcement interest in him at that time."

But Nash's actual appearances in court had been few, and he'd been lucky. A pandering charge was thrown out of court in 1969, and of that complicated arson-and-mail-fraud scheme in 1982 in which only Nash was acquitted, the prosecutor in the case says, "We would have liked to convict all of them, but the jury didn't agree that Nash financed it."

Even his age is a mystery. At one trial, Nash's psychologist claimed that Nash had given him three birth dates, making him 60, 52 or 54 years old. All that is known for sure is that Nash opened a sandwich stand called Beef's Chuck in 1960 on Hollywood Boulevard and somehow built it into a million-dollar empire of night clubs, strip joints and restaurants. "He's pure power," says Ron Coen, the prosecutor in the Laurel Canyon case. "He's an intelligent man, just by the fact that he makes successes out of all these businesses."

Nash was involved in a high-wire-balancing act; he had been charged but never convicted. The stakes for which he played were always high, and Holmes was just one of the players. One scenario put forth by the police on the Nash-Holmes connection had Nash fronting coke to the Laurel Canyon group—of which Holmes was a member—and taking stolen property in return as collateral. But there was another connection that police were pursuing, one that was much more ominous.

Two nights before the Laurel Canyon massacre, Nash's house on Dona Lola Place in nearby Studio City was burglarized and Nash was robbed. Later, in court testimony, David Lind would admit that he, Deverell, Ronald Launius and an associate named Tracy McCourt had pulled off the break-in with tactical and logistical help from Holmes. Holmes mapped out the floor plan at Dona Lola Place, rehearsed the burglary, insisted it was a good mark. Nash was something of a porno groupie—who else do you take to parties to impress people like John Belushi?—and an intense relationship had grown up between him and Holmes.

Holmes went to Nash's house the evening of the burglary and unlocked a sliding door. Then he went to the Wonderland Avenue house and awaited the results.

It worked like a dream. Deverell, Launius and Lind entered through the door Holmes had left open, flashing fake badges to confuse Diles (it didn't take much). McCourt waited in the getaway car while, inside, Launius seemed to delight in terrorizing the inhabitants. The burn had differing results. It netted a cache of drugs, \$20,000 in currency, some jewelry. Holmes got 12 and a half percent of that. It also led police to suspect that the later murders were the result of vengeance and that Holmes, with his obvious connections, had either led the murderers into the house or participated himself.

The level of violence in the deaths appalled me and gave me a peculiar sense of dislocation. I could not connect Holmes to it; it was too macabre, too distant from the soft-spoken schlong owner I had idolized. I decided to attend the trial in one more effort to get a handle on Laurel Canyon, Holmes and my own feelings of relative sanity.

To get my bearings, I mentally listed three trials that would help me get through this one. My own Federal trial, in Kansas City in 1976, was for obscenity and tied into the sensationalism of the Holmes case. Reporters, I found then, couldn't pass by a chance to turn up their shit-stained little noses at porn, even while using it to lend their stories a trumped-up appeal. The Holmes trial also coincided with the start of the Hinckley trial, tagged by the press as another saga of love and madness. The Patty Hearst case, replete with elements of coercion and forced wrongdoing, completed the trio of precedent-setting trials that prepared me for this one.

Throughout the preliminary hearings, Holmes sat with his attorneys, looking alternately haggard and flip, uncomfortable in a Sears, Roebuck leisure suit. While the reporters from the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Herald Examiner* and the *Daily News* attentively took notes, I felt curiously dazed by the proceedings, as if the courtroom atmosphere had lobotomized me. All I could think about was cocks.

Penis size, when it comes right down to it, is basically a concept of the rational mind. It is quantitative, safely within the orderly realm of reason. In a society thought-obsessed and feeling-poor, it seems perfectly all right to measure a man's sex in inches. The finite mind of the male reasoner is comfortable with this because he can grasp it, anally control it. Seen from the intuitive, emotional, female side, though, the whole concept seems ludicrous. That side wants soul, passion, exuberance—those messy, qualitative things that push sex into the realm of mystery.

Holmes, therefore, could be considered

a victim of a society that could not see body as body but, instead, saw it as 12 and three quarters inches when fully erect. The Gloria Steinems of the world had finally got what they wanted: a male sex object. I tried to imagine the weariness with which he looked at the world. For anyone with a foot-long cock, everyone else was a size queen.

Seeing Holmes in the courtroom, bulbous and tic-ridden, in that pathetic mail-order double knit made me realize that if I had that *shvantz*, I wouldn't be Al Goldstein. I'd get used to standing in the shadow of a huge cock, and pretty soon I'd be a shadow. Just like John Holmes.

The months on the lam could have been the best of his life. That was the theory, anyway. "I grew a great big ugly beard and hung out," he said. Freed from the onus of his cock, Holmes was finally unburdened of his public identity. He could have penetrated the real anonymity of America, the anonymity of characters in Kerouac and Twain. And he did lose himself for a while in the wastes of Montana, visiting his sister, changing the plates of his car (legally, oddly enough) and painting it a different color. When the cops were tipped to his presence in Miami, they found him working as a handyman at a local hotel.

Of course, this romantic vision of a glans on the run fails to take into account the ultimate terror of Holmes's position. He had left Los Angeles, he said, because he had been shot at. It's difficult to fix the source of the shots. McCourt—as revenge for the finger? Lind—in the name of Barbara Lee? Eddie Nash? Holmes wasn't inclined to name names.

"There are good guys, bad guys and the in-between, and they are all out for me, one way or another," his wife had quoted him as saying in an interview she gave to the *Los Angeles Times*. That wife was another revelation to me. She seemed to have dropped from the sky into the *Times* and was, even then, filing for divorce. I was astonished to find out they had been married for 17 years, though no one in the X-rated biz had known about it.

I recalled Holmes railing against marriage in the *Screw* interview: "Marriage is wrong. And it always gets messy with marriage. You can't break it off. One out of a thousand marriages breaks off beautifully." I wonder how the former Sharon Gebenini, married to Holmes for all of eight years when he said those words, felt about them. According to her *Times* interview, Sharon was getting out because Holmes had run up \$30,000 in "household debts" by charging goods to credit cards and then selling them for cash. She also spoke of his fear of Nash, saying that Holmes had called him "evil incarnate."

The trial itself left Holmes caught between a cock and a hard place. If he testified, he feared, he would be killed as a

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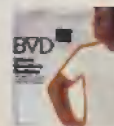
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stool pigeon, a canary, a rat—part of the menagerie of the informer. If he didn't testify, he would be tried for murder—and mass murder and murder committed during a robbery are both capital crimes in California. He would testify and die or lie and fry. The prosecution, I was relieved to hear, was not asking for the death penalty, but only because it didn't think it could get it. Juries don't like greedy prosecutors.

The preliminary hearing didn't go in Holmes's favor. Lind and McCourt, the surviving Dona Lola burglars, testified, as did Frank Tomlinson, who was to be the most controversial witness of all. A robbery/homicide detective, he claimed to have taken a sketchy confession from Holmes the previous December, though he failed either to tape it or to corroborate it by having another cop in the room. He told the court he had feared spooking Holmes and had assumed, mistakenly, that he'd later be able to get a formal confession.

Nevertheless, his account was damaging: He said that Holmes admitted that he had taken the murderers to the Wonderland Avenue house but strongly denied that he had done any of the killing himself. By his own account, Holmes had been the finger, and he had done it, he told Tomlin-

son, because Nash wanted revenge and had threatened him and his family. Like a jigsaw puzzle, the pieces of Tomlinson's testimony fit snugly with what Lind and McCourt said about the burglary. Susan Launius—frail, motor-impaired but still pretty—also took the stand, sticking by her three-shadowy-figures story.

Through all this, the Shadow Man himself sat silent, exchanging hate stares with Lind but refusing to testify. When it was over, Judge Nancy Brown decided that there was enough evidence to justify the charges against Holmes. Brown appointed the firm of Hansen and Egers to defend him before Superior Court Judge Betty Jo Sheldon. Earl Hansen and Mitchell Egers were both USC Law School graduates and ex-L.A. prosecutors. They made an effective team: Hansen, the articulate, dapper, gray-haired senior partner, the eloquent debater and consummate strategist; Egers, the Jewish intellectual in glasses, the law mechanic. Hansen had made his name in capital-punishment defense with the case of William Bonin, the so-called Freeway Killer accused of murdering 21 people.

Prosecutor Coen, a stocky, square-shouldered man who wore the sleeves of his shirts too long, reminded me of a white Jim Brown. His strategy in the case

seemed straightforward enough: Scare the fuck out of Holmes and force him to finger the real killers. Until he does, keep the pressure up, to the point of trying to prove that Holmes actually killed someone that morning at Wonderland Avenue.

Hansen and Egers had their hands tied from the beginning. Holmes's fear of the murderers was such that he was talking even less now than he had when he was questioned by police in July. Hansen gave a few smoke-screen interviews to the press, saying that he was "encouraging" Holmes to take the stand on his own behalf. He believed Holmes would be destroyed if he testified, but he also knew that if the prosecution thought it was going to get a chance at Holmes on the stand, it might neglect other aspects of its case. "John said from the outset that he did not wish to testify," Hansen would say later. Holmes's timidity (or good sense) notwithstanding, the defense attorneys put out cautious feelers about immunity in exchange for testimony, only to have the move explode in their faces when the defendant issued a public statement from jail vetoing the idea. "I have not agreed to testify against anyone," Holmes stated.

It was difficult to tell just who was on trial during the opening arguments. Egers said that "fingers of guilt" pointed to Nash; Hansen was quoted as saying that Nash was a "specter" in the proceedings; even the prosecution claimed the murders were Nash's revenge. "It's not a question of 'Who done it?'" wailed Egers, "but of 'Why aren't the perpetrators here?'"

The lone witness that first Thursday of the trial was Lind, the Sacramento bounty hunter (though he denied the tag) who, by chance, left the Wonderland Avenue house hours before the murder, supposedly just to "wander around." Asked on the stand for his occupation, Lind said, simply and fiercely, "I rob." In concise terms, he told the court about the burglary at Nash's home that set up the murders. Nash's huge, blubbery bodyguard, Diles, had whimpered to the floor after Launius' gun accidentally discharged and left Diles with a powder burn on his thigh. You got the idea that Diles was one of those people who would kill for Nash even if Nash were dead. The primal image of the burglary, though, was of Nash on his knees, praying for his life to be spared for the sake of his children.

The first of a string of rulings against Holmes and his lawyers came when the trial resumed the following Monday. Yes, the judge said, a 30-minute video tape of the murder scene made just hours after the bludgeoned bodies were discovered was admissible as evidence. Yes, the still pictures made at the same time could also be shown. Judge Sheldon overruled Egers' plea that the tape and the photos would inflame the jury. It was the first time in the history of American jurisprudence that a



"I'm here to spread the good word, brother."

"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken...
Special Dark."



video tape of a murder scene was allowed as evidence at a criminal trial.

In the darkened courtroom, I watched the monitor while the tape was played. The gruesomeness of the scenes seemed not to affect the irony of the situation. Holmes, star of a thousand loops and video tapes, was being hoisted by the same technology that had made him famous. Somehow, however, the lousy technical quality of the tape, the graininess and the gaudiness of the color brought out the film reviewer in me. The carnage did not move me. I watched Holmes as the camera panned in on the brutalized body of Barbara Lee Richardson, lodged between a couch and a table on the floor of the living room. *Had Holmes watched this woman being murdered?* I allowed my imagination to play with that thought. But it came home to me only when I saw the stills, with their freeze-frame clarity: The images were those of the death camp—inhuman, vomit-inducing.

The next day, there was yet another ruling against Holmes: Robbery/homicide detective Tom Lange was allowed to testify about Holmes's being tailed to Nash's home. According to Lange, Holmes had a closer relationship with Nash than with the burglary ring. He visited Nash repeatedly *after* the murders, once less than two hours after telling Detective Tomlinson that he had let the murderers into the Wonderland Avenue house out of fear of Nash. I couldn't help wondering the obvious: If the murderers were going to brutally murder four people (an attempted five), why not add Holmes, the only witness, as another—unless he was allied with the murderers himself? What if Holmes hadn't set Nash up at all; what if

he had murdered one of the victims himself, as police theorized?

And then, the next day, came the ruling that pulled the floor out from under the rug the defense thought it was standing on. Sheldon ruled that Hansen and Egers could not defend Holmes with the argument that he had been coerced into cooperating with the murderers. Detective Tomlinson once again testified about the private, untaped conversation he had had with Holmes, when Holmes had told him that Nash had gotten hold of Holmes's address book, copied the names of his relatives and told him they would be killed if Holmes informed on Nash to the police. Taking the defense by surprise, Sheldon ruled that coercion would not be allowed as a basis for the defense.

The ruling set off a feverish legal battle that sent Hansen and Egers to the state court of appeal and delayed the trial for a week. Again, the outcome went against Holmes. Wearily, the defense readied its closing arguments. "There were so many adverse rulings in the case," Hansen recalled, that he decided to rest his case without calling a single witness. He would take his chances with the jury and with some last-minute legal maneuvering. He had gotten a commitment from the judge to limit closing arguments to one day. Coen gave a short summation, expecting Hansen to do the same. Instead, he argued eloquently for half a day, leaving little time for Coen's rebuttal. Such legal soft-shoe, Hansen knew, often meant the difference between defeat and victory.

He was not optimistic, however, when the trial went to jury. Holmes was taking a tremendous gamble, Hansen believed. What was held in the balance was the

quality of justice versus the quality of mob vengeance. Deep down, Hansen believed Holmes innocent, but he knew that this was not what Holmes had based his plea on. Holmes sought to take his chances on court justice because he felt the murderers' vengeance to be a certain thing. It was, in a way, a very cynical decision. Given the rules of law, you might just squirm through. The rules of the mob were deadly, immutable.

I saw it differently. I felt sure the jury would convict. The weight of the evidence, coupled with the refusal of the judge to admit duress as a defense, made the jury's decision, in my mind, obvious. What fascinated me were the peripheral questions in the case. Had the jury been influenced by Holmes's work in porn? I found it odd that although none of the jurors had, in the selection process, evinced any prior knowledge of Holmes, Johnny Wadd or any of the Holmes personae, several had known my name—that according to a clerk who said that the jury was impressed that I was in the courtroom.

Holmes himself was another question. All my life, I had prayed for a bigger dick; just a few more inches and I would have everything: money, women, success. John Holmes *had* those few more inches, and they had given him nothing. He was no more than a haggard, hounded man sitting in the courtroom, a man waiting for his own life sentence to be passed.

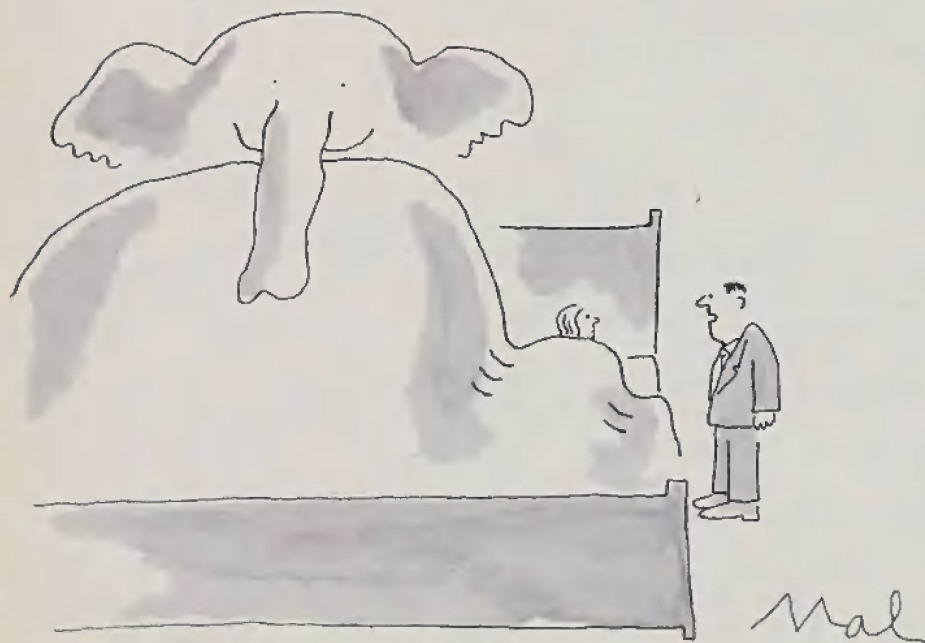
The jury remained out for four days. With each succeeding day, Holmes's chances improved. I knew that if the jury had gone for a conviction, the decision would have been short and quick.

The ballots in the jury room were coming out nine to three and eight to four in favor of acquittal. Finally, one of the jurors, a hospital worker named Kathy Wood, noticed and read aloud an instruction from Judge Sheldon: "No person may be convicted unless there is some proof of each element of the crime independent of any confession or admission made by him outside of his trial." That clinched it. The next vote was unanimous. On June 26, 1982, the jury acquitted John Holmes of the Laurel Canyon murders.

The prosecution was outraged. Coen and Lange believed that the jury had misread the instructions, that it had been misled about the weight of Holmes's confession to Tomlinson. Holmes's gamble had paid off. He had beaten the system.

Or had he? Despite his acquittal, Holmes was kept in jail, first on a stolen-property conviction, then on contempt-of-court charges for refusing to answer the grand jury's question about the Wonderland Avenue killings. He would spend 111 days in jail for contempt, something of a legal record. He would also have plenty of time to contemplate his future.

Word on the street had him finished in porn. Those he hadn't alienated with his



"Doris, I thought you told me size wasn't important!"

STYLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE

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Our guy above left will soon be off and running in his terrycloth jogging suit that includes a two-button-pocket pullover top, \$22, and pants that have an elastic waist and cuffs, \$25, both by A Trifle Bit; plus an adjustable mesh sports cap, by Arlington Hat Company, about \$6; and suede-and-mesh wedge-bottomed athletic shoes, by Smerling Imports, \$29. (Next to his knee is a nylon sports bag, also by Smerling Imports, \$10.) The laughing little lady in his life has slipped into something very comfortable—a striped cotton/polyester Lycra bandeau bikini, \$30, plus a matching beach jacket, \$34, both by Stafford Higgins Industries. The other guy has also taken the Playboy-fashion plunge and pulled on a cotton boxer-style swimsuit, \$16, along with a matching cotton V-neck T-shirt, also \$16, both by Ruby International; plus a pair of leather athletic shoes, by Smerling Imports, \$40; Orlon/nylon pocket socks, by Gilbert Hosiery, \$5; and men's sunglasses, by Optyl Corporation, \$55, including a vinyl carrying case. For more information on where to buy these and other Playboy-licensed products, write—but please don't send money—to Playboy Licensing Division, 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

drug-induced craziness now shied away because of his association with the murders. Even I wondered whether or not audiences would want their fantasies acted out by a man involved, even tangentially, with such a gruesome crime.

"John really loves the [porn] business," Hansen told me after an hour-and-a-half session we had with Holmes. Hansen was kind enough to list me as a witness in the Laurel Canyon case, giving me access to Holmes that no other journalist had. At first, I didn't understand the reason for that, especially after I had told Hansen that the story would not necessarily project a favorable picture of Holmes. But his reason became clear: Holmes, in the months he spent in jail, missed the world of porn, the world he had traveled in. Hansen couldn't help him, but I could at least gossip and give him a sense of his world. I was touched by the relationship between the two men: Hansen would give Holmes cigarette money from his own pocket, and Holmes openly considered Hansen a hero.

But not even Hansen could protect Holmes from jail. As the months stretched out after the acquittal and he found himself still behind bars, he became more and more frustrated. "He's going to stay there until he tells us what he knows about the Laurel Canyon murders," vowed Coen. Holmes spoke of Coen's "vendetta," his "hatred" for Holmes. "It's political," he said. "Coen knows I didn't do it." Under California law, a person may be jailed for

contempt for coercive but not for punitive reasons—to force him to testify, in other words, but not to punish him for failing to do so. Holmes and his lawyers considered the line crossed early in the imprisonment, and Holmes went on a hunger strike to call attention to his plight. "A fast between meals," sniffed Coen, saying that Holmes ate—even gained weight—during his strike. All I could think of, on the other hand, was the famous Holmes cock wasting away from malnutrition.

Getting Holmes to talk was only one gambit the D.A.'s office had in the works. While Holmes sat in his cell, the wheels of justice were slowly grinding down on Eddie Nash, but this time the charge was drugs, not murder. Nine days after the Laurel Canyon murders and only a few days after Holmes had implicated Nash in his statement to the police, the cops launched a successful drug raid on Nash's Dona Lola house. Then, a few weeks later, they raided it again. And again. In all, they found more than \$1,000,000 worth of drugs, and Nash found himself in jail, unable to meet his \$5,000,000 bail.

It was frontier justice at its best. The authorities had both their murder suspects in jail, despite the fact that one had been acquitted and the other not even charged with the murders.

Holmes might have been silent, but Nash was not. First he told Coen that Holmes had taken part in the murders, then he wrote Holmes a letter that read:

"Jhon [sic] you know as God is your witness that I am innocent and that I never sent anybody with you to kill anybody anywhere or anyplace. So don't you think it's about time to tell the truth?"

Another letter followed: "Jhon [sic] I swear man I will forgive you for what you did to me if you snapp [sic] out of it and tell them the truth and come and save me out of my miseries."

Still, Holmes kept quiet, at least until the day of Nash's sentencing. Nash, not surprisingly, was hit with the maximum sentence: eight years in prison and \$120,350 in fines. His lawyer was furious, claiming that the average term for similar drug charges is two to three years. "There is no doubt he was not sentenced for crimes that he committed but the crimes he was suspected of," thundered his attorney, Dominick W. Rubalcava, to reporters. Frontier justice had struck again.

Moments after the sentencing, Holmes had a change of heart about testifying and promptly appeared before the grand jury. Later, I found out that when Nash was about to go to prison and all parties concerned wanted to be rid of Holmes, his lawyers and the prosecution worked out an arrangement. Holmes would testify if two tacit conditions were met: (1) he would not be prosecuted for perjury for anything he would say; and (2) major probation restraints against him would be dropped. The first condition was major; it gave Holmes a free hand to tailor his version of events the way he wanted. The second was less important, though a probation officer hovering around would, in Holmes's line of work, be a little inhibiting.

The proceedings were secret, but some insiders think that the testimony Holmes gave to the grand jury was useless. All the time I sat in on his trial, the thought kept recurring: *In the halls of hell, no angel can testify.* "Don't hold your breath for an indictment," Coen told me as I was finishing this story.

So it appeared that Holmes the manipulator, Holmes the hustler had, indeed, won out. Even in testifying before a grand jury, he had worked his dodge. The system had changed to accommodate Holmes, and that is the basic thrust of any hustler, whether he deals three-card monte or sells vacuum cleaners: to find the elasticity in the system and stretch it in ways to suit his purpose. Later that night, November 22, 1982, John Holmes walked out of prison a free man—as free as a man can be when he's constantly looking over his shoulder.

The trumped-up glamor of Las Vegas seems a perfect setting for the coda to the John Holmes story. It was late afternoon on the second day of the 1983 International Winter Consumer Electronics Show, a huge annual technological orgasm spread across acres of convention floor. All the X-rated companies were ghettoized in the



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Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Milds	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
Carlton Kings	Less than	0.5	0.1		
Carlton Menthol	Less than	0.5	0.1	Carlton Box 100's	Less than 0.5 0.1



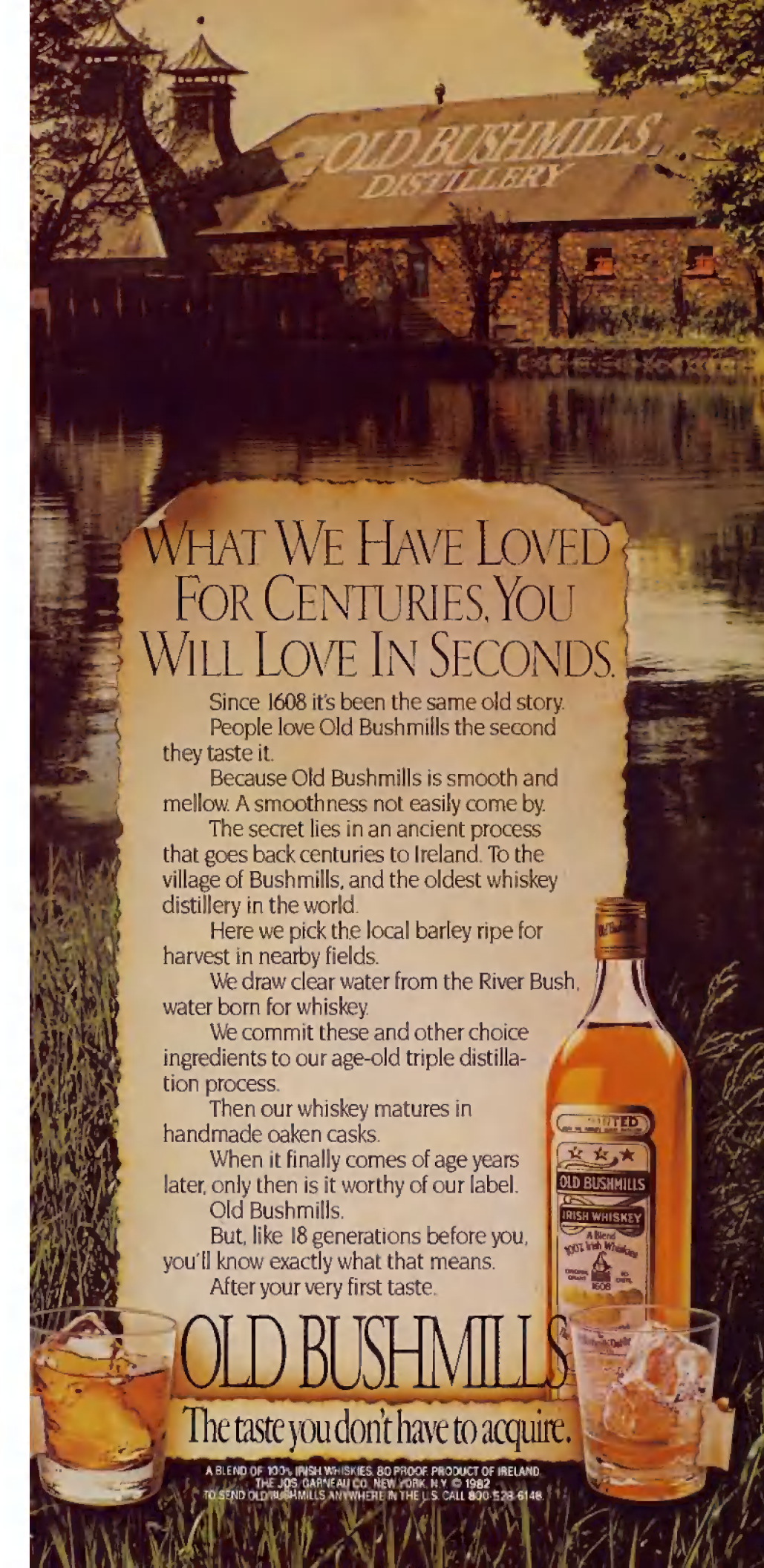
Box King—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.

Carlton is lowest.



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Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box:
Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 3 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;
100's Soft Pack: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.



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Hilton, across a parking lot from the mainstream, where Toshiba and Sony reigned.

John Holmes strode up to me out of nowhere. He was signing autographs for Caballero Control, a distributor of X-rated films, many featuring his famous anatomy. He gave me a nudge in *my* anatomy. "You're gaining weight, Goldstein," he rasped. "You should be on the same diet I'm on, the Cocaine Diet." And he was thin, almost emaciated, reminding me of the haggard specter he was when he entered jail.

It took a while for that scene to sink in. Holmes had come full circle. He was once again in porn, in drugs, in need of another Eddie Nash. The merry-go-round had ratcheted his life around for a while, but he had gotten off exactly where he got on. It was hard to tell if this were a victory or a defeat.

It made me think of one of the times I saw him when he was still in jail. He was quietly exultant but seemed oddly jumpy to me when I remembered his pretrial languor. We spoke of my victory in the Kansas City obscenity case.

"That's what makes us alike," Holmes said softly. "We're both winners. Sometimes, the good guys win." His eyes were glittering, unfocused. Christ, I thought, was he getting it in jail? Holmes spotted the watch I had on, a garish, gold-and-gem-incrusted monstrosity mounted on a Mickey Mouse dial face.

"You give gold a bad name, Goldstein. I wouldn't be caught dead on the streets with you."

I asked about a large diamond that he used to wear as a ring, a sort of trademark, visible in many of his films. It was his signature, and a phrase tossed about was that he wore "a diamond as big as his dick."

"Gone," he said, "with the rest of it. Up my nose in a couple of toots." Drugs had stolen the man's only identifiable characteristic outside his pants.

"So this whole thing was coke, John?"

Holmes looked away, the unfocused eyes narrowing painfully, and I knew that if he said yes, it would be a lie. His whole life, from Ohio to Hollywood, had been more or less twisted, and coke was more of a facilitator than a cause. Laurel Canyon was cut of the same fabric as the rest of his existence. A quote from Bruce Jay Friedman floated into my mind: "Don't let that little frankfurter run your life." You've got to hold up something more than a shadow to all this light. John Holmes couldn't manage much more than that, the overpowering shadow of a foot-long cock hiding an empty, suggestible, characterless persona. He had brought this shadow around—worse yet, had brought it in front of the klieg lights. He was disappearing from me, dissolving in some sort of solvent of untruth. "Would you change places?" my shrink had persisted. No way. *I'll take my failures.*





"They said I'm overqualified!"

WHO'S LAST (continued from page 153)

"He glances up and bellows, 'I see 'im, damn it! Whad-daya want me to do, go over there and lick his ass?'"

crap is gonna sell 6,000,000 copies and everybody's gonna think we're great?"

Townshend paused to light another of the small, aromatic Indian cigarettes for which he's developed a fancy since kicking the drug and alcohol problems that nearly killed him two years ago.

"Bill Graham is a great friend of mine," he said, warming to the subject, "but if he thinks he did anything creative on the Stones tour in '81, he's completely wrong. It was *totally* exploited."

And how will The Who tour be different from the Stones' extravaganza? Long pause. "I don't have an answer to that," sighed Townshend, "because I think The Who are just as much on the rails as the Stones. I don't think it's possible to do anything with The Who. Look, there's no question that it's exploitation. One just has to hope that one gives enough emotionally and spiritually to compensate for the fact that you're actually asking your audience to keep you alive for another five years."

That's just the kind of seemingly contradictory statement that's gotten Townshend into trouble before. Some call him hypo-

critical, but that's neither accurate nor fair. He is simply one of those cursed/blessed individuals who are condemned always to see the merit in both sides of an argument and whose pugnacious nature drags them into the middle of the fracas—where they're happy to argue *both* points of view. The man simply likes to think out loud and in print and on vinyl. The press sometimes finds that very amusing, as do his friends and associates. Another intriguing explanation is offered by his understanding friend and bandmate of 20 years. "Pete," says Entwistle, "is simply the most confused person I've ever met." More on that later.

Judging by tonight's performance at New Jersey's Meadowlands arena, I'd say that the books have yet to be balanced. Not that The Who didn't give it their best. All the archetypal moves were enthusiastically executed, from Townshend's windmill guitar pyrotechnics to Daltrey's mike-twirling acrobatics and gale-force vocals. But that spark that can turn an ordinary concert into a transcendent experience for performer and audience alike

was simply not there. I edge my way through the crush of music-business types milling around The Who's dressing room and reflect on how somebody's going to have to inform the emperor that he had no clothes tonight—and how glad I am that that somebody isn't me.

I quickly spy Townshend at the far end of the room, towering over a clutch of admirers who constantly upstage one another in their feverish attempts to assure our hero how *fabulous* he was onstage and how *fantastic* the show was. He nods politely, a gentle smirk plastered across his dreamy features. Our eyes meet briefly, and for just a moment, that world-weary grimace metamorphoses into a warm smile of recognition. I'm pleased, of course, but damned if I'm going to fight my way through that mob to pay homage to him, no matter how much I like and respect the guy. Besides, the last thing he needs now is another hanger-on.

As I grope amid the half-melted ice trays for a Perrier, one of the band's English publicists sidles up to me. "Have you talked with Peter yet?" he asks. "He's expecting you." Before I can stop him, the idiot begins waving frantically in Townshend's direction.

He glances up, exasperated, and bellows across the room, "I see 'im, damn it! Whad-daya want me to do, go over there and lick his ass?" My buddy Pete. Conversation ceases as a hundred pairs of eyes

PLAYBOY MUSIC '83

(continued from page 152)

3. *The Dude* / Quincy Jones (A&M)
4. *Solid Ground* / Ronnie Laws (Liberty)
5. *The George Benson Collection* (Warner Bros.)
6. *Electric Rendezvous* / Al DiMeola (Columbia)
7. *Fandango* / Herb Alpert (A&M)
8. *Mystical Adventures* / Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)
9. *Come Morning* / Grover Washington, Jr. (Elektra)
9. *Winelight* / Grover Washington, Jr. (Elektra)

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. *Always on My Mind* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
2. *Mountain Music* / Alabama (RCA)
3. *Share Your Love* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
4. *Windows* / Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)
5. *My Home's in Alabama* (RCA)
6. *Somewhere in the Stars* / Rosanne Cash (Columbia)
7. *Cimarron* / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
8. *Feels So Right* / Alabama (RCA)
9. *High Notes* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra/Curb)
9. *The Pressure Is On* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra/Curb)

HALL OF FAME

1. Willie Nelson
2. Billy Joel
3. Bob Seger
4. Kenny Rogers
5. Roger Daltrey
6. Stevie Nicks
7. Jimmy Page
7. Neil Young
9. Frank Zappa
10. Chuck Berry

BEST MUSICIANS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Paul McCartney
2. John Cougar
3. Robert Plant
4. Mick Jagger
5. Bruce Springsteen
6. Billy Joel
7. Bob Seger
8. Sting
9. Rick Springfield
10. Steve Perry

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Stevie Nicks
2. Pat Benatar
3. Olivia Newton-John
4. Joan Jett
5. Sheena Easton
6. Barbra Streisand
7. Kim Carnes
8. Juice Newton

9. Linda Ronstadt
10. Ann Wilson

GUITAR

1. Carlos Santana
2. Peter Townshend
3. Eric Clapton
4. Jimmy Page
5. Keith Richards
6. Ted Nugent
7. Jeff Beck
8. Frank Zappa
9. Joe Walsh
10. Glenn Frey

KEYBOARDS

1. Billy Joel
2. Elton John
3. Keith Emerson
4. Vangelis
5. Jackson Browne
6. Joe Jackson
6. Jerry Lee Lewis
8. Roy Bittan
9. Todd Rundgren
10. Neil Young

DRUMS

1. Mick Fleetwood
2. Phil Collins
3. Ringo Starr
4. Carl Palmer
5. Stewart Copeland
5. Charlie Watts
7. Russ Kunkel
8. Neil Peart
9. Ginger Baker
10. Carmine Appice

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. John Entwistle
3. Stanley Clarke
4. Bill Wyman
5. John McVie
6. John Paul Jones

7. Chris Squire
8. Donald "Duck" Dunn
8. Greg Lake
10. Tina Weymouth

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Paul McCartney
2. Bruce Springsteen
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Peter Townshend
5. Billy Joel
6. Daryl Hall & John Oates
7. Bob Seger
8. Frank Zappa
9. Becker/Fagen
10. Christopher Cross
10. Elton John

GROUP

1. Fleetwood Mac
2. Rolling Stones
3. Asia
4. Who
5. J. Geils Band
5. Police
7. Go-Go's
8. Pink Floyd
9. Journey
10. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. Stevie Wonder
2. George Benson
3. Rick James
4. Smokey Robinson
5. B. B. King
6. Ray Charles
7. Michael Jackson
8. Jimmy Cliff
9. James Brown
10. Prince

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Diana Ross
2. Donna Summer

seek out the jerk who's dared to incur the Great Man's wrath.

"OK," grouses an obviously irritated Townshend, "if that's what you want. . . ." The crowd parts like the Red Sea as he strides across the room in my direction. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. If only I could crawl into this Perrier bottle. . . . Suddenly, Townshend's face breaks into a positively beatific smile, and he embraces me in an affectionate bear hug. Funny guy, this Townshend.

"Were you out there?" he asks. I nod. "God, I feel horrible." He moans. For a moment, he seems on the verge of tears. His whole frame sags forward and I grab his shoulder to steady him, mumbling something about how at least he did a great duckwalk, and what more could any human aspire to? We're quickly surrounded by a sea of fans who continue their litany of backstage clichés.

"Great show, Pete."

"Yeah, it was *fantastic*, man."

"Thanks," says Pete, with a soft laugh. "If you say so. . . ." Looks like there's only one person with the courage to tell the emperor about the state of his wardrobe tonight: the emperor himself.

"Pathetic!" Townshend spits out the word at the next day's press conference as if it were a piece of gristle. "That's what we'll become if we just keep going out there doing the same moves until. . . . I just don't want to end up like that, *pathetic*."

By all reports, The Who's first show at New York's Shea Stadium a few nights later was nothing to write home about, but pathetic is going a little too far. Lackluster, maybe. No better nor worse than the Meadowlands event. Still, I see the man's point. Watching a high-energy, full-tilt band like The Who slog its way through a mediocre set is a pathetic sight.

So there you have it. Aging rock scions decide it's better to "die before I get old," as Daltrey first sang on *My Generation* 18 years ago. And so the four members of The Who democratically decided to call an end to touring.

"Bullshit." Bassist Entwistle pauses, then continues in his calm, methodical way. "I know it's been put out that we all agreed to stop touring and just do albums and occasional concerts, but it's just not true. Nobody asked for *my* opinion. You know why this is our last tour? Because for the first time in The Who's history, two members of the band, Peter and Roger, actually agreed on something."

Obviously the laconic bassist, nicknamed the Ox, has a lot more on his mind than his bandmates have guessed. "A band like The Who needs to tour to stay alive," says Entwistle. "In fact, if they think they're going to continue as a band *without* touring, then they're going to have to carry on without me."

I ask Entwistle if he's made all that clear to Daltrey and Townshend.

"I have to read about their decisions

in the press," he snaps, "so I guess they can read the press to find out what I think! The Who can't capture what they're about on records. I wouldn't even bother buying our records if I were a fan."

I agree but counter that the two shows I've seen hadn't set the house on fire, either. "We were flat those nights," admits Entwistle. "But most dates so far on this tour have been among the best we've done in years."

His words come back to me with a vengeance the next night as 70,000 delirious fans and I are blasted into hyperspace by the power and majesty of The Who's maximum R&B delivered full throttle. On nights such as this, a truly great band becomes more than just the sum of its parts. There's a spirit, an energy that unites both players and audience. Even the local police have gotten in on the act: I watch as a flock of them, outfitted in black rain slickers, grin and sway on their perches in the bleachers like penguins in heat. Any band that can still become catalysts for this kind of magic can hardly be dismissed as washed-up dinosaurs.

So why call it quits now? The answer to that question seems to depend on which of the four band members you ask and on what mood any given individual happens to be in at the moment. At a New York press conference to announce the up-and-coming tour, vocalist Daltrey said it was all his idea. Townshend had just emerged

3. Aretha Franklin
4. Roberta Flack
5. Bonnie Pointer
6. Natalie Cole
7. Gladys Knight
8. Chaka Khan
9. Stephanie Mills
10. Jennifer Holliday

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Stevie Wonder
2. Lionel Richie, Jr.
3. Ray Parker, Jr.
4. Smokey Robinson
5. Nickolas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
6. James Brown
7. Barry White
8. Curtis Mayfield
9. Allen Toussaint
10. Bobby Womack

GROUP

1. Earth, Wind & Fire
2. Commodores
3. Pointer Sisters
4. Kool & the Gang
5. Ray Parker, Jr., & Raydio
6. Gap Band
7. Temptations
8. Black Uhuru
9. Dazz Band
10. Sister Sledge

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. Al Jarreau
2. George Benson
3. Ray Charles
4. Lou Rawls
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Gil Scott-Heron
7. Mel Tormé
8. Tony Bennett
9. Michael Franks
10. Mose Allison

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Roberta Flack
2. Ella Fitzgerald
3. Phoebe Snow
4. Nancy Wilson
5. Lena Horne
6. Patti Austin
7. Angela Bofill
8. Sarah Vaughan
9. Cleo Laine
10. Peggy Lee

BRASS

1. Herb Alpert
2. Chuck Mangione
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Miles Davis
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Maynard Ferguson
7. Randy Brecker
8. Wynton Marsalis
9. Donald Byrd
10. Tom Browne

WOODWINDS

1. Grover Washington, Jr.
2. Benny Goodman
3. David Sanborn
4. Herbie Mann
5. Ronnie Laws
6. John Klemmer
7. Woody Herman
8. Sonny Rollins
9. Zoot Sims
10. Phil Woods

KEYBOARDS

1. Chick Corea
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Eubie Blake
4. Herbie Hancock
5. Bob James
6. George Duke
7. Jan Hammer
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Ramsey Lewis
10. Oscar Peterson

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Terry Gibbs
3. Roy Ayers
4. Gary Burton
5. Keith Underwood
6. Milt Jackson
7. Victor Feldman
8. Mike Mainieri
9. Red Norvo
10. Tommy Vig

GUITAR

1. George Benson
2. Al DiMeola
3. Pat Metheny
4. Lee Ritenour
5. Earl Klugh
6. John McLaughlin
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Eric Gale
9. John Abercrombie
10. Herb Ellis

BASS

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Ray Brown
3. Jaco Pastorius
4. Bob Cranshaw
5. Ron Carter
6. Monk Montgomery
7. Joe Byrd
8. Carol Kaye
9. Mike Bruce
10. Rufus Reid

PERCUSSION

1. Buddy Rich
2. Steve Gadd
3. Billy Cobham
4. Six Hooper
5. Lenny White
6. Ralph MacDonald
7. Mongo Santamaria
8. Willie Bobo
9. Jo Jones
10. Max Roach

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Quincy Jones
2. Chuck Mangione
3. Grover Washington, Jr.
4. Chick Corea
5. Miles Davis
6. Bob James
7. Dave Brubeck
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Stanley Clarke
10. Herbie Hancock

GROUP

1. Manhattan Transfer
2. Spyro Gyra
3. Chuck Mangione
4. Weather Report
5. Ray Charles
6. Crusaders
7. Count Basie
8. Maynard Ferguson
9. Buddy Rich
10. Jeff Lorber Fusion

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

1. Willie Nelson
2. Kenny Rogers
3. Charlie Daniels
4. Eddie Rabbitt
5. Ronnie Milsap
6. Hank Williams, Jr.
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Johnny Cash
9. Jerry Reed
10. Merle Haggard

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Linda Ronstadt
2. Emmylou Harris
3. Crystal Gayle
4. Barbara Mandrell
5. Dolly Parton
6. Rosanne Cash
7. Anne Murray
8. Tanya Tucker

9. Sylvia
10. Rita Coolidge

STRING INSTRUMENTALIST

1. Roy Clark
2. Jerry Reed
3. Chet Atkins
4. Ry Cooder
5. Ricky Skaggs
6. Earl Scruggs
7. Doc Watson
8. David Grisman
9. John Hartford
10. John McEuen

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Willie Nelson
2. Dolly Parton
3. Hank Williams, Jr.
4. Waylon Jennings
5. John Prine
6. Merle Haggard
7. Rosanne Cash
8. Hoyt Axton
9. Don Williams
10. Jerry Jeff Walker

GROUP

1. Alabama
2. Charlie Daniels Band
3. Oak Ridge Boys
4. Dirt Band
5. Asleep at the Wheel
6. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band
7. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
8. Statler Brothers
9. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
10. Merle Haggard & the Strangers



from a grueling detoxification program that freed him from the clutches of booze and drugs, and Daltrey felt that if the pressures of the band, especially touring, were partially to blame for Pete's lost weekends, then it was better that the band scaled down its activities to save Townshend's life. Besides, added Daltrey, Pete despised touring.

Maybe so, but midway through the tour, Townshend was singing quite a different tune to the L.A. press. "The idea of Roger breaking up the band to save my life is very noble and all that, but it's a load of *crap*. Roger was incredibly supportive, but it didn't go to *that* extent. . . ."

And, furthermore, "The idea that The Who are stopping because I didn't like the road isn't quite true. I don't really like the *band*. We peaked a long time ago. Aside from the fact that we sell large numbers of tickets, we're fairly insignificant now."

When I run that by Daltrey a few weeks later as the tour swings through Texas, he answers with the by-now-familiar scatological reference that the members of The Who seem to use as a kind of salutation when speaking about one another. "Peter is so full of *shit* lately, I can hardly believe it! He's *always* blamed our problems on being on the road. To be honest, I felt a bit guilty about insisting we go out on tour three years ago when Peter didn't want to;

his troubles with alcohol did start shortly after that."

Could it be, I counter, that Townshend is unhappy about the *scale* of this tour? After all, he did complain to the media about trying to persuade the other band members not to play massive outdoor arenas such as Shea Stadium.

"You want to know the truth of the matter?" asks Daltrey, the irritation in his voice growing with each syllable. "Pete's been behind everything we've done on this tour from the beginning—including the big stadiums! He had his chance to say no up front and never did. Suddenly, we hear him telling the press all about how he's been at loggerheads with us about doing Shea for ages."

Daltrey leans forward, earnestly emphasizing every word. "It . . . simply . . . isn't . . . true! He's saying these things out of spite. The first we heard about his objections was the *day of the show*. So he goes up there and plays with that attitude, and naturally it holds us back."

But why was the second night at Shea such an improvement?

"Because," explains a grinning Daltrey, "Peter *hates* himself after he does those things. Then he realizes that he really wants to play and finally gets back on track." He shakes his head and laughs softly. "We just don't know if we're coming or going with the guy anymore!"

Is this how it has to end? Will one of the rock era's most inspired groups self-destruct in an orgy of petty bickering, personality conflicts and intolerance? If anyone can get these four very disparate individuals through this mid-life crisis, it will have to be the long-suffering Daltrey.

"Look," he says, "I agree with Peter about not wanting to wind up as pathetic old men out there doing the same clichéd moves. That's why we're going to stop touring, but we're not going to stop *playing*. We have to change the format of the band. We're all much better musicians than people think we are. And I think we've got it in us to come up with some music that demands that audiences sit and listen—where we don't have to jump up and down and twirl microphones to hold their attention."

Fine, Roger. But Entwistle's already said he won't play with you guys if you stop touring.

Daltrey smiles. "Yeah, but we'll be playing *more*, if we do one or two gigs a month and rehearse in between, than if we just go out on one of these bloody tours for two months every three years or so."

But, seriously, is it gonna be worth fighting for?

"This mess we've been going through is the best thing that could have happened to us," counsels The Who's resident optimist. "We have a chance to change our approach, and I'm incredibly excited about what's coming next. This tour's been great, and. . . ."

Daltrey stops, realizing that his optimism has gone a bit too far. "OK, I can't wait for this tour to be over. Peter's been just so wonderful to work with this time!" Quick recovery. "But, honestly," he says, "I think our best days are ahead of us."

Maybe so. But let's permit the band's newest member, drummer Kenney Jones, to have the last word. It's been Jones's somewhat daunting task to fill the seat of the late Keith Moon while at the same time battling and ultimately overcoming his own problems with alcohol.

"I just don't think Peter and Roger and John have really thought out the implications of what they've been saying," offers Jones. "I've been with bands, like the Faces, that just fell apart, and I know what it's like."

Jones pauses as the painful memories obviously come flooding back. Then he continues, measuring his words: "I just don't think they realize how cold and empty it can be out there when something you love that much suddenly isn't there anymore."



"Why is it when I'm horny it's 'lust,' but when you're horny it's 'affection'?"

"NAME THAT CROWD" ANSWERS

1. f; 2. g; 3. c; 4. d; 5. a; 6. e; 7. b.

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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



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THE INSECT TRACK

The first Run for the Roaches kicks off May sixth in Louisville's Belvedere Plaza as part of Derby week, and if you've got a cockroach to enter, the fee is \$25, with proceeds going to the National Handicapped Foundation. We're serious; and so is the organizer, the American Running & Fitness Association, 3937 Grandview Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky 40207. First prize is an Olds Omega. Losers win the winners.



AMERICA'S ROADSIDE CHARACTER—THE POSTCARD

Dick Wick Hall's famous Laughing Gas Station in Salome, Arizona; The Green Frog Restaurant in Waycross, Georgia; the Ditty Wah Ditty Tourist Court in Memphis, Tennessee: They're all immortalized in *Gas, Food and Lodging*, a "postcard odyssey through the great American roadside," by John Baeder, an artist whose previous book, *Diners*, devoured the subject of inexpensive eateries. Some of the places depicted on postcards in *Gas, Food and Lodging* are gone forever; others still exist on forgotten highways eclipsed by interstate expressways and by the airplane. Send \$32 to Abbeville Press, 505 Park Avenue, New York 10022, for your copy, and maybe you'll spot a place you know—such as the Good Luck Inn, near Towanda, Pennsylvania, or Toto's Zeppelin restaurant, in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

THE LATEST ITINERARY

Aside from being entertaining, *Itinerary*, a board game for travelers of both the real and the armchair variety, has one other thing going for it: It's only \$19.95. And in this day of high-ticket travel in everything from cabs to Concordes, it's kind of fun to sit by the fire and whisk yourself off to Cairo, Kinshasa or Kingston without going broke. Orders should be sent to Xanadu Leisure, Ltd., Box 10-Q, Honolulu, Hawaii 96816. All aboard the red eye for Rangoon.



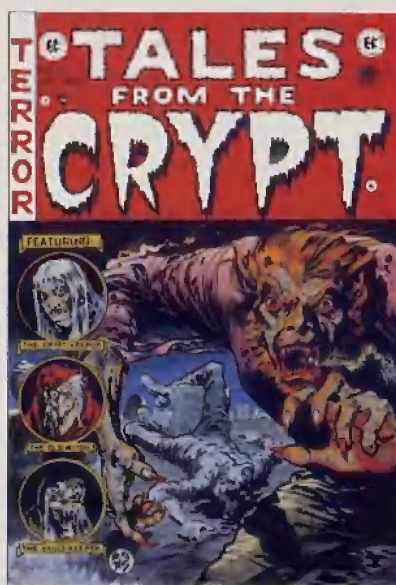


BALLISTIC CHIC

It's a rather sad sign of the times when you have to announce that the latest Manhattan boutique is named Jon Jolcin Protective Fashion and that the clothes it carries are all bulletproof. On the other hand, if you're in a high-risk business, the store, at 368 West Broadway, New York 10013, may be a real lifesaver. Both men's and women's clothes are stocked at prices beginning around \$350. Or you can take in your own wardrobe for custom armor plating that's removable. Five dollars sent to the store gets you its catalog. What does the tailor use—a blowtorch?

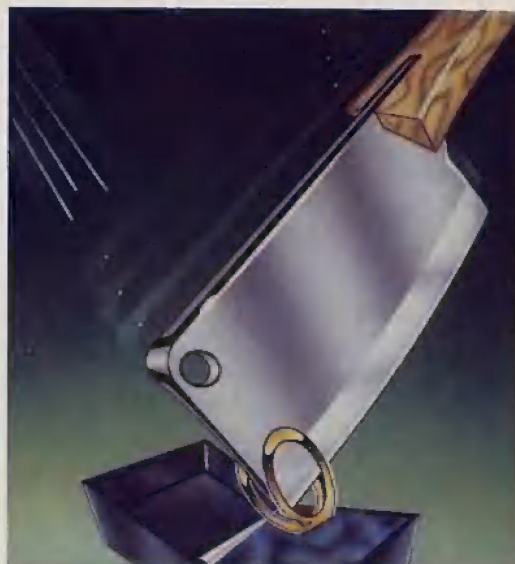
CRYPT SCRIPT

Now that you've seen *Creepshow* at your local cinema and have developed a taste for blood, you're probably lusting for a peek at the original Fifties EC Comics that spawned all the splatter, right? Well, that will cost you, fella, and that will cost you big. A boxed five-volume hardcover set of reproductions of the complete *Tales from the Crypt* in black and white (with color covers) is available for \$90, postpaid, from the publisher, Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 469, West Plains, Missouri 65775. A set of 30 *Crypt* poster-style covers is only \$15—for those of you who haven't time to read.



DO THE SPLITS

For the divorced, divorcing or irreconcilably separated, The Goldsmith, Ltd., a store in Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611, will take that little band of gold that you and your ex or ex-to-be once treasured and split it neatly into two rings—presumably, one for you and one for your next wife. The cost of this symbolic gesture is \$450 to \$2800, depending on the degree of difficulty. We threw ours into the river.



NAPOLEON COMPLEX

Apparently, some TV series, such as *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, which starred Robert Vaughn as secret agent Napoleon Solo back in the late Sixties, capture the hearts and minds of viewers forever. Six dollars sent to Jon Heitland, 1611 Sanford Drive, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126, gets you membership in the international *U.N.C.L.E.* fan club, which publishes a bimonthly newsletter, *U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters*. More good news, *U.N.C.L.E.* addicts: A new made-for-TV *U.N.C.L.E.* caper, *The Fifteen Years Later Affair*, starring Vaughn will be broadcast soon on CBS.

PAYING THE PIPER

As you probably know, the French champagne firm Piper Heidsieck began producing a bubbly in California in 1980. Now that the first delicious bottlings of Piper Sonoma Brut, Blanc de Noirs and Tête de Cuvée are available nationwide, the company is offering something else that's tasty: an art-deco-style 25" x 19½" poster created by San Francisco artist Stephen Haines Hall that's available from Piper Sonoma Cellars, 11447 Old Redwood Highway, Windsor, California 95492, for only \$15, postpaid. Let's hear it for lines and vines.



"Bob Beamon's record-setting jump was 'the greatest single feat in the recorded history of athletics.'"

scientist, Dr. David Costill of Ball State University was among the first to segregate certain properties of muscles that are crucial to athletic performance. Dr. Costill found that some muscle fibers contract rapidly and with great force but are quickly fatigued; those fast-twitch muscles are dominant among sprinters. Costill also discovered slow-twitch fibers that can't generate as much instantaneous force but can contract for a longer time before they're exhausted; those he found dominant among long-distance runners. (The average person has about half of each type.) Salazar, for instance, has 92 percent slow-twitch muscles, which helps account for his extraordinary endurance. Bob Hayes, the fastest man ever to run 100 yards, was gifted with a high proportion of fast-twitch muscles; no matter how long or hard he might have trained, world-class times in distance events would always be out of his reach. Today, through simple biopsy, Costill can tell an athlete what proportions of fast- and slow-twitch muscles he has. By implication, any athlete can determine the events for which he is genetically best suited and the events that would force him to struggle against his natural limits.

Looking further, scientists learned a great deal about the chemistry of muscle contraction that has practical applications for athletes. They discovered, for instance, that muscles store enzymes that help produce kinetic energy. With training, the level of those enzymes in the muscles can

be tripled—but that's where it stops; it is a pure physical limitation, this ultimate budget of power. Similarly, the amount of the complex sugar glycogen—the body's primary fuel—that is stored in the muscles can be increased through a program of training and diet called carbohydrate loading, which has become a part of the modern athlete's everyday consciousness. Although it has lately become a point of controversy, sports doctors have long believed that when the body runs short of glycogen or fails to burn it efficiently, the result is a build-up of lactic acid in the muscles—the "supersludge" that can slow an athlete down.

In a recent article, Dr. Jim Wilkerson, a physiologist, focused even more tightly on that picture of muscular chemistry and the goal of running faster. "The source of all energy," Dr. Wilkerson wrote, "is a molecule called adenosine triphosphate, better known as A.T.P. A.T.P. is just about the only thing that matters as far as energy is concerned. If you don't produce it, you don't have muscle contraction; and if you don't have any muscle contraction, you won't go anywhere. It's that simple. The body produces this energy of movement—A.T.P.—two basic ways. Either it uses oxygen [aerobic] or it doesn't use oxygen [anaerobic]."

Those terms—aerobic and anaerobic—probably represent the cornerstone of contemporary sports science. If there was a single advance, one moment of luminous

insight over the years that cleared the way for the modern athlete's assault on his limits, it was the understanding that the energy for short-duration, high-intensity exercise—a 100-meter sprint, say, or a long jump—is produced without oxygen, while the energy for feats of athletic endurance requires a continuous delivery of oxygen to the muscles. Ninety to 95 percent of the energy needed to complete a marathon, for instance, is produced aerobically, while a sprinter can run 100 meters without ever taking a breath. Aerobic training—the most ubiquitous form of which is jogging, of course—aims to increase oxygen supply by strengthening the heart and lungs, enlarging arteries and accelerating the rate at which enzymes in the muscles can absorb oxygen from the blood. Anaerobic conditioning, such as wind sprints or weight training, improves the body's ability to deliver short, powerful bursts of energy.

Complex as much of it is, research on muscles, training and diet has slowly filtered down to the athlete through good coaches and doctors such as Wilkerson and Costill. The result has been a trend toward over-all "body management" among athletes, a physical self-awareness that can provide a sharp edge in competition. Along with technological advances, such awareness suggests that the phrase human limits may soon be archaic.

Still, most scientists believe, guardedly, that there *are* physical limits, though they say so with one eye bolted on genetics, on the mysterious force of human desire and on modern pharmaceutical wonders. Dr. Gideon Ariel, a biomechanist with labs on both coasts, says, "Yes, there are definite limits. For one thing, among other factors, our bone structure can stand only so much pressure. Beyond a certain point—and this tends to vary depending on the points of pressure—the bones simply splinter." Dr. Ariel believes that Beamon nearly exceeded that point in Mexico City. "That long jump may see marginal improvement," he says, "but very little." Dr. Jokl is less equivocal, saying that "Beamon's feat was the greatest single feat in the recorded history of athletics. It is unlikely that it will ever be surpassed."

Houston University's Carl Lewis, the superb sprinter and long-jumper, agreed with Jokl for a long time. "I was like everybody else—a victim," says Lewis about his awe of Beamon's mark. The magnitude of the record seemed to intimidate him until last year, at the National Sports Festival, when Lewis set a new sea-level record with a jump of 28'9". But it wasn't the record itself that was most intriguing; it was what Lewis had to say about his four previous foul-ridden attempts that day. "On one of them, I know I jumped 30 feet," he stated flatly. While eyes in most of the track world popped, Ariel remained skeptical.

"I don't believe he jumped 30 feet," he



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says. "We are talking about a force obstacle here. The pressure on the hip joint is enormous—well over 1700 pounds. To jump that far is impossible. The femoral bones would shatter. The ligaments connecting the femorals and the tibial bones, between knee and ankle, would be torn. The body just cannot hold up under that kind of pressure."

Clearly, when scientists try to envision the precise limits in various events, their estimates differ—as do those of the Russians, who have been in the vanguard of what's come to be called human engineering. While projecting a sub-two-hour marathon, Ariel also sees a high jump of nearly nine feet (compared with the current mark of 7'8½") and "perhaps a 9.5 in the 100 meters," which would cut the world record by half a second. Jokl sees an eight-foot high jump and probably a 9.8 sprint. The Russians, who select their athletes by specifications of weight, age and height, foresee a 9.75 for the 100 meters by 1990 and a high jump of 8'2". But when it comes to the glory event, the mile, there are those who feel sure that the Russians will meet a definite impasse with their "horses for courses" program.

Marvin Clein, president of Sport Science Associates and an expert on athletic conformation, believes that the Russian approach is insufficient when it comes to mile limits. The villain thwarting dramatic progress there is the heart. Evolution will have to produce a heart larger than the existing one in order to pump more than 36 quarts of blood per minute, which is possible today. Such a heart would mean bigger men, whose apparatus—a large, tough spine, plus bigger lungs and rib cages—would also have to evolve to meet the demands of that heart. That kind of heart would require more weight, thus more energy, to propel the body forward. According to Clein and University of Denver graduate student John Keefe's calculations, the existing organ is theoretically capable of sustaining only a 3:34 mile, which is 13.33 seconds faster than Coe's current record.

Clein believes that swimming is the one sport that is not on the brink of its limits. Gravity takes its toll in running and jumping, but its effects (and the consequent strain on the heart) are lessened by a body's buoyancy in water. And body heat—always dangerous to athletes—is vented in a pool. Clein's model swimmer has slim hips to facilitate swift passage, big hands to paddle the water and broad shoulders to sustain the necessary muscle mass. Women have a special advantage here: With more body fat and more buoyancy, all their energy is directed toward propulsion rather than toward staying afloat. Clein sees the gap between men's and women's swimming records narrowing considerably in the coming years.

If the accent here ignores the large spectator sports—football and baseball, for



Interland!

"Aha! The captain buries his treasure without letting the crew in on it!"

instance—it is because they are fettered with equipment and do not fit purely into the equation of man against himself. Football is a collision sport of speed and weight, plus force, plus diabolical equipment. Baseball is a finesse game; how far one hits a ball is of no consequence as long as it is hit far enough.

Ariel does think, however, that an 80-yard field goal is possible, as is a 150-mile-an-hour fast ball. "But can it be aimed?" he asks, "and who could catch it?" The superathletes capable of playing in that league remain—at least temporarily—figments of the scientific imagination. But the work of Clein and his colleagues is finding no lack of practical application.

It's been said that Neanderthal man, dependent on speed for his food and survival, could sprint faster than any athlete today. It is amusing to speculate about what he would be like if he'd had access to the wonders of biomechanics. Besides helping the infirm, the new science of biomechanics is baring the secrets of motion, eliminating the waste and awkwardness of movement. Torque, load, stress, lift and drag are part of the field's vocabulary. Computers can lay naked an old man's step or a difficult movement in ballet. The body as a human

machine can be sweepingly brought into relief. No athlete or coach can sensibly ignore the work being done in the labs and hope to continue competing on a high level.

Place electrodes on a pitcher's fingers and you can see a fast ball being corrupted into a languid curve just because of an instant slip of one digit on the pitching hand. Models of the human hand, accurate down to the pores, are being put into moving water to test optimal positions in swimming. Ariel is designing what he calls the world's first computerized footwear, a running shoe with a microchip nestled in its sole. Recording impact and stride, the device can be plugged into a home computer after a workout and the runner will know how far he ran, his average speed, how many calories he burned and how much weight he lost.

"In order to do something best," says Ariel, "you must find the best way to do it." To that end, Ariel uses high-speed film of athletes in action and feeds each frame into a computer. The computer can isolate the physical requirements for a certain event and tell whether a given athlete's form is efficient or inefficient. Ariel also spends time in the area of "muscle recruitment": training an athlete to use muscles

that he would not ordinarily use for his event. Those muscles are isolated, and the athlete, by means of weight training or specific exercises, develops them until he is able to call on them at will.

Although biomechanics promises and delivers much to modern sports, Peter Coe, the father of Sebastian, views the tinkering of science with dark humor. Long a smart advisor to his son, the elder Coe gave this cutout to *Runner's World*: "Imagine the great coach Svengali McTwist applying the extra signal or stimulus as the runners enter the final curve in the big race. Nonsense, you say? Too obvious to hide? But have you thought about microplants? Can you envision all competitors having to be screened as they enter the track through airportlike security?"

"Now, what price progress? 'Back, back!' you cry, yearning for long johns, tights and handlebar mustaches. What lunatics from the land of silicon chips will home in on the sport? We jam each other's propaganda broadcasts. Why not jam each other's athletes at the Olympics?"

Ariel, for one, does not believe that such flights of fancy are farfetched. "Human engineers," he says, "will one day replace ex-athletes as coaches." If he is correct—and there seems to be much more macabre evidence up ahead—then we are about to enter the era of the athlete as robot, the totally processed athlete. The natural athlete, up against human limits as we know them, will be only a quaint memory.

Microplants and demented coaches seem almost frivolous alongside the current landscape. We live in a time when talk of artificial brains and human hybrids is commonplace, when sperm banks in California are a reality for the genetically gifted in science as well as in athletics. But the incursion of new drugs into sports summons up an otherworldly atmosphere that once again puts a glowing finish on the crown of the prophetic H. G. Wells.

Long ago, the far-seeing Wells created two characters named Mr. Bensington and Professor Redwood in a novel called *The Food of the Gods*. They discover Herakleophoria IV, a compound that becomes responsible for a breed of gigantic children who want a new civilization and prepare to engage in war with the "pygmy" world (that's us). At first, incredulity greets that scenario when it is transferred to modern athletics; then the mind pauses over the idea: drugs and athletes; ham and eggs.

Dr. Gabe Mirkin once conducted a poll of more than 100 world-class runners. The question was: "If I could give you a pill that could make you an Olympic champion and also kill you in a year, would you take it?" More than half the answers were affirmative. Nor are drugs and what they can do to an athlete and his performance of less than grave concern to Dr. William Taylor, author of *Anabolic Steroids and the Athlete*. The Wellsian new man is not mere fantasy to Dr. Taylor.



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"How far can athletes go?" he asks. "Eventually, you get to the point where genetics are the key to performance—genetics or drugs. We have gone so far in terms of training and nutrition that now it is only a question of locating athletes who are genetically suited to the task at hand. That will happen over a period of years, or drugs will alter the body. Already, drugs have accounted for not a few current records, and in years to come, they will account for more. The best athletes have, and will have, the best pharmacists."

Already, steroids—biological amplifiers—are vital to success in track-and-field events. Derived from the male hormone testosterone, steroids can synthesize protein and can alter the shape of the athlete's body as well as his attitude. According to Ariel, steroids are "more of a key" to success than the essential training and vitamins. "You would not enter international competition," he says, "without taking steroids. There should be two Olympics: one for those who take steroids and one for those who don't." An athlete can be trained to a razor edge, but he cannot hope "to make a final without steroids, especially in such events as the discus, the shot and the javelin." It would be like entering a greyhound in the Belmont Stakes.

"People often close their eyes and say that anabolic steroids have only a placebo effect," says Ariel. "This is wrong. From tests we have made, we have determined that anabolic steroids will add 20 feet to the discus, four feet to the shot and ten feet to the javelin. Not only do they make an athlete stronger physically, they make him more obsessed. An athlete on

steroids, for example, does not merely want to throw the discus—he wants to kill it."

Ariel's research should not be taken to mean that the use of steroids is confined to track and field. A weight lifter, a football player or any other athlete who wants to "bulk up" can generally find a cooperative pharmacist or physician willing to supply the drugs.

"For 15 years now, the average size of N.F.L. players has not really changed," says Taylor. "But compared with the players today, those back in 1960 were underdeveloped. Then, anabolic steroids were introduced and the *bulk* of the players increased dramatically. Now, with the impending introduction of synthetic growth hormones, the day may come when we have 350-to-375-pound athletes, eight to nine feet in height."

With injections of the hormone, the potential for physical growth is immense, according to Taylor. Used extensively in the treatment of growth deficiencies, these polypeptide hormones are commonly extracted from the pituitary glands of cadavers, but the process is expensive (\$10,000 a year for treatments). Now the hormone has been synthetically reproduced and is expected to be approved by the FDA; it will soon become widely available. Fully expecting that the drug will be abused, just as anabolic steroids are, Taylor says that he is already getting inquiries about hormone treatments from the zealous parents of high school athletes.

The possibilities horrify him. "Unless this medication is strictly controlled," he says, "we may have a serious problem on

our hands. To allow this medication to become popularized the way steroids have would be like opening Pandora's box. The parents who call me say that price is no object. They have read or heard that the hormone can add three inches a year to growth, and they want it for their children."

Taylor says that the time may come—and very soon—when a high school athlete will be forced to recognize that if he wants to succeed, he will have to resort to drugs. Athletes today, he says, are different from those of 30 years ago; the avenues to success are now precisely defined. "Back then, athletes would merely suck it up. Now they know that drugs are the key to success and that they cannot hope to compete without them."

Ethics will have to be examined and the door locked, and it must be opened only when needed. If the drug is popularized, Taylor sees sports becoming ludicrous, records and limits obsolete. The geometry and balance of such games as baseball and basketball will have to be altered, with baskets set higher and the pitcher's mound moved back. For the unreconstructed, the era of the pseudo athlete, of H. G. Wells's athlete, will seem shorn of all that is human—the perfect fit for a robotic world.

The robots may add something to life, but they will surely signal the final end of the handmade, the dissolution of craft. Hardly a fiery-eyed zealot, Taylor wants athletics and those who play them to remain biologically pure, and he does not want records or broken limits that are devoid of any current frame of reference. The Ulysses impulse—and the kind of man who must go see what's over the hill—argues strenuously for his concern: If that impulse is displaced by a daily dose of hormones, then there will be no sport as we have learned to feel it; the desire and will of the heroic athlete will belong to folklore.

Those qualities were best caught by the effort of Salazar in Boston, when his legs felt as if they were on fire. One tries to freeze his face at that finish line; it was a rubber mask of pain, yet something terribly human was there. It was poignant and startling, but somewhere in that awful contortion, it seemed that an old promise was being renewed once more. Salazar is an action poet, and his face spoke eloquently for the Ulysses man and for all that he represents: the last line of defense against the processed athlete and against artificiality in all aspects of our lives. Man's continuing adaptation is the ongoing need for those same qualities. All the perceptive men behind the scenes of athletics recognize this: that desire and will are, and should remain, the most elemental linchpins to real excellence.



"Why, thank you—you've been most supportive!"



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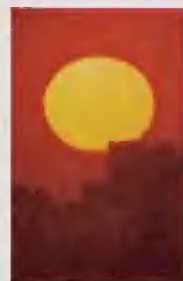
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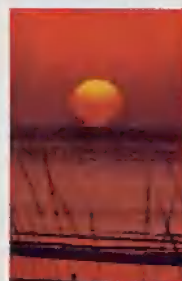
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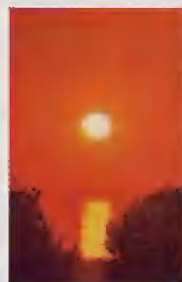
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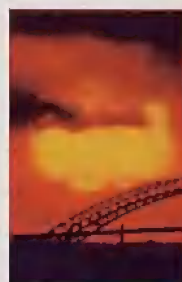
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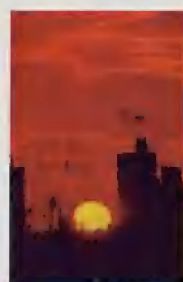
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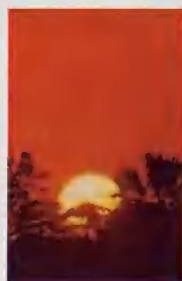
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and scans the horizon for enemies."

PLAYBOY: True?

NEWMAN: Well, there *are* people—and things—to scan the horizon for. The real question for me is, *Who's worthy of being an enemy?*

PLAYBOY: We're waiting.

NEWMAN: The perpetrators of Vietnam, of course. People trying to sustain the arms race. But, you know, if you were really serious about who was out to get you, you'd have to spend *so* much time working at not getting screwed at all, it would hardly seem worth the effort. So I figure I'm likely to get screwed a *little* bit—and that way, I don't waste a lot of time. There are too many other things I enjoy doing. It's like getting on the best-dressed list: It would take *so* much time and effort, I just don't have the patience to *be* well dressed.

PLAYBOY: Where else do you think you've been screwed?

NEWMAN: Oh, there are a lot of things, but they're not important enough to get vindictive about.

PLAYBOY: We're talking about being reflective, not vindictive. For instance, how are things between you and the IRS?

NEWMAN: They've audited me every year since the late Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: All I know is that my timing has always been good. Here's a true story: Early in my career, I was in my business manager's office, which, at the time, was in New York. I was going to be audited. The guy from the IRS was in the next office with my manager's assistant, and my manager said, "Paul, it would really help if you would go in and butter him up." And I said, "I couldn't do that." And I refused. But, sure enough, I walked out of the office a few minutes later and there came the taxman out of the assistant's office. He walked up to me and said, "You don't keep very good records." I said, "On what?" He said, "On your entertainment, your taxis, everything." I said, "Well, here's how it goes. In order to be an actor, you really have to be a child. And, if that theory is correct, then it follows that the more childish you are, the better actor you are. If I'm really a good actor and I make a tremendous amount of money—from which I have to pay the Federal Government—then what you want me to be is an accountant. And if I'm an accountant, I'm a responsible human being. I'm mature. If I'm mature, I can't be a very good actor. Which means I can't make any money!" Now, if you were a guy from the IRS, what would you say to that? It was so eccentric. Funny thing: Three days later, my manager called me up and said, "I don't know

what you did to that guy, but all the stuff that they're disputing—\$30,000 worth of expenses—they've forgotten it."

PLAYBOY: And you lived happily ever after.

NEWMAN: Yes. But I *still* get audited every year!

PLAYBOY: Where would the press rank on your enemies list? You've been bitter on a couple of occasions in the past.

NEWMAN: Well, you've got *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, which try to be responsible newspapers. But it's just tragic that a newspaper like the *New York Post*, with its heritage—pedigree is a better word—should have to fall into the hands of people who have a sleazy editorial philosophy. They've really savaged me pretty good with phony captions under pictures, turbulence where there was no turbulence, turmoil where no turmoil existed.

PLAYBOY: About what?

NEWMAN: Once, the *Post* printed something like, "Newman has finally succumbed to doing Japanese commercials for Datsun in the United States." I *have* done some commercials in Japan, which they pointed out.

PLAYBOY: What was so bad about that?

NEWMAN: The only thing I've done in the U.S. is a public-service thing about safety belts. That's what I did, for which I got nothing. The difference is that it's my perception that to be asked to do a commercial in Japan is considered a great honor, especially if you're a foreigner. To be asked to do a commercial in *this* country is a sign that you're on the take or on the skids. That's my perception.

PLAYBOY: You mean you've never been tempted to do a U.S. commercial?

NEWMAN: The closest I ever came to doing one was for Polaroid. We were in negotiations, and then the lawyer from Polaroid pissed me off.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

NEWMAN: He started telling people that they were paying me too much—that they had given away the store to get me. And that got back to me. I got mad. I said I didn't want to work for people who thought they were getting screwed. So I backed out. I understand the Polaroid attorney got fired about 12 hours later.

Anyway, while I'm wound up about the press, there was also *People* magazine. When it came out, I was told it was going to be a very respectable, responsible magazine. I did one of its early cover stories. Subsequently, I felt it was sort of becoming a gossip rag. I was asked to do a new story. I refused. So they put me on the cover anyway, without an interview. They even raised the issue price. Then, when I was campaigning for Ramsey Clark for the

Senate in 1976, the campaign manager said that a *People* reporter wanted to go along on the airplane. I agreed but thought it was really gonna be a bad mistake. When the article finally came out, sure enough, the headline was: "RAMSEY CLARK FINDS A GIMMICK IN PAUL NEWMAN." Now, I had campaigned for him several times before that, and it was just untrue on the face of it! So I've never been interested in doing anything with *People* since.

Then there was *Time* magazine—

PLAYBOY: For which you've done a recent cover story.

NEWMAN: Yeah, well, my dance card's been full. Anyway, for a long while—and because of *Time*—I wouldn't drink Coors beer. That was really a strange situation: Back in the mid-Seventies, Coors was trying to dispel a rumor that it had unfair hiring procedures. The fact that Joe and Bill Coors were considered very conservative politically is irrelevant. That's what a democracy is supposed to be about. The liberals won't tell you that; the liberals want only one party—theirs. But my firm feeling is that you've got to have two parties and one of 'em's gonna be conservative; that's the name of the game. I certainly wouldn't have had any ill feelings because the executive of a beer company was of a very conservative political cloth.

Well, around that time, somebody from *Time* was doing an article about Coors, talked to me, and I pointed out that Coors was environmentally more progressive than almost any other brewer. I didn't know about unfair hiring practices. But then the guy from *Time* said he had seen a \$50,000 check to Anita Bryant, written by Joe Coors. Now, that *wasn't* political; it was antigay, meaning anti-human rights. So I said I *did* feel injured by that. That information found its way into *Time*, which said I had therefore switched from Coors to Budweiser.

In fact, at that time, I was starting to go into racing other than my own cars and we were looking for sponsors. Several of them were beer sponsors. Budweiser, Michelob and Coors seemed good to me. None had forced fermentation or forced carbonation and I liked the beer. I went with Budweiser and I've stayed with them happily.

But, anyway, the guy from *Time* said he had seen the check to Bryant, right? About two years later, Peter Coors came by. He was a gentleman I really liked. And we were at MGM and chatted for a couple of hours. He handed me a newspaper article in which a gay minister in San Francisco admitted starting the rumor that Joe Coors had written a check for \$50,000 to Bryant. There had *been* no check to her. I'm still looking for that guy from *Time*.

PLAYBOY: For all your principled stands on commerciality, how do you feel you've been treated with regard to this new salad dressing you're marketing?

NEWMAN: First, the press has taken it too seriously. A reporter for *The New York Times* asked about it and I told her I did it



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because I wanted to build a power base. I think she believed me! I have a marginal-to-somewhat-vulgar sense of humor, on the theory that if something is truly funny, it's never vulgar. Actually, let's just say that in my later years, I have determined that you can be a responsible citizen and at the same time have a lot of fun. Now, there's not a very logical argument that can be made for getting involved with salad dressing. But one thing is for sure: *Reagan's* salad days are over. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: But why oil and vinegar after all these years?

NEWMAN: And herbs—don't forget herbs. Actually, the kids really enjoyed it. I used to have to make up huge batches for them when I went on location. Then I started bottling it. I have always been of a rather whimsical nature. I don't know whether it's whimsical or irresponsible. It's one or the other. The salad dressing is part of a plot, actually.

PLAYBOY: Will you reveal it?

NEWMAN: Oh, yes. I want to capture and control the global supermarket! Seriously, I always try to almost violate the character once during a filming of a picture, so that the audience never gets complacent, sits back and says, "Well, I know what that guy's gonna do." That's why I did salad dressing. Besides, I've designed it so any profits from the dressing go directly to charity. People should know that.

PLAYBOY: OK. You pride yourself on your sense of humor and on being unpredictable. What else?

NEWMAN: I pride myself on being on time. In almost four years of theater, I missed only one performance, and that was because I had a 24-hour case of the flu. And in 30 years, I have missed five days of shooting—all at once, because I had the flu. I think in 25 or 30 years, I've been late maybe five times. In fact, I had a needle-point made and framed for Redford that said, PUNCTUALITY IS THE COURTESY OF KINGS.

PLAYBOY: Why did you have it made?

NEWMAN: Because he *needs* it.

PLAYBOY: You and Redford have been playing practical jokes on each other for quite a while.

NEWMAN: It's more than that. They're out-and-out hustles. Now, the secret of any hustle is that you have to have information that the other guy doesn't have. Redford is a very good athlete. I wish I could get him into the racing business. He indicated on the set during *Butch Cassidy* that he had been a rather good fencer in high school. And he'd say he was good enough to whip anybody in a radius of ten miles. Our director, George Roy Hill, heard that, and the information that he had was that his assistant, Bobby Crawford, had almost gone to the Olympics out of Yale as a fencer. Hill came to me and said, "I don't quite know how to get the hustle moving, but it will go in the following direction: I will challenge Redford to a fencing match and bet him \$50 that I can whip him. He will know that there's no way I can whip

him and will agree to the match. Around Friday, I'll start to complain about back problems, and Saturday, the day of the match, I'll say that I'm not able to compete. And Redford, being an honorable man, will give me back my \$50. I will then suggest an alternative: my second. Redford, being a confident man, will accept the second. My second will then whip his brain." So I said, "Well, we've got one tragic flaw in that, George. He'll smell it and won't accept the second. I'll bet you two dollars he won't." So I see the opportunity for a double reverse hustle. I can go to Crawford and suggest the following scenario: that he win the first four touches and then let Redford take the next five, just to make it obvious that the thing had been thrown. And at the end of the match, Crawford and I would be seen exchanging a lot of money. So that would mean Hill was hustled, betrayed by his own kind, while Redford was hustled by Hill—and I would have out hustled both of them!

PLAYBOY: What happened?

NEWMAN: Well, there are always imponderables to the hustling business. Crawford giggled and laughed and thought it was terrific. So everything was set. On Thursday, Hill went up to Redford and

said, "My back is bothering me." On Friday, he said, "My back is bothering me a lot." On Saturday, an hour before the match, he said, "I forfeit." And Redford immediately walked over to George and asked for his money. And Hill said, "Do you mean to tell me that you're going to take that \$50 from a cripple?" Redford said, "You're goddamn right I am." So much for charity. Hill said, "What about accepting a substitute?" Redford said, "Of course I'll accept a substitute." So at that point, Hill was out \$50 and I was out two dollars, right? Well, at least we had Crawford to count on. The match started on the steps of our hotel in Mexico. Redford is left-handed, and they were using foils. He fenced absolutely defensively and would hardly move. Crawford got the first touch. Redford got the second. Crawford got the third. They got even at four-four. I didn't know what was going on. Finally, with a big lunge, Crawford got the winning touch. Redford gave Hill back his \$50. So Hill and Redford were even. I was the only one who was out—two dollars! I couldn't believe it had backfired. So I went over to Crawford and said, "What happened?" And he said, "Well, I thought it was a terrific plan until I went upstairs and told my



*"According to the quiz
I took in this magazine, I discovered that my husband
isn't having an affair, but I am."*

wife. She said, 'Bobby, if you throw the match, I'm going back to Los Angeles and I don't think I'll ever speak to you again.'" So that was the one imponderable that I hadn't figured on: His wife wouldn't let him throw the match.

PLAYBOY: Is there ever any malice behind these hustles?

NEWMAN: I'd say that beneath *all* hustles there's some malice. And you don't always deal with the potential repercussions, either. Once, I was shooting *The Mackintosh Man* with director John Huston. The setup for the shot was that I was 70 or 80 feet in the air, on a little porch with a railing around it, and I was supposed to signal to somebody out on a ship. I had at the time a wardrobe guy who was known to have a fierce temper. So I saw the beginning of something working for me there: a little porch and a big guy with a terrible temper. So we decided what we were going to do: A couple of times, making sure everybody below was watching, I was gonna yell at him and shove him, as if I were treating him like dirt, and he was gonna visibly restrain himself, just barely keep it in. Well, they finally yelled, "Action!" and I pretended I had really lost it with him and ducked back inside the house from the porch to get at him. Suddenly, out I flew from the window, past the porch, arms and legs flying, down to the ground beyond a fence to where nobody could see. There was this "Aaaahhh!!!!" from the set. It was a dummy the guy and I had fixed up, of course. I waited about 15 seconds and then waved down at everybody gaily. Well, it had never occurred to me that someone—including, perhaps, Huston—might have had a heart attack. So I've slowed down on my hustles somewhat.

PLAYBOY: You disappoint us. Surely, *one* of your hustles worked to your satisfaction.

NEWMAN: Well, there *was* the Great Newman-Redford Porsche Hustle. No, wait. *He* won that one.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it anyway.

NEWMAN: Redford was driving along a road and saw this Porsche that had hit a tree at about 130 miles an hour. It had been cannibalized. He had the thing picked up and delivered to me as a present. Well, I turned around and had the thing compacted. I found a lady who knew about Redford's burglar alarm at home, and she helped us bypass it. We left the compacted Porsche inside his vestibule with a note: *ALTHOUGH HE APPRECIATES IT, MR. NEWMAN IS RETURNING THIS GIFT TO YOU VERY SIMPLY BECAUSE HE CANNOT GET THE MOTHER-FUCKER STARTED.*

PLAYBOY: Then why do you say that Redford won that hustle?

NEWMAN: He never admitted that it was returned! He also trained his wife and his kids not to say a word about it. The car never arrived at his house, according to him.

PLAYBOY: But you know that it did.

NEWMAN: I put it there!

PLAYBOY: Hustles notwithstanding, were you happy with *The Mackintosh Man*?

NEWMAN: No, it just didn't come together. I felt the story would have been good and I wanted to play an Australian. Huston turned it down when I first submitted it to him. Then he reconsidered and thought maybe he could strengthen it.

PLAYBOY: One critic wrote that when you were good, you were very, very good. And when you were bad, you were miscast.

NEWMAN: What a sweet, sweet thing to say. What a very nice thing to say. You know, I suspect I could be even more miscast in the future than I have been in the past. Because I think I'm going to stop worrying about being a movie star and start being an actor again. I'll hang out there a little bit. Aspire to a little more risk-taking.

PLAYBOY: Then why didn't you take the lead in *All That Jazz* a few years ago—a very risky role?

NEWMAN: That was bad; it was dumb of me. I was just so stupid, I didn't take into consideration what the contribution of the director was going to be. That was a terrible oversight.

PLAYBOY: More recently, you were offered the lead in *Missing*, the film Jack Lemmon ultimately did. Why did you turn it down?

NEWMAN: I really wanted to work with Costa-Gavras and I'm not above doing something that is critical of our American society, politically, socially or morally. But if it is going to be critical, I want it to be *my* criticism and not somebody else's. There are a lot of areas that I would love to get into—oil companies, insurance companies, the military-industrial complex—but I simply did not want to be the mouth-piece for somebody else's criticism.

PLAYBOY: At one point, weren't you going to do a movie in which you played a homosexual?

NEWMAN: Yes. It was called *The Front Runner*, about a track coach and one of his runners. We could never get the script right, though we must have rewritten it five times.

PLAYBOY: If you had gotten the script together, it would have marked quite a departure for you, wouldn't it?

NEWMAN: As an actor, yes. But not in terms of philosophy. I'm a supporter of gay rights. And not a closet supporter, either. From the time I was a kid, I have never been able to understand attacks upon the gay community. There are so many qualities that make up a human being—things that I really admire.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

NEWMAN: People who really care about other people. People with humor. People with talent. People who are capable of giving and are not simply takers. People who recognize their own foibles. People who really actively aspire to something. People who actively want to produce something for society. People who appreciate, who laugh. People who strive to understand, to make themselves decent and ethical, moral

human beings. So that by the time I get through with all the things that I really admire about people, what they do with their private parts is probably so low on the list that it's irrelevant. If you go with the reverse of all this, you can have someone who kicks the bejesus out of his wife, who is a scum bag in the business world, who's not particularly respected, who's not capable of sharing, who's got no sense of humor about himself, who doesn't really aspire to anything except being a whore and making a couple of bucks—but because he uses his privates with someone of the opposite sex, then he's a "man" and that somehow makes him all right.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your upbringing, how you formed your values.

NEWMAN: All right, but I warn you, I'm not in the business of pointing fingers. There are a lot of people who say, "I'm the way I am because Mommy thrashed me or Daddy never kissed me or hugged me." A lot of that is just the excuse business.

PLAYBOY: Without pointing a finger, were you very close to your dad?

NEWMAN: [Long pause] Probably not. But I suspect that that was a lot more my fault than his. I didn't have any idea of what being close to an older person was until much later in life. I left home when I was 17 and I really didn't go back. I graduated from high school when I was 17, went straight into Ohio University. Then I was called up by the Navy on the sixth of June 1943. I was *in* the Navy on the seventh.

PLAYBOY: But what about before you graduated from high school? Did you spend any time with your dad?

NEWMAN: Not really. He worked six days a week in those days. And I didn't know what was going on, either with myself or with the outside world. I don't think he had the patience to deal with things in a superfluous way—which, again, is not a criticism of him. It's really a criticism of myself. I was a late bloomer.

PLAYBOY: What about your mother?

NEWMAN: She was raised in a very poor family and had a sense of values that we pooh-pooh right now—you know, materialistic things, trying to get two cars in the garage. But I'm reticent about getting into family history.

PLAYBOY: Why?

NEWMAN: It's not that it doesn't deserve some kind of examination, but I am very, very leery of young people's spouting off about the inadequacies of their parents, especially because they do so through the lens of an adolescent with growing problems. Those people who write books about their famous parents—I have a difficult time with it. All they're doing is trading on their parents' notoriety.

PLAYBOY: Can you characterize your relationship with your brother?

NEWMAN: Belligerent, I think, is a good word.

PLAYBOY: Brotherly competition?

NEWMAN: Belligerent is *still* a good word. . . . I just wonder more about this

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business of good parent, bad parent. Does it matter as much as the shrinks contend? Less? More? What makes some kid claw his way out of the ghetto? Is it all environment? One or two children can come from loving, understanding, supportive families and turn into absolute rotters. I've seen too many people, and I'm not talking about myself—or maybe I am, I don't know—much more affected by their peers than by their parents. Hell, I know I was. The friends I had in college and I got into all kinds of scrapes, brawls. Even got arrested three times for minor stuff.

PLAYBOY: So your slate has been tarnished with three arrests.

NEWMAN: Plus the horse incident at the laundry. I wasn't even there, but you know how those things go. Still, I don't make a claim to Christlike behavior.

PLAYBOY: Want to confess?

NEWMAN: Well, if anything, I guess I'm bourgeois. Sure, I've smoked grass, but I've never done anything else. I'm a square.

PLAYBOY: How square is that?

NEWMAN: I'll show you how naïve I am. At one time, I saw these silver razor-blade necklaces and thought, How marvelous. You wear your razor blade, and if things get really tough, you go [*mimics slitting*

his throat]. I thought that was so funny. So I bought one and I thought nothing about it. Somebody took a couple of photographs of me somewhere and they were all in dope-oriented magazines. That's just how naïve I was. I mean, I didn't know from [*makes a snorting noise*].

PLAYBOY: But you *did* know from booze.

NEWMAN: Sure. I drank whiskey a lot. For a while, it really screwed me up. There are periods of my life in which I don't take any particular pride, but I don't know why those times should be for public consumption. But the people who continue to do these things to excess, well, I think the core of all those people is that they really don't like themselves very much. The ones who can't control it have got to be in such a state when self-indulgence turns to self-destruction.

PLAYBOY: How do you help them?

NEWMAN: You simply do it by loving them and supporting them, believing in them. Obviously, the greatest secret is not to start; then you don't have to worry about having a problem. And the young people now—people who enjoy the position of persuasion—they simply persuade other people to do what they do in order to have some followers. They can't say they're the outsiders screwing up. They simply per-

suaude others to screw up with them. Those young Machiavellian kinds of people. They're young and dumb. It applies to sex as well—the kids who aren't really interested in getting sexually involved with someone. Then someone says, "Ah, come on, get it over with." Why? What's the purpose? Some Machiavellian sense that someone has some control over another person's life. "Ah, boy, did I get her laid." There're a lot of girls who say that to their girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

NEWMAN: Because my daughters have told me about it. All of them.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about those razor-blade necklaces—

NEWMAN: Ah, yes, there's the glorification of cocaine. You think about someone like John Belushi. He died as a direct result of that. I suppose there was some kind of sardonic *machismo* in that. All the jokes about something that he knew was killing him. And he must have had a glimmer of that, that he was certainly on the short side of the edge of where he was going. There are other things that can be glorified that I think are just as interesting. The receptacle that we are living inside of for a long time. I'm not saying that I did that all my life, but I'm beginning to realize there's a bonus. There's a tremendous bonus to being on the outside looking in. Watching what all the crowd is doing. And while they're doing it, I'm gonna be the observer. I remember one case where a celebrity was doing a film about drug abuse. The fact is, if there ever was a day he should have been straight, it was the day we shot the film. But he was all bent out of shape.

PLAYBOY: Your own life was touched by a drug tragedy—the death of your son, Scott. A few days ago, when we were talking at your house and your daughter Susan was talking about Scott, I noticed that you put your head in your hands.

NEWMAN: I don't know how I'm ever going to respond to that at any given moment. Sometimes it's OK and sometimes it's not.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when you heard the news?

NEWMAN: I was at Kenyon College, directing a student play, when I got the call.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a horrible moment.

NEWMAN: [*Tenses up*] I don't know. In a way, I had been waiting for that call for ten years. Somehow, my body mechanism built me an anesthetic for when it really happened. I was . . . a lot of things when I got that call. I was probably more pissed off than anything.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean you had waited for that call for ten years?

NEWMAN: I think the difficulties start when both people start working. And then I think, probably, at some point, both people give up. And that can be ten years down the pipe. Scott and I had simply lost the ability to help each other. I had lost the ability to help him, and he had lost



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the ability to help himself.

PLAYBOY: That must be a terrible feeling. As a parent, you never really want to give up or at least stop trying.

NEWMAN: I had simply lost my ability to make a difference. Any kind of difference.

PLAYBOY: When you got the news that Scott had died, you kept going, didn't you? You stayed and directed the play.

NEWMAN: There was nothing else I *could* do. I guess it's funny now; I hardly know a family that isn't touched by it. I'm really more surprised that it simply seems to be getting worse. It doesn't make any difference whether it's LSD or angel dust or cocaine or booze. People are just looking around for a sledge hammer somewhere along the line. I gave up hard liquor because I simply couldn't handle it. That was my sledge hammer. We were finishing shooting *Sometimes a Great Notion*. I don't know if it was the pressure of the picture, but I *really* was out of line. I've always been fascinated with why one embraces the sledge hammer. This is not just for John Doe, it's probably applicable to myself, but they say you can take the kid out of Shaker Heights, but you can't take Shaker Heights out of the kid. Well, *oh, yes, you can!* You can do that very simply with a fifth of good Scotch. Because then you can never tell what the kid's likely to do.

PLAYBOY: When you took Shaker Heights out of the kid before 1971, what were you likely to do?

NEWMAN: Oh, hanging him from chandeliers was not beyond the realm of possibilities. A lot of bad stuff with cars. Generally boorish behavior.

PLAYBOY: What finally got you to stop?

NEWMAN: Like everybody else, a person who has an addictive personality just finds that moment when he simply doesn't want to do it anymore if he's lucky. It happens with people who are overweight, with people who smoke too much—whatever it is that they wish they could stop doing. There comes a moment when they simply stop doing it. It does not come because other people cuff them heavily about the head and shoulders. I just decided to stop.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been able to figure out why Scott didn't?

NEWMAN: I think he'd be the only one who could answer the question. Somehow, personalities grow together. The personality of a human being finally comes together. It may come together satisfactorily and that person can be productive and feel OK. Some people don't seem to be able to get the personality into the kind of shape that survives. There are a lot of survivors around who survive by doing the wrong things. By doing the things that I don't particularly respect. People who survive by becoming whores. It covers not just prostitutes but a huge spectrum of whoredom.

PLAYBOY: Give us your idea of a whore.

NEWMAN: I can think of a lot of them. A young kid who creates his freedom from parental supervision by selling dope in the

city to other kids. A young girl who accomplishes the same by allowing her body to pay for housing, nourishment, transportation, entertainment with a bunch of the locals. Guys in the business who make their living from exploitation in films, probably sexual or violence exploitation. Yes men and entourage guys.

PLAYBOY: At what point in your relationship with Scott did you realize that you had lost it?

NEWMAN: I don't know that there was any given instance. I just realized that whatever I was doing in trying to be helpful was not being helpful at all. In fact, it could have been harmful.

PLAYBOY: So you backed away?

NEWMAN: Well, we both backed away.

PLAYBOY: In the Fifties, when your first marriage was breaking up, you saw a psychiatrist. Did it help?

NEWMAN: Yes, it helped me in some ways to have a more realistic appraisal of myself, to get in touch with my emotions. Some of it was effective and some of it was helpful. A lot of it was irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: Did you know the difference then?

NEWMAN: Yeah, but I still learned a great deal about myself. I realized that I was a late bloomer. That I seemed old enough to take some aspects of this thing that people call stardom not too seriously. I seemed to have a built-in mechanism that worked. It was in other areas—self-evaluation and so forth—that I was still really an adolescent. I suppose that's true of a lot of people if they're very together in some areas and fall apart in others.

PLAYBOY: How did the psychiatrist help you evaluate yourself?

NEWMAN: Well, he taught me to like myself better, which I don't. He taught me to recognize the level of my achievements, which I don't. He taught me not to "should" myself, which I still do.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us that the operation was a success but the patient died.

NEWMAN: Very close. I always wonder about those people who claim to have it all together. Quietly, the lid of their head finally separates between their ears. I think they will sooner or later understand the extent of genetic influence instead of environmental influence. It's like a lot of things. The more you come to know about things, the less you really understand what you know. And the more you seem to find a psychological argument that holds water, the more you can find another face in the mirror that says exactly the opposite and is just as penetrating and viable.

PLAYBOY: To what extent did your drinking and boorish behavior have an influence on your children?

NEWMAN: It's really very hard to tell. Very, very hard to tell. And, by the same token, if the parent is, in fact, the role model and, for instance, takes a great pride in being punctual, does that mean the child is going to be punctual? If the only music he ever hears with his parent is Bach or Beethoven

or Mozart, does that guarantee that he will listen to only that music? It seems to me that peer pressure is much more influential in terms of what children actually do. The only thing that the parent might do is to give the kid such a sense of himself that he can afford in his own head to be independent. But that doesn't seem to happen much.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter once said that she didn't think you were in touch with reality sometimes. With the real world.

NEWMAN: I think there's a big element of truth in that. But I think I'm really suspicious of young people who write about their parents. As I said, they are writing through whatever lens they happened to be looking through at the time of the experience.

PLAYBOY: It's the second time you've mentioned it. Are we correct in guessing that you were not happy when Susan participated in a book about children of celebrities?

NEWMAN: There's nothing the matter with anybody's doing interviews. I'm only saying that if it is to go down in a time capsule, then I think the target ought to be allowed a day in court, too. I'm thinking specifically of the difficult time that Henry Fonda had, during which he behaved like an absolute gentleman. Fonda was a beautiful, gifted, ethical, moral man of film and theater. That's enough. And decent, decent. That's not necessarily a very flattering word, but I guess it is in conjunction with the other ones. And his greatest show of decency was when his kids were attacking him and he didn't shoot back, though I suspect that he had a tremendous amount of ammunition.

PLAYBOY: What was going on?

NEWMAN: That's not for me to say. But I think Henry could have lobbed just as many grenades toward the nursery as the nursery was lobbing at him, but he didn't.

PLAYBOY: And what about your nursery?

NEWMAN: I think the generation that I came from accepted a lot of myths. That the real struggle was to get the second car in the garage. That was the determining factor in worth. Self-esteem. In a certain sense, you strove for that almost unconsciously. Along with that was two and a half children. That was simply something that was to be done. If you had been told somewhere along the line, and listened, that you really had to have a philosophy about motherhood, fatherhood, what those responsibilities were—instead of simply conceiving children—I'm not so sure that Joanne and I had that philosophy. Some say you really have to *have* a mother and a father in order to be a mother or a father. I didn't know *what* I was doing when I started to be an actor or a race-car driver or a salad magnate. And I didn't even understand *anything* about fatherhood.

PLAYBOY: Has there come a point at which you thought you knew what it was all about?

NEWMAN: I don't know. I've really been receptive to being a parent, somewhere in

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influencing the way the kids felt about themselves. . . . But I don't even know where I'm going with that. Somehow it has to do with being there in the early times, before peer pressure took hold. Do you read me? If you read anything that makes any sense, the second I say it, there's a contradiction that pops up in my mind. [*Tenses up again*] One day I wake up and I think I'm terrific, and the next day I wake up and I think it's all junk.

PLAYBOY: It's excruciating for you to talk about this, isn't it?

NEWMAN: Yeah, because I'm really not in the pain business—either absorbing it for myself or inflicting it on other people. I read about these people every day who are blowing their mouths off about associates, neighbors, children and friends. I've never felt any need to do that. Even though politics is another matter, I admit.

PLAYBOY: You've always considered yourself politically active, haven't you?

NEWMAN: Yes, even though I've been deceived.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about supporting Lyndon Johnson?

NEWMAN: Yes, in 1964. I went to the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. I campaigned for Johnson because he said he would reduce troop strength in Vietnam. He said he would de-escalate. He said he would get us out. Goldwater said he wanted a build-up. Johnson won the election and did the opposite. I had been severely had, especially when the Pentagon papers later came out. The decision to escalate had actually been made before the convention!

PLAYBOY: Were you really surprised?

NEWMAN: Well, if you go back and look over the projections of the bomber gap, the missile gap or whatever, what do you find? That whenever there's a new weapons system around the corner, it is necessary to create a climate of terror. And if you can create a good enough climate, then you get the funds from Congress, you get all the weapons systems you want. And [Secretary of Defense Caspar] Weinberger is the most dangerous. If one person goes into a job saying, "I'm going to do a certain thing," and does a complete 180-degree turn, you can say either that he's flexible or that he's pliable. Well, I think he was pliable. So instead of being Cap the Knife to cut waste out of the Pentagon, he became Cap the Rubber Stamp. From McNamara on, the Secretary of Defense has always functioned as a devil's advocate. At least McNamara had the good manners to ask some serious questions. But Weinberger is just a wimp with a rubber stamp. And I suppose if all of those missiles represent penis envy, those guys really. . . . No, it's *adoration*, I think. Yes, I like that. That has a good ring to it—phallus adoration.

PLAYBOY: Anything else you like about Reagan's outlook?

NEWMAN: Yeah. "You gotta get tough with the Russians." Go ahead, guys, get tough. But then the specifics are left up to people who recognize only hardware. The interesting thing is that they're not asking the right questions. There are a lot of answers; but those answers are to the wrong questions. Nobody's asking the right questions.

PLAYBOY: What are the right questions?

NEWMAN: In a world in which there are 50,000 nuclear warheads—I call them the great relaxers in the sky—do you increase your own national security by decreasing the national-security opponents? In conventional terms, of course, that concept would work. In nuclear terms, it doesn't work at all. But nobody's asking the questions: How much is enough? Will the concept of civilian defense work? I think it's ludicrous. Civil defense is dependent upon the cooperation of your enemies. Can you believe the Government actually thinks it will be possible to evacuate cities in a nuclear war? It would take about a week to do it. Don't you think the Soviets will notice? And if they do, do they launch on warning? I can just hear it. "Guys, give us a week so our civilian-defense thing will work." Well, you can't move 100,000,000 people. It's absurd. It seems to me that if this is going to function as participatory democracy, then people have to be preoccupied with knowledge and turn it into something that entitles them to the freedoms they have. That subject is not difficult. I mean, any kid who's been through the sixth grade, if he were given the opportunity to study both sides, could come up with an acceptable conclusion. It's not difficult. I am not a particularly smart guy. I am not technologically oriented.

PLAYBOY: But you can sure make things look dark.

NEWMAN: You mustn't forget Newman's second law: Just when things look darkest, they go black.

PLAYBOY: And where are we now on the brightness scale?

NEWMAN: Sorry, I can't think of a darker time in recent history. I am disturbed about what I don't know, but I am much more disturbed about what *they* don't know.

PLAYBOY: What don't they know?

NEWMAN: Survivability of command control; electromagnetic pulse; the idea that you can have a surgically limited exchange, assess the damage and then decide whether you're going to do something else; that you can fight a limited nuclear war in Europe. But nobody is seriously talking about what happens when the number of warheads arrives at a point when the difference between being first and second is no longer meaningful. Do you increase or decrease national security? Or do you opt for a bilateral freeze? Otherwise, you run the risk of escalation to the point of triggering a massive exchange. In my way of

thinking, there are no winners. Now, they say there are winners—but certainly not in our lifetime. Nations will be devastated. If the Pentagon has made a mistake, if we cannot fight a limited, surgical nuclear war, if they have made a mistake and there are no burn beds, no hospitals, no doctors, if they've made a mistake so that there is no communication, very little transportation, then we'll simply become a mandarin society with feudal overlords—one in Minneapolis, one in Tucson, one in Amarillo, one in New Orleans—with these little feudal societies fighting with one another, snapping at one another's heels because one has got better water than the others and one may have food supplies. If that happens to the United States and Russia and China, if Japan is crippled by massive injections of fallout, if there is less fallout in the Southern Hemisphere because the winds have a tendency not to cross the equator, will that make Brazil the superpower of the planet, or Argentina, or Australia? Will Guatemala be a stronger power than Great Britain? Now, maybe there are people around who know all those things, and maybe even the suggestion of something like that means that I don't know what I'm talking about. But I think the Government doesn't know about as much as I don't know and the stuff that it does know—such as the size of detonations and how many, or the diameter of a hole created by a 20-megaton bomb—may fit nicely into one of its many scenarios. But I don't think those scenarios involve people.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

NEWMAN: Look at everything else we do. We like to sacrifice people in America—25,000 a year to bars that serve alcohol; 50,000 to cars. But somewhere, there's a perverted philosophy that's prepared to accept one nuclear accident every ten years, with a loss of 500,000 people. And it's the same society that refuses to wear seat belts. It's an abhorrent society out there. They're fucking lemmings.

It's a new philosophy. We are the lemmings of the world; rejoice! A lot of it is the public's fault. Either they're too lazy to really find out what's going on or they forget. It's like a woman in childbirth. She forgets the pain of having a child. And when David Stockman goes up there and really blows the whistle loud and clear—"We're just throwing money at the military; we don't have any program; this is not supply-side economics; it's the old trickle down"—why don't they jump up and down and scream a lot? Then you get Weinberger on the boob tube. He's not talking about deterrence any longer. Those weapons that he's talking about—the MX and the Trident II and the Pershing II—those are not for the defense of the United States. Those are pre-emptive-strike weapons.

PLAYBOY: OK, you're enlightened about



"Never mind about the good ol' days; you're interrupting our aerobics class."

this. But take the guy out there on the streets. He may be concerned about nuclear warheads, but his basic concerns are paying his MasterCard bill and getting home at night—

NEWMAN: Yeah, and knowing exactly where the Mets stand, doing all his homework on that, or whether or not Calgary is going to win the hockey cup. Or who's going to win the sixth race at Hialeah . . . or getting laid. But *this nuclear issue transcends all other issues!* It transcends immigration, inflation, unemployment and getting laid—because if there's a miscalculation, all the other issues become irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: But most people can't see beyond inflation and unemployment.

NEWMAN: We've lost sight of a lot of things in this country. What may be called the American trait of individuality and self-sufficiency has somehow—like the growth of the uncontrolled cancerous cell—been transformed into the individual's being unwilling and unable to make a short-term personal sacrifice for the long-term community good.

PLAYBOY: Do you think anybody even knows what that is anymore?

NEWMAN: The long-term community good? No, I don't think big business does. I think that's what screwed up Detroit—the short-term, every-year profit. You know, the Japanese can look at something that's going to happen eight, nine, ten, 12 years in the future. Somebody in the Ford family said, "Minicars mean miniprofits." He ain't saying it now.

PLAYBOY: Of course, you're one of the few people who drive a Datsun that gets only two miles per gallon.

NEWMAN: Actually, it gets about 1.8 miles. It's my contribution to big oil, one of my favorite subjects. Of course, it's hard to find out what sort of profit the oil companies really make, especially after the price rises of 1974. That's when I helped start the Energy Action Committee to try

to provide information about the oil companies. If you want to get information about oil reserves, where do you go? You go to the oil companies. And they'll tell you whatever they want to tell you. You want to find out about defense information, you know, the only place you can go is to the Pentagon.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel at a great disadvantage?

NEWMAN: Absolutely. Look at what's happening with water quality. The Government will relax the Clean Water Act of 1972, so that instead of its being mandatory that they remove 85 percent of raw waste, it may be necessary to remove only 25 percent. And they justify that: "Some waters are better able to clean themselves than others." Look how long it took them to clean up Lake Erie. We're eating whitefish out of there now. We cleaned that fucker up! Well, you've got a tremendous flow of water through there. If it happened to Lake Superior, it would take 1000 years or 100 years. Think about it. They're just cleaning the Hudson up now. We had a chance to get some clean fish, but they're going to fuck it up. That's what's so depressing.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you give up? You paint an overwhelmingly gloomy picture.

NEWMAN: Well, I suppose I'm a still-operational cynic. But I don't think you can stop scrapping just because it looks like you're fighting a losing battle. You've got to let them know you're still out there.

PLAYBOY: At least Nixon knew you were out there. In 1973, when his enemies list was released, there was Paul Newman's name right at the top.

NEWMAN: Well, I could figure out that my name was up there for only one reason—because there were certainly a lot of bigger guns than myself. But one day, when I was campaigning for Eugene McCarthy in New Hampshire, in 1968, I was met at the airport with a brand-new Jaguar. I said, "Boy, that's a nifty car. How come we got away from Rent-A-Wrecks?" And some-

one said, "Well, the Jaguar dealer is going to give it to us to use for three days up here." And then I found out, just as I was leaving, that the Jag dealer was covering his bets. Nixon was coming up for the next three days and *he* was going to get the Jaguar. So I put a little note on the dashboard and it said, *DEAR MR. NIXON: YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE DRIVING THIS CAR AT ALL, BECAUSE IT HAS A VERY TRICKY CLUTCH.* And that's the only reason I could figure that I was on the enemies list.

PLAYBOY: The only reason?

NEWMAN: Well, I think that's the one that pushed him over.

PLAYBOY: But that was one of the awards you gladly accepted.

NEWMAN: Oh, yes.

PLAYBOY: If that isn't a transition back to awards and Oscar fever, nothing is. In your 29-year film career, you've been nominated for an Oscar five times—for *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *The Hustler*, *Hud*, *Cool Hand Luke* and *Absence of Malice*. You've never won. By the time this interview is published, you may finally have your shot at it. How much would an Oscar mean to you?

NEWMAN: Theoretically, you'd like to say it doesn't mean anything. I mean, how can you compete with another actor? It's like trying to say that the Russians are superior to us in strategic nuclear weapons or that we are superior to them. You trade off accuracy for megaton. You trade off a character that is flamboyant and eye-catching and electric for a shy, retiring, low-key kind of role. Who is to say which performance is better? Who started out with what? Ultimately, I think there's a perverse kind of pleasure that I haven't won an Oscar. Actually, I'd like to win an award, I think in my 73rd year. Why? Just so I could get up there and say, "Well, it's taken a long time."

PLAYBOY: How do you see yourself at 73? Or *do* you see yourself at 73?

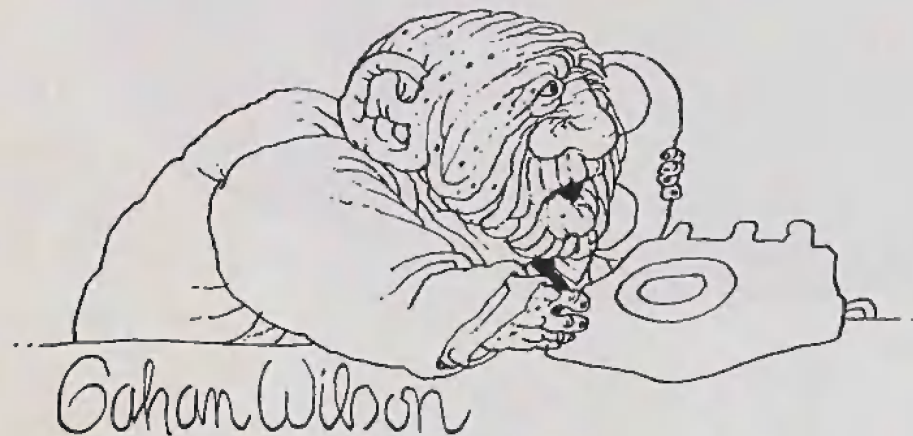
NEWMAN: Well, every once in a while, when the world is looking particularly gloomy, I wish there were a halfway house where I could really go, have my friends around me, have one last bash and say, "I'll see ya."

PLAYBOY: Seriously? End it yourself?

NEWMAN: Well, I'd like to have the courage to go *some* way like that, to hit a wall at terminal speed or something. And yet there are a lot of people I've known who've had that philosophy in their 40s but who hung on by their fingernails as they slipped off into the other world.

PLAYBOY: And what will it be for you? Terminal-speed impact or a slow, painful demise?

NEWMAN: I don't think I really have a choice. It's much bigger than one person. Also, I'm not quite ready to go yet. [*A sly smile creases his face*] After all, salad dressing was just the beginning!



"Well, all right, but hurry, would you? I haven't got much time."



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AL McGUIRE

(continued from page 134)

"Most males who get obnoxious at sporting events have wives who beat the hell out of them at home."

I get the hell out.

So I think the trick to having a long run is not to be like glue. There should be separate vacations. I go on them. When I'm on my separate vacation, that's hers.

I have only one life, and it's nonnegotiable. It's like my brother John says: "In marriage, only one person can be happy." So he's being happy. It's the same in my marriage. I'm self-centered. I like myself. It's just my way.

16.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you have an interesting way of telling her of your impending journeys.

McGUIRE: I say something like, "Pat, I'm going to New Zealand," and then I walk into the washroom and lock the door. She

follows me to the door and asks, "Did you say that?" I say yes. Then she keeps yelling and I keep flushing the toilet.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've never been much of a big spender. For a guy who delights in Filet-o-Fish sandwiches, making \$1,000,000 a year must present a real quandary. How do you manage to spend your money?

McGUIRE: I just don't. I never changed my style. I live exactly as I did when I was hustling quarters. I don't stop at McDonald's because it costs less; I stop there because I like it. It's not an act. I just feel comfortable there. I like windows that open up to the outside.

I don't know of anything I want. I like having my health and seeing my children

do good, but I don't need anything. I have no interest in wheels, per se. I don't take care of them. When I'm eating a candy bar, I throw the wrapper on the floor of the car. I'm not looking for a nice car that I can't throw wrappers in.

18.

PLAYBOY: You're fast becoming the Oscar Wilde of the Eighties, thanks to your wise and colorful aphorisms. Are there any personal favorite McGuircisms that you think *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* ought to know about?

McGUIRE: A lot of the things I say come from a lack of vocabulary. I reach for pictures, like, "quick as the last Mass at a summer resort." Here are a few others: "The blacks will not succeed until you see a homely black receptionist." "If someone calls you, the third thing he says is usually the reason he called." "The person who reaches for the check and doesn't get it never wanted it in the first place." "If you want to eat good chili, go to a restaurant where the waitress' ankles are dirty. The dirtier the place, the better the chili." And "If you want good Mexican food, there has to be writing on the men's-room wall."

19.

PLAYBOY: What do you think gnaws at the heart of the loudmouthed, really obnoxious sports fan?

McGUIRE: Most males who get obnoxious at sporting events have wives who beat the hell out of them at home. It's the only chance they get to be *macho*, like an Alex Karras or a Dick Butkus. All the guys who are marshmallows want to be Marine drill sergeants. But when it's raining out, they put on galoshes. I've never met a young person who wore galoshes whom I thought was successful. In fact, I guarantee you that anyone who wears galoshes to the office never misses a coffee break.

20.

PLAYBOY: You pick up some pretty good change every year on the rubber-chicken circuit, speaking on your theories of motivation. What do you tell those people?

McGUIRE: I'm telling people about my life, my world, my humor, my fears. I'm telling them that whatever they really want, they can have. But they must do certain things. They mustn't touch the world of excuses or ever say, "Someone else got a better break than me." It's very important for people to like themselves and to admit what their problems are. If you don't like who you are, then, shit, you must want to make everybody else miserable.

I feel that I'm 75 percent bullshit and 25 percent genius. So I try to spend 90 percent of my time on the 25 percent. Why should I spend any time on the other percentage? I can't do anything about that. So I think that everyone out there in the audience has something. God didn't miss any of us.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

To augment one's basic lighting theme, designers have come out with all manner of jazzy little lights that shine for a variety of purposes. Want to read in bed at three A.M. without waking your sackmate? There's the "Itty Bitty" Book Light, below, that works on A.C. current—or batteries. (The latter, presumably, is for insomniacs who

want to plunge into *Walden Pond* while camping out.) Some tiny beamers utilize a quartz halogen bulb that's coupled with a dimmer. And most can be angled to showcase something special. The pint-sized yet powerful Littlite, for example, is designed for use with a stereo; switch it on to find an LP cut without spoiling the mood. You devil, you.



Above: The clip-on "Itty Bitty" Book Light, which operates on 110-volt A.C. current or batteries, from Zelco Industries, Mount Vernon, New York, \$30, beams down on two pages of shining little examples. From left to right: That gooseneck lamp with the tiny hood is a Littlite, and it's perfect for illuminating hi-fi equipment and home-computer keys, from CAE, Inc., Hamburg, Michigan, \$58. Next to it is a George Kovacs table lamp with polished chrome stems, from City, Chicago, about \$65. We especially like the next style: a futuristic-looking Tokio table lamp designed by Asahara Sigheaki, from Thunder & Light, New York, \$330. Fifth is a brass wall lamp with a hood that swivels and pivots on its own base, by Nessen, \$134. Last, The Calder, a counterweighted lamp designed by Enrique Franch, with an adjustable head, by Boyd Lighting, \$750.

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LINEN GETS HIGH MARKS

Linen is a slightly coarse, easily wrinkled fabric that seems to have been created for Southern climes, where ceiling fans and sundowners on the veranda bring a lazy ease to the end of each day. That may account for the fact that linen has never really caught on in this uptight age of air conditioning, high-speed efficiency and wrinkle-free sleekness. Well, settle back and order another round, gentlemen, because

the South is about to rise again. In a surge of popularity, linen is showing up in everything from a knitted jogging outfit to the classically wrinkled suit. And with this upsurge in popularity comes a reappreciation of the fabric's versatility and aesthetics. Although it's light and comfortable, linen retains a certain tenacious character that distinguishes it from other materials. We like our linen a little wrinkled—with a tall g & t.—DAVID PLATT



Above left: The laid-back luxury of a ventless linen sports jacket with notch lapels and besom pockets, by Hugo Boss, \$260, coupled with a cotton tab-collar shirt with double-stitched seams, by Ron Chereskin, \$32.50; linen tweed slacks with double pleats and angled pockets, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Contir, \$130; and a woven linen-look tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$12.50. Center: Another comfortable combination—a cotton hand-knit sweater with knit-in-front chevron design and rib-knit trim, about \$200, that's worn over a multicolor cotton short-sleeved shirt with a placket front, about \$50, and natural linen slacks with on-seam pockets and straight legs, about \$135, all by Perry Ellis. Right: The coming summer won't seem so long and hot in a Belgian-linen unconstructed jacket, about \$110, worn over a cotton shirt with shoulder epaulets, about \$40, and Belgian-linen double-pleated walking shorts with angled pockets and adjustable waist tabs, about \$57, all from British Khaki by Robert Lighton.



The Best of Cats Is a Superbly Slinky Feline

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE were waiting in line when the box office opened for the Broadway musical *Cats*. Hmm, we wondered, what has a three-hour show about the trials of catdom, set in a feline-scale junk yard and based on a T. S. Eliot book, yet, got to excite such interest? Are there that many true animal lovers, that many frustrated ailurophiles out there? As curious as a, well, you know, we took a look; and we think we've found the answer in the person of Donna King. As the blues-singing cat Bombalurina (left), she prowls, preens, slinks, stalks and stretches enough to make even the most jaded tomcat wake up and yowl, full moon or no. Donna grew up in Kansas City, sang in her dad's C&W band and, since she hit New York five years ago, she's been seen on Broadway in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* and in *Can-Can* and on the screen in *Grease 2*. Here's lookin' at you, Donna. Often, we hope.



This kitten happily admits that her Broadway career started in an infamous cathouse—in her case, one first showcased in a *PLAYBOY* article by Larry L. King, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (above), in which the 19-year-old kid from K.C. got her big break. No wonder she looks surprised.

After a dozen years of ballet training (how else could she dance like that?), Donna turned down the National Ballet of Canada and moved to New York. To develop real feline feelings for her *Cats* role (at right), King spent hours "hanging around" with her own two cats: "It's almost like meditation." In her offstage hours, King has appeared in ads for her new home, New York City. And, oh, yes, she's always wanted to make a James Bond film. Goldfinger, watch out.





The Prince's Players

In a salute to lingerie, we bring you VANITY 6 (left to right, SUSAN, VANITY and BRENDA). Prince discovered them, wrote all the songs for and produced their album, *Vanity 6*. They also perform in his show, during which Brenda sings with a banana. We've had a couple of good fantasies about that already. If we find out exactly what it's for, we'll report back to you, pronto.



The James Gang

We've got to hand it to RICK JAMES. While most rock acts use smoke machines to wow a crowd, he makes fire with *live props* (above and below). Very effectively. We've already reported on James's entry into the designer-casualwear business, but we assumed it was jeans and stuff. We'll take two orchestra seats on the aisle, please.

Straight Aeros

Here are the wild-and-woolly boys from Aerosmith—from left, JOEY KRAMER, TOM HAMILTON, STEVE TYLER, JIMMY CRESPO and RICK DUFAY—in a "formal" portrait. When they released their recent album, *Rock in a Hard Place*, and went on tour, they thought a serious photo would reassure the mothers of America. They're nice boys, right?





He Can Hang on for 48 HRS.

EDDIE MURPHY is clearly grabbing all the gusto—both on and off TV. His movie with Nick Nolte did big business last winter, and *Trading Places*, co-starring Dan Aykroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis, is coming soon. Until then, we're content to watch him and his cronies (front row, from left, ROBIN DUKE, MARY GROSS, TONY ROSATO; back, from left, JOE PISCOPO, CHRISTINE EBERSOLE and TIM KAZURINSKY) lampoon everything.

Just a Little Sippie

This amazing woman is 84 years old and has been playing the piano and the organ since she was seven. In 1923, SIPPY WALLACE made a test pressing of a single called *Shorty George*, which sold 100,000 copies in its first month of release. After 27 hits, she retired in 1936 and stayed out of sight until 1965. By 1972, she was singing with Bonnie Raitt, which she still does. This picture was taken at a Wallace-Raitt-Dr. John gig. We think the fur coat/moccasin look is seriously hip.



PETER MARTIN

Singin' in the Rain

We like what the April showers did to HAYDEE POMAR. She got her singing start in the New York Playboy Club. Her magazine debut? Celebrity breast of the month, of course.



SEX NEWS

WE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE SOCIOLOGY MAJORS

As the music industry falls on hard times, its casual operations are being streamlined. Take, for example, groupies. According to several of our associates who hang around stage doors, among other culturally enlightened venues, the once-haphazard (some say slipshod)



China's Ministry of Culture doesn't like art such as that above, by Wang Keping of Peking, one of The Stars, a group of Chinese modernists. But we think you can't keep a good piece down.

groupie selection process is now an organized, while not markedly dignified, matriculation procedure that, our sources say, was first implemented during the Jefferson Starship tour in the fall of 1982.

This is how it works: Before a concert,

roadies visually scan the aspiring groupies lined up at the stage door and an application for a backstage pass is given to those who pass inspection. Actually a sexual-behavior questionnaire, the application establishes the groupie's sexual whims, eliminating those humdrum inquiries from the schedules of young rockers on the go. A few examples: "Are you hot-natured?" "Do you keep your body clean?" "When you come, do you (check one) wiggle, sob, cry, scream?" "Can you stay out all night?"

The completed applications are evaluated on the spot and those who qualify are presented with passes bearing the word **FUN** stamped in upper-case letters. We're glad to see that the embattled music business is instituting some tough new reforms.

WORKING WIVES BRAVE THE KNIVES

If a married couple decides to do something permanent about birth control, who volunteers to go under the knife? The female sterilization procedure involves a day in the hospital and is more costly than a vasectomy. Still, more women than men are sterilized every year, according to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization.

A study at the University of Texas at Austin investigated how the birth-control decision is made, and researchers came up with this: The female member of a couple that has agreed to have a permanent form of contraception is more likely to undergo the surgery if she works. Among couples in which the wife doesn't work, however, the husband is more likely to get a vasectomy. The researchers speculate that working women take on more of the responsibility for birth control because their lives would be more disrupted by pregnancy than those of nonworking women.



The new Bizarre Sex comic, *Omaha*, has plenty of pussy, lots of tail and a Dickensian sense of city life. It's worth sending two bucks to Kitchen Sink Press, Two Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968.

TEEN SEX

It will likely stun The Eagle Forum, the Reverend Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority, but according to a recent report in *Family Planning Perspectives*, sex-education classes cannot be related to increased promiscuity among teenagers. F.P.P. based its report on two studies on teenagers done in 1976 and 1979 and has concluded that the "decision to engage in sexual activity is not influenced by whether or not teenagers have had sex education in school." But sexually active teenaged girls who have had sex ed. aren't as likely to become pregnant as those who haven't. And if Falwell wonders why that is so, he should take a sex-education class.

ACCIDENTAL ERECTION

In a letter to the British medical journal *The Lancet*, a French correspondent wrote of a medical accident that could lead to stronger and longer erections. Papaverine, a muscle relaxant, was accidentally injected into a hospitalized patient's penis. The result was "a prolonged, fully rigid erection of two hours' duration." Later, the drug was tested on a small group of men with both organically caused (e.g., arterial lesions) and nonorganically caused impotence. None of the men with nonorganic problems reported improvement, but half of those with organic problems reported, uh, large improvements. In a further test, nearly one third of the organically impotent returned to a normal sex life after a few months.










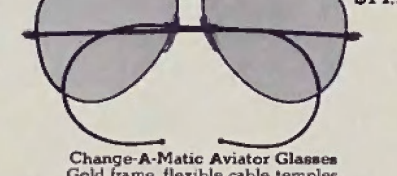



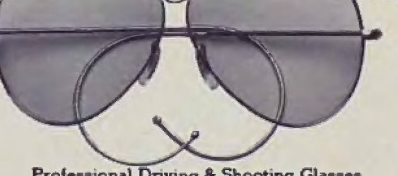
There are ways and there are ways of telegraphing your message to the world of lotus land. When the European singing star made her Las Vegas debut, her management company rented space on this Sunset Strip billboard and announced that she was the "Best Gift from France Since the Statue of Liberty."



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